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SEPTEMBER 1, 1954

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Maybe it's something to do with **SPRING!**



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 14

THE PROMISE OF SPRINGTIME

SPRING, 1954, is here, flaunting its promise of a new world demanding close attention before its joys make way for summer.

People from the northern hemisphere often scorn the Australian spring. They dismiss it as a quiet season lacking the drama it brings to the colder zones.

But surely spring in Australia has its compensations.

It heralds long summer days of blissful warmth, of suntanned people, and holidays and golden beaches.

Suddenly the city streets flower with the girls in their summer dresses and spring-nonsense hats—city flowers unmatched throughout the world.

Spring cleaning occupies the housewife, who moves furniture and cleans cupboards, planning new curtains and grandiose painting schemes for her husband to carry out.

The sap rises in the breadwinner as income tax refund cheques roll in, erasing the misery of the midwinter preparation of the assessment, and the August Budget promises begin to make themselves felt.

The optimism of the season spreads as a fever.

Gardeners and managing directors are affected equally.

Now seems to be the right time for resolutions rather than the tired dawn of the new year with its limp paper hats.

Let us all resolve to keep our spring fever alive, to bend our resolution towards a resurgence of hope and a blossoming of a better world.

Our cover:

● Years ago Noel Coward wrote a mad and pleasant song for one of his London revues and he called it "Something To Do With Spring." We began humming it as soon as the picture which makes this week's cover arrived from overseas; and we couldn't resist using the title as both a tribute to Mr. Coward and as the only possible caption.

This week:

● At this time of year every woman is considering the question of a new hat. The Queen, like all women, loves pretty hats and, since her return from her Australian tour, she bought many new ones, and frocks, too, for the London summer season. A series of pictures in our new pictorial section shows her attending various events in these lovely new clothes.

Next week:

● "There is one thing about tennis—you can never stop learning," says Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly in her book "Championship Tennis." Next week we will publish the first of a series of chapters from the book, in which "Little Mo" gives much valuable and sound advice to players of all grades of proficiency, illustrated by pictures of herself in action.

● If you are not blessed with a good figure, you can acquire one. Next week's special feature "Your Summer Figure" tells you how it can be done. Instructions are given for slimming down or building up to the lines you most desire, and the problems of looking elegant by means of diet, exercises, and clever dressing are discussed.

There will be two pages in glorious color showing some of the actual models that Irish designer Sybil Connolly will bring to Australia for our Irish fashion parades.

Fiction will include a short story "The Three Daughters," by famous author Pearl Buck, and a complete lift-out novel "The Bronze Mermaid," by Paul Ernst, one of America's leading mystery writers.

Letters from our readers

AUSTRALIA could copy to her advantage America's volunteer, part-time civilian police force. These men, from all walks of life, give four to ten hours a week of their spare time to aid the regular police officers, their only pay being a small uniform allowance.

"Civic Minded" (name supplied), Strathfield, N.S.W.
AS a trained nurse who has spent many years working in hospitals, I deplore the decision to ban hot-water bottles. This decision deprives the patient of one of his or her great and simple comforts.

"Nurse" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.
THE fuss being made over the ban on hot-water bottles is ridiculous. Most public and intermediate wards in hospitals are steam-heated, you don't even feel the cold when being washed at 4 a.m. (Mrs.) K. Hard, Rockdale, N.S.W.

I AM sure many Australian mothers share the opinion of "Neatness" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/7/54) about Prince Charles' haircut. It spoils the appearance of an attractive small boy whether it is the English way or not. "Puke" rushes in attacking

"Neatness" using such words as "presumptuous," "bad taste," even calling on God to forbid Australian barbers to cut an English child's hair. Surely man's vanity is a small thing to God when the whole world is in such a state.

M. Drever, Adelaide, S.A.

WE recently had Education Week, when the various aspects of education were stressed in many ways. It is to be hoped the result will be to make schoolboys and schoolgirls aware of the great advantages they now enjoy. When I went to school 30 years ago there were no such things as lessons by radio, visual education, and other improved teaching methods.

Henry Prince, Brisbane.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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I DO not agree with Mrs. S. Morrison (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/8/54), who says she was disgusted to read that a "transparent woman" was on exhibition in Sydney. Exhibitions which impart a knowledge of physiology can only be beneficial to those who attend them. All knowledge is valuable.

Mrs. Maude Carruthers, Stanmore, N.S.W.

ISN'T it about time fashion designers stopped inventing "looks"? In the past few years I've been frantically trying to look "New," "Doe-eyed," "Little Boy," and even "Baby Doll." It's worn me out so much I'm having no trouble with the new "Collapsed Look." But I'm scared of what may come next.

"No Looks" (name supplied), St. Kilda, Vic.

CABLES from Paris tell us that Dior has introduced the H-Look—a flat-chested, shapeless silhouette. I remember about a year ago the attempt by Dior and other French dress houses to revive the hideous fashions of the 1920's. They failed, and I think the H-Look will suffer the same fate.

Mrs. Dorothy Winter, Mosman, N.S.W.



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'Twas not her face or charm that claimed him—'Twas her TRUSHAY'd hands that tamed him.

Deep down she loved her husband, but it seemed she would never win him back from his passion for cars and crazy speed

THE RECKONING

By Eileen Alderton

SHE was a tall, slender girl with dark, shining hair. She wore a cotton dress of clear yellow and she stood very still and straight in the blazing sunlight while the little cars went round.

Round and round the track . . . like brightly colored beetles . . . And oh, the maddening, jarring roar every time they passed and the smell of them, and the commentator's voice rising to fever pitch every time a driver took accurately an exciting bend . . .

Exciting? For some, perhaps, for the crowds that gathered, open-mouthed, behind the bales and the barriers.

"Come on, Jimmy! Faster, boy!" And their cheers broke out as the Grandon Special, driven by young Jim Grandon, went by.

The race track, under the hot Riviera sun, had an atmosphere all its own; revving engines, screeching tyres, the smell of exhaust and petrol, dust and rubber, oily hands and sweat-streaked faces . . .

Cool, indifferent, the girl with the dark, shining hair turned to the man beside her. And people talked about her.

Who was she? The wife of Jim Grandon, who was bound to win tomorrow's big race in his super car. Nothing could beat the Grandon Special, Ann Grandon was one of those women who understood nothing about cars and didn't try to understand.

She never joined in the general conversation like the other wives. She didn't seem to care who won the race. Lovely, she was . . . but so bored, bored, at any rate, when she was with her husband and his friends. It was a different thing altogether when she was talking to

her friends. And then they put their heads together and smiled.

Ann Grandon always came to the big races with her husband, but not to watch the racing. Ah, they said, didn't you know, my dear? She's an awful little flirt. She only comes for the social side. I don't know how poor Jimmy stands it. And this time it's that newspaper man she's after . . . Bill Trevor.

Of course, everybody said, the Grandon marriage would never last. Ann Grandon knew what they were saying and she didn't care.

She looked up into Bill Trevor's cheerful face and laughed.

"Have dinner with me," he said quickly.

Cool, green eyes met his. "I'm dining with my husband—that is, if he can tear himself away from that little car!"

Through narrowed lids she watched Jim climb out of the bright red toy, to be surrounded immediately by other drivers in crash helmets, by mechanics in stained dungarees, and by the Press.

He patted the car and grinned and waved his arm; then he got into deep conversation with his mechanic—the faithful Johnny Pratt, a short wiry man with upstanding ginger hair and generously splashed freckles and a pair of very faded dungarees.

Johnny Pratt was an intrinsic part of the Grandon Special set-up and he, Jim, and the little car were inseparable.

"If he can tear himself away," Ann repeated, and there was a hard edge to the words.

"Silly to be jealous of a car," Bill

Trevor remarked casually. "Ann, dear, let's have dinner."

"I can't."

"A drink after dinner, then?" he suggested.

"Perhaps."

He grinned and said teasingly, "Jim won't be annoyed."

She tossed back her hair, which glimmered, fine and silky, in the harsh sun.

"No. He won't mind. He'll be talking—about, guess what? Cars. About the race tomorrow. I'd like to go home before the race. Wouldn't everybody talk?"

"Everybody," he agreed. "Why don't you?"

"Can't raise the fare. I've been too extravagant buying clothes. There's so much to buy out here and shopping kills the time . . ."

"Don't wish your life away," he said.

Ann's brows—surprisingly dark and well-arched beneath her thick hair—came together. "We're supposed to be on holiday. We're killing two birds with one stone. Jim's racing and I'm having a holiday. And a glorious rest it's turning out to be. Practice, practice, all day long. Speeds and averages and brakes and gears. And in the evenings it's the same—speeds and averages and brakes again, only over cocktails that time."

He said, "Don't look so bitter, darling. It doesn't suit you. What beats me is why you two ever married."

She thought: It beats me, too. But she said nothing. She had a

reputation for being a flirt, but she had her loyalties to Jim.

She and Jim drove away from the course in silence. They were so often silent now when they were together. At one time they had had so much to say there never seemed enough time to say it all. Not now. Restraint was like something solid between them, as oppressive as the heat rising from the dusty road.

He didn't drive straight back to their hotel, but took the hill road high above the town. The sun beat down on the upholstery of the car and the wind, blowing off a vivid sea, felt dry, salty, almost rough against the skin. Jim looked hot, his forehead reddened by the sun, and young, defiant, in a bright blue shirt as bright nearly as the sea.

Suddenly she spoke. She spoke quietly, but her voice shook.

"You're driving just like a madman."

"Utter rubbish, Ann."

He took a corner swiftly, deftly. Ann's hands clenched.

"Will you please drive normally when you're driving me?"

He smiled—a hard smile that hurt her.

"Normally? Like your reporter friend with the comfortable saloon?"

He said, "saloon" as though it were something to despise. He's like a schoolboy, she thought; a

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Ann turned to look at her husband in the little racing car as Bill said to her, "Have dinner with me tonight, Ann?"



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STRANGE happenings in her home have turned the life of ELIZABETH MARCH into a misery of fear and tension. As their worst feature, they happen in such a way as to give her husband, OLIVER, and CONSTANCE IVES, her cousin-housekeeper, the impression that she is mentally unbalanced.

Some of the incidents have touched the children, MAIRE and JEEP, but their nursemaid, NOREEN, is blameless. One incident concerned forged cheques, made out to her former domestic, Mrs. Bennett, and apparently cashed by a stranger.

Oliver only hedges when Elizabeth tries to pin down any of the incidents with him, and now she is no longer sure of his love. Something she overheard him say to her friend LUCY BRENT and an appointment he kept at a shabby hotel suggest that there is another woman in his life.

On Christmas Eve Lucy and her husband, STEVEN, are still lingering at the Marchs' home after a not-very-successful gathering for cocktails when Maire, creeping downstairs, suddenly screams in terror. "Oun . . . aun . . ." NOW READ ON:

THE IRON COBWEB

OLIVER. It was evil, unearthly, seeming to contain its own frightened echo. To Elizabeth it was peculiarly terrifying, as though Maire, with the simplicity of childhood, had managed to put a name to the lurking visitor in the house.

She found, when she came downstairs again, that the living-room was still charged with it.

Lucy said curiously, "Does she do that often?" and Oliver: "All quiet." Constance murmured mildly about the effect of Santa Claus on infant minds.

Steven Brent looked up from an intent study of his shoe-tops and said, "The odd and unflattering part of it is that it seemed to be something she saw down here."

Elizabeth, still shaken, was startled at that—she had thought no one but herself had noticed Maire's swift, wide stare down the room before she began to scream. Was it here, then, here in the room with her, hiding and triumphant?

This was ghastly.

"Clown," Constance was saying thoughtfully, as though Steven hadn't spoken. "Some confusion, perhaps, with the stereotyped Santa Claus face?"

"Owl," Lucy offered hopefully. "You know, night creatures."

Night creatures. Fumbling at the door in darkness, waking a child to terror, working tirelessly towards the tumbling-down of her own existence . . .

Elizabeth had begun to tremble again. She crossed to the fire and picked up the tongs and made an effort at casualness, saying over her shoulder, "It's so hard to tell when they're Maire's age . . ."

It seemed a lifetime, although it was only another drink, before the Brents left and an exchange of Merry Christmases hung on the damp, icy air.

After dinner Constance retired to make mince pies by her mother's unparalleled recipe, and Elizabeth and Oliver began to trim the tree. Oliver had apparently been waiting for seclusion. He said, dumping ropes of tinsel unceremoniously out of a box, "That was a heck of a thing, wasn't it, Maire's bursting out like that? Bad dream, I suppose, or getting all wound up over tomorrow."

He made it a statement, but he was watching her. Elizabeth hung a red bulb with care. "I don't know. But it's what she said before."

"When?"

"The other night, when she woke up crying, I thought then that it was just the beginning or the end of something she'd been dreaming about. But," said Elizabeth, scrupulously matter-of-fact, "she wasn't dreaming tonight."

Oliver's hands stopped briefly among the glistening ropes of tinsel. "You mean you think she's afraid of something—definite?"

Definite. What would a child of three and a half consider definite, and why was she herself so sure that Maire had seen something badly, frighteningly wrong? Because she was; so sure that when she thought about it like this the little cluster of silver and sea-green bulbs

she was holding wasn't safe in her fingers. She put it down and looked at Oliver.

She said, "Yes, in her own mind."

It wasn't quite honest, but being honest with Oliver lately had only increased the distance between them. Oliver looked relieved. "It'll probably turn out to be something in one of her books."

And maybe it would; maybe the wariness, the feeling of dread weren't justified at all this time. Elizabeth began to concentrate on her side of the tree, and stepped back at last to look at it.

For an instant, with night at the windows and all the lights on, it was really Christmas Eve. The tree stood dripping and flashing in the corner, its bulbs glimmering through a mesh of silver. Even with the discarded boxes and cartons piled on the rug, it had a magical look, as though it actually had been dressed by a midnight visitor.

"Not bad," said Oliver. "In fact, one of our better trees. I'd better see if the lights work."

They did. Elizabeth gazed at the shining, fragrant tree and thought of Maire and Jeep sleeping soundly upstairs and felt her heart tighten. She said, "I'll do the stockings if you'll put the presents out," and turned away.

Constance made coffee and admired the tree and insisted on using the carpet sweeper. At ten minutes after twelve, when they were all sitting in a bemused and exhausted silence, she rose, said practically, "Well—it's Christmas. I think I'll say goodnight," and started for the stairs.

Surprisingly, because she was not demonstrative, she answered Elizabeth's "Merry Christmas, Constance," with a sudden awkward kiss on the cheek.

"The same to you, Elizabeth. Try to get a good sleep, you'll need all your energy tomorrow."

Was she saving more than the words themselves? Elizabeth was too tired to wonder. When Constance had gone she took a last slow look around the living-room, at the two fat red socks dangling from the mantel, the piled presents, gay with ribbon and seals and mystery. Maire's sled, leaning against the wall beside the tree, threw a long shadow; a bell on Jeep's fire truck caught the light winkingly.

She said, "I suppose we'd better get to bed, the children will think it's morning any minute now," and stretched out a hand to her lamp.

"Right," said Oliver. "Thank goodness we don't have to leave by way of the chimney." He turned out lights and locked the doors and folded a stubborn red ember under ashes in the fireplace.

Elizabeth realised belatedly that he had finished and was waiting beside her chair. She said, "Oh—ready?" and stood up.

They were very close together. Oliver put his hands on her shoulders and gazed at her gently and examiningly.

"Still thinking about this 'oun' business, aren't you? That was a fool thing for Steven to say, about Maire seeing something down here to frighten her. You didn't"—were his fingers tightening,

or did she imagine it?—"take him seriously, by any chance?"

It might have been the dimness, or Oliver's hands, or her own complete weariness that made her answer seem all at once important. Elizabeth stepped back, and was shocked at the sharpness of her own involuntary movement. She said, "It's much too late to take anything seriously, except sleep. Coming?"

"Because," said Oliver as though he hadn't heard her and as though it had just occurred to him, "Noreen will be back tomorrow night, and chances are she knows all about this thing, whatever it is."

Yes, thought Elizabeth; almost certainly she knows—but can she be made to tell?

There was a crowd gathered, and a great deal of clamor . . . was it fire? When she started forward to see, something soft and cloaking was flung over her eyes. She was not meant to see, then, she was to be kept from ever finding out—but she must find out.

Elizabeth fought grimly with the softness against her face, and opened her eyes and looked into Jeep's, two inches away.

The clamor became Maire, crying: "Daddy, Mama and Daddy, come and look! Santa Claus came!" Jeep retrieved the slip she had flung off and put it on the pillow beside her face again and said, nodding his head earnestly, "You put this on, Mama." He sounded cajoling and patient, as though he had been saving it for some time, and Elizabeth sat up sleepily against her pillow.

It was Christmas morning.

In the other bed, Oliver stirred. Maire said triumphantly: "He's awake. Are you awake, Daddy? Santa Claus came!"

Jeep was making small trotting side trips; a stocking and one black pump joined the heap on Elizabeth's pillow. With each delivery he said hopefully, "You put this on, Mama," and nodded and went off for more.

Oliver lifted his head, glanced at the clock, and looked wryly across at Elizabeth. "Ten to six. Good heavens!"

"Not bad for Christmas morning."

"Don't you think so?"

Oliver struggled up on his elbows and took a wider survey of the situation. After a moment

"See?" Elizabeth said, anxiously following Maire's wide, watchful gaze. "There's nothing there at all, silly."

with
delight

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he said kindly, "Why don't you children go back to bed for a while?"

Elizabeth couldn't help laughing at the gaping faces. "Daddy's joking. With tears in his eyes."

"Worth a try," said Oliver. "Oh well, Maire, hand me my bathrobe like a good girl. Look at Jeep, he's got your mother practically dressed."

The children finished opening their presents at last. Rubber animals and books and a beautiful doll, jack-in-the-boxes, Maire's set of tiny dishes lay mingled and for the moment unfought-over in a sea of ribbon and paper. Elizabeth and Oliver, fortified by coffee, looked at each other and smiled briefly. The children's Christmas had been a success, so much so that they were lost and faraway in delight, and unaware of being watched at all.

Constance came briskly in with a waste-paper basket, and Elizabeth said quickly, "Oh, let's leave it for a while, Constance, it looks so lavish." Constance sat down again with a faintly pained smile, but the basket stayed there in a corner, waiting soberly to dispose of Christmas, to swallow up the festive litter.

"Shall we open ours?" Elizabeth always felt ridiculously shy and embarrassed at this point. When Oliver nodded she said, "You and Constance start. I'll get more coffee for all of us."

The morning was full of pale sunshine, the kitchen smelled pleasantly of coffee. Elizabeth groped for cigarettes in the pocket of her housecoat and waited for the percolator to heat.

She was pouring the first cup when there was a bubbling shout from the living-room, Maire's usual spilling-over of amusement. "Daddy, you look funny in that!"

"Well, I don't know," Oliver was saying solemnly. "Think it's a little low-cut for me?"

Elizabeth put the percolator down and went inside to find Oliver eyeing a tumble of ice-green silk. She said, "That's for Constance. How on earth did I—" and behind her Constance said mildly, "I think I've got something of Oliver's here, haven't I?"

She held up a pair of ivory-backed military brushes, and looked at the card in her lap.

Elizabeth looked too, and saw her own slanting dark blue hand: "Constance from E." Just as the card with the nightgown had said, "Oliver from E."

She had made a mistake, even though the boxes and the wrapping were so different. But she watched, wondering, vaguely disturbed, while Constance undid a long, narrow package. The card, slipped under green satin ribbon, said in Elizabeth's writing, "Constance from Oliver."

Constance pulled back tissue. There was a full pause, and then she said with forced animation, "Aren't they pretty. And very warm too, I imagine."

It was a pair of black crocheted wool slippers, frankly giddy, with tiny sequined tassels. Elizabeth put her hands to cheeks gone suddenly hot and said, "Then what did I give Noreen?"

They were both staring at her, Constance politely puzzled, Oliver incredulous. Even the children had noticed the sudden flat silence and were sitting back on their heels, faces turned up. Oliver looked down at the presents at his feet, and then at Constance, and lastly, cautiously, at Elizabeth.

"Had we better just—change?"

"I suppose so." Her voice sounded harsh and a little desperate. "Go ahead, why don't you?"

She reached the sanctuary of the kitchen; aimlessly, because she was there, she began to heat the coffee again. What a fool she had been to think that Christmas would go unmarked. And what a twisted, what an utterly malicious thing for someone to do—to scramble the cards on the presents she had wrapped and put away with such care. No damage, no violence. Just one more thing to bring that baffled look to Oliver's eyes, one more small irrelevance to make her seem irresponsible. To let her know that she was hated.

Oliver found her there, staring fiercely and blindly ahead of her. He closed the door behind him and said quietly, "Take it easy."

We're all straightened out now, and no harm done. Come and open your things."

"In a minute," Elizabeth turned her back and focused on the percolator with difficulty, humiliated beyond measure that she should have this defeating impulse to cry merely because Oliver was there.

The impulse passed, and she said almost conversationally, "That mix-up was deliberate, you know. I did every card along with the present it went on, just so nothing like this would happen."

Behind her, Oliver was silent. When she turned he said quickly, "You know the old thing about the best-laid plans. But come on—"

"Wait," said Elizabeth; because it was Christmas, she went on hoping in spite of

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By BETTY KJELGAARD

A woman is never too young to know when she has met the only man she will love.

GORDON turned into the exclusive little club ten minutes before the appointed time. Her note said six forty-five, but she might be early and he didn't want her sitting alone at a bar. Not at nineteen. Not at any age.

The waiter greeted him with a smile. "Good evening, Mr. Tyler." Gordon nodded. She was there almost immediately. He saw her uncertainty as she stepped inside, and then she spied Gordon and was coming towards him on her quicksilver feet.

Gordon went to meet her. "Well," he said. "Playing truant from school, Mary?"

She slipped into the chair opposite him. "School," she said with enormous disdain, and took off her gloves. Her hands shook slightly.

Gordon saw that and thought: this is important to her. Then he felt the waiter at his elbow. He glanced up. "A lemonade and a whisky and soda, please," he said gravely.

"Now let me guess why you have asked me to meet you here. One—you've overdrawn your allowance. Two—the newest male devastation in your life has broken your heart, and—"

"Please, Gordon," Mary said.

Gordon. Not Uncle Gordon. He lit a cigarette carefully. "Well, Mary?" he said.

She looked at him with her grey-pearl eyes. "I'm in love with you, Gordon," she said.

Shock went chiselling through him, distorting his calm lawyer's mind.

What should he do? Laugh? Crack some half-baked joke? Why, he'd known this child all her life, remembered her as a baby because he'd always known her parents. When he grew up, they'd made her call him "Uncle Gordon."

"You don't know what you're saying," he said.

She caught fire all at once, burning, glowing.

"Oh, but I do," she cried, low. "It happened at my birthday party, two months ago, the night you kissed me when I handed you a piece of cake."

"I didn't sleep all that night. I couldn't. I just lay in bed and knew that the times I had been kissed before meant nothing. And when I got up in the morning I looked in the mirror to see if it was me—"

"Mary," Gordon begged. "Listen."

"And it was," she said. "It comes like that sometimes, doesn't it? You wonder how you ever existed before and everything not connected with love seems futile and washed out. I kept it to myself until I couldn't keep it any longer."

"That's why I wrote you the note last night. And I chose this place because you come here often. It seemed—nicer that way."

"Mary," Gordon said. "I'm almost engaged. To Janet."

"Darling," Mary said. "Darling, darling, darling."

Beautiful awareness, that tender henchman of love, sprang from her voice, shone from her face. Gordon felt beaten by it. Hopelessly he



poked among the ruins of his own thoughts, trying to salvage some profundity.

"I'm old enough to be your father."

Her laughter came, running through the stale room like a taste of rain to a parched meadow. "Fifteen years' difference. Can you be a father when you're fifteen? Can you?"

Gordon looked at her. "I'm nearly thirty-five," he said. "You're only nineteen."

She touched his mouth with her forefinger, smiling. "Darling, Gordon, darling."

"Janet's old man gave me my first job," Gordon said. "J. B. Fowler himself. You don't forget things like that."

"Were you as handsome then as you are now?" Mary said.

"He picked me up when I was a kid just out of school. He's made me what I am. When he died last year, I felt as though I'd lost all my fingers."

"I love you," Mary said. "Did I tell you?"

The waiter put a glass of lemonade and the whisky and a siphon of soda on the table. "Drink up," Gordon said.

She leaned forward and her whole clean redolence was as potent as an embrace. "I hope the boy of the family will look like you," she said. "Have your nose, the cleft in your chin."

"What do they do to children nowadays when they wag school?" Gordon said.

"Imagine two men with cleft chins in one family," Mary said, and the silver bell song of her laughter sparkled again.

Gordon picked up the ashtray and balanced it on top of his glass and squinted at it. "In ten more years my bones will be dry as old

wood. They'll creak every time I move."

"I'll take such good care of you, then," Mary said. "And adore you twice as much, because of your old bones."

She was very lovely sitting there bringing her gift of love to him.

He said: "I'm having dinner with Janet tonight. I had dinner with her last night. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"It means you've been kind to her two nights running."

"And Friday night we're going to the theatre. She and J. B. never used to miss a first night."

"Remember the time you went off for the week-end because your mother wanted you to go to a charity concert?"

"No," he said in exasperation.

"I do," Mary said. "Can Janet swim? Can she swallow dive?"

"Janet," Gordon said, "does not care for swimming."

"Remember how you used to let me go swimming with you when I was twelve, because I was the only one of the kids who could keep up with you out to the raft?"

"No," Gordon said.

"Does Janet ride?"

"She's allergic to horses."

"Remember Sweet and Genevieve, your ponies?" Mary's eyes were dreamy.

"She's all alone now," Gordon said. "J. B. never wanted her to be alone."

"She ought to get a watchdog," Mary said.

"Janet—"

"—does not care for dogs," Mary said.

Gordon's face reddened. "Look. You're still not too old to be spanked."

"What color are her eyes?" Mary said.

Gordon lit another cigarette, startled.

"Finish your lemonade," he said. "I'll buy you a bag of sweets and a comic." Well, he thought. The color of a girl's eyes isn't important. I know her hair is dark.

Mary obediently picked up the glass of lemonade and took a sip and put it down again. Gordon saw the long tassel of eyelashes on each cheek.

"Gordon," she said then. "How did you feel when you fell in love?"

He said evenly: "I suppose like any other man. You search a long, long time for love; one day you find it just like that. A woman's smile, the way she walks, the touch of her lips. Whatever it is you know the search is over."

She was studying him. He had the sensation of looking into forest pools of the most exquisite clarity.

"The touch of her lips," she said.

"What?"

"Your words," she whispered.

Pins, with dangerous little points, were sticking him all over his chest with orderly timing.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "If you're not going to finish your lemonade, let's go."

Mary did not move. "Gordon, do you know when you started chasing Janet?"

His voice was stiff. "That's an objectionable word. I've been seeing Janet for almost a year."

She shook her head, and the gesture was somehow sure and powerful. "I don't mean that. You began chasing her the night after my birthday party."

His heart was doing a fandango. He swallowed. "Listen, Mary—"

"I didn't mind then," Mary said. "A lot of men are afraid of love in the beginning. But I thought two

"Well, Mary," said Gordon lightly, as she sat down opposite him. "Playing truant?"

months was long enough. That's why I'm here."

He gasped. "You misunderstood me, I'm going to marry Janet."

"You can't marry a ghost, my dearest," Mary said, sweetly.

"What?"

"J. B."

"What?" he said again.

"You loved J. B. Not Janet. But you felt sorry for her, and you've tried to turn your sympathy into love."

He said: "I suppose you're trying to tell me I'm in love with you."

Mary gazed at him and the glow went from her eyes and they burned with a bright sadness.

"No," she said quietly. "That's not for me to tell you, Gordon. That's for you to tell me—if you ever want to. Just wait until I get my gloves on and I'll go."

She made a movement under the table.

He had a moment's astonishment while the incredulous thought went through him: This isn't the child I've always known.

And realised, then, that he was looking at a woman who had just spoken the truth, a woman whose search had ended identically with his at a birthday party two months ago. He saw the flurry of motion under the table and panic hit him. She was going . . .

"Mary, wait!"

He felt light and joyous then, partly because his next words were very important, but mostly because he knew now how long he had been waiting to say them.

"I love you, Mary. I love you."

Her face, her eyes shone. And on her lap the gloves lay, still secure and untouched in the bracelet attached to her handbag.

(Copyright)

Harsh Country

GABRIEL pulled the canoe up. His ears were bumping from the noise of the engine and they were humming from no sleep these past three nights. He had been hurrying to get in; now that he had got in he did not have to hurry.

He stood beside the river. He was going to see people and hear people and tell them everything and ask them—and there would be Martha. Martha.

An old Indian sat on the bank above, looking at the river, not at Gabriel. Just the two of them, the old Indian and Gabriel; nothing moving at eight on a summer morning, not even mosquitoes, only an old Indian and Gabriel and the river.

He shaved and washed in the brown water, put on his clean shirt, brewed the last of his tea, ate a little, combed his black hair, took a bundle out, covered everything in the canoe, humped the bundle, and walked uphill at nine o'clock, it must be. The path was muddy after rain, and the tethered dogs were muddy. People would be asleep.

"Hullo, there," he called to the old Indian.

The Indian grunted, raised his left hand, and looked at the river.

When he had reached the top of the sixty-foot bank, the first person Gabriel saw was the Mountie. He did not mind about last year; that was all over and done with; he was pleased to see the corporal.

"Hullo, Corporal," he said, smiling.

"Hullo, Gabriel," said Corporal Brand. He was a tall man. He smiled a little. "When did you get in?"

"Just got in. I made it back in three days and three nights, fast going from that country, but I was right out on account of not getting in at Easter. Left my dogs with Bob Starkey at the Lightning. How's things here? How's Mrs. Brand?"

"Fine, thank you," the corporal said. "Did you make out O.K.?" He nodded his head at the bundle of furs.

"Pretty good. I got my beaver and a few marten. Bob said they was paying sixty for marten at Green Mountain. That's pretty good. And I got . . ."

"They're not paying sixty here. Twenty's more like it."

The corporal nodded to Gabriel and started off to wherever he was going. But he turned back. "How long do you figure on staying, Gabriel?"

Gabriel shrugged. "A week, maybe two. Enough time to collect an out-

fit. It gets kind of so you're glad of company after a year off there." He smiled. "It gets kind of lonesome."

"That's right," the corporal said. He stared at him. He was a hard, good man. "Keep out of trouble this time, Gabriel." The corporal walked away.

After that Gabriel felt a little less happy for a minute about the marten price and about the corporal saying that about trouble, but he was happy and excited at being back among people. Faces and voices. He hadn't seen faces or heard voices except animal faces and voices, and there was so much to tell and to find out and to look at before he went out again.

He walked on. Next he saw Father Tinnet working in his vegetable garden. He wore the same dirty, black cassock, which was so old it glistened green, and he was the same kindly, mumbling Father. He had christened Gabriel. He gave him a good welcome.

They talked for a minute, and Gabriel saw with delight how the Father's beard wobbled when he spoke, just as you had thought about it. His beard wobbled, and he went on transplanting cabbages into the damp, black earth until he straightened.

"Gabriel, my son," he said. "Have you prayed to Our Heavenly Father for peace of mind?"

"Every day, Father," Gabriel said.

He said goodbye to Father Tinnet until they would meet differently at Mass. He walked on, feeling Christian kindness.

Then he saw Martha, who was the person he had thought most about all the long winter in his cabin in the woods, and on the trail. Her mother had died in the winter, and now her father and her brothers would soon be off fishing.

Martha was a year older now, much more than a year more beautiful. His head sang, the world swirled round him, he felt quite faint at the sight of Martha. Her long hair was soft, framing her face. Martha was browner, darker than Gabriel, with a warmth of color at her cheeks. Gabriel's father had been a white man, and his mother a Mountain Indian, so he was a half-breed, too. He was glad he had shaved and washed and combed his hair.

"Hullo, Martha," he said, smiling at her while his heart was loud.

"Hullo, Gabriel." She smiled, too, in a remembered way; quietly knowing she was a woman wanted by men. Her eyes teased him.

"Have you been good?" Gabriel asked. He meant it as a joke, and he meant to remind her that he had kissed her last summer after the dance, before he was in trouble, and he wanted to kiss her again every minute, always. Her face was sad and holy, going to belong to some man—perhaps, unbelievably, to him.

"Yes, Gabriel." Smiling again. "And you? Did you get into any fights?"

"No," he said. She knew he couldn't have been in any fights. How could he? "Is there a dance tonight?"

"Yes." Martha's full lips closed after the word, and opened and closed and opened again. "I must go. So long, Gabriel."

She walked on in her tartan skirt to wherever she was going. He watched her. She swayed. She was a mystery of love and grace, of touchable, untouchable woman or girl.

So Gabriel came to the store. The door-bell tinkled as he went inside. Every shelf was full, which meant that the river-boat must have been through with a year's supplies, and Gabriel was in luck. He had not asked the others about that because he wanted to keep it as a surprise for himself.

He looked around, seeing the shirts, nets, traps, hooks, tobacco, flour, shells—all the things he needed, and all with magic newness. He had come in at just the right time.

Then he saw the manager beyond in his glass office. The smell of being in a proper building painted on the outside and the inside and with fly screens and electric bulbs was strange and it was wonderful.

Mr. Johnson had paper money and coins in front of him. He was counting the money and writing in a big book—a ledger, they might call it.

"Hullo, Mr. Johnson," said Gabriel as a moment came when Mr. Johnson was not in the middle of counting or writing.

Mr. Johnson looked up. It was the second time he had looked. "Oh, it's you," he said. "When did you get in?" He did not say, "Hullo, Gabriel," or anything nice like that.

"I just got in this morning," Gabriel said. "How's things bin, Mr. Johnson?"

"So-so," said Mr. Johnson. "The break-up was very late." He went on looking at his big book. "How did you make out?"

"Good," Gabriel said. "I got my beaver and marten here." He patted his bundle. "Left the rest at the canoe."

Mr. Johnson shut his big book, put the money back in the till, locked it in a way which made you feel he was locking it because of you, although you knew he always locked it, and said, "Come on over to the warehouse."

He went ahead. Gabriel followed along in the hot sunshine to the warehouse. Mr. Johnson's assistant was in there, haling furs. He was hardly more than a boy, with red hair, a stranger.

"Hullo," Gabriel said. "Hullo," said the white boy. He smiled.

Mr. Johnson graded the beaver

ILLUSTRATED
BY BECK



first. He knelt on one knee on the warehouse floor and took each skin. They were beauties, blanket beaver; it pleased Mr. Johnson, too.

He poked it, stroked it, blew on it, plucked it, rolled and snapped it, then laid it down carefully, made a note on his paper, and went on to the next.

He did that with all ten. At the end he said: "They're good. I can let you have two hundred and ninety dollars."

Gabriel said nothing, but he smiled at the good price. Then Mr. Johnson did the seven marten, even more carefully. You could see that Mr. Johnson loved furs. Surely the Mountie must have been wrong about twenty for marten?

"I can give you a hundred and seventy-two for the marten. They're good, too."

Seven into seventeen goes twice and three over, seven into thirty-two goes four times and four over. Twenty-four and a bit. So it was almost true what the corporal said.

"Bob Starkey told me they was paying better than sixty at Green Mountain, Mr. Johnson."

"Bob Starkey's wrong," said Mr. Johnson. "He's been telling you stories."

"No, Mr. Johnson," Gabriel said politely. But he felt the first little tickle at the back of his neck. It was a long, long time since he had felt it. "I seen the paper."

"I don't know what you mean. I get my prices by radio."

"Duncan's tradin' in competition

down there, Mr. Johnson. That's what I mean."

Mr. Johnson stared at Gabriel. "You can take them some place else if you want," he said.

"What place, Mr. Johnson?"

Gabriel, my son. Have you prayed to Our Heavenly Father for peace of mind? Every day, Father. How much would it cost to go a hundred and fifty miles to get a fair price?

"I'll make it one-eighty," Mr. Johnson said. He lit a cigarette. "That's the best I can do. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," Gabriel said. He went to the door. Sharpers, he thought. "Swindlers," he muttered.

"I'll be over in a minute," Mr. Johnson called after him; and then when Gabriel was just outside the door he heard him say: "Remember that one. He's a bad lot. Last year he . . ."

Gabriel bought what he needed for the present. Then he went to pray alone in the church where the ceiling was blue with gold stars, and the pictures were lovely, and Christ was a white man.

Then he called on the Forest Warden to give in his affidavit and the unused seals for marten, and to mark four new beaver lodges on the warden's map of Gabriel's trapping area, and to get his new licence.

The warden was about Gabriel's age. He gave Gabriel a cup of coffee. He had been in the north country two years, and he knew only

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A complete short story
By **DAVID WALKER**



When Gabriel saw Martha dancing
with the Forest Warden he knew
it would have been wiser to stay
right away, where he belonged

EASIER, SURER, more natural-looking curls!

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It's the Beauty Rinse Neutraliser, with its effective, thorough, safe and sure penetrating neutraliser, that does the trick. No matter what the method (see Hudnut Instruction Book), results are always best with the *all-new* Richard Hudnut Home Permanent with Beauty Rinse Neutraliser.



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Richard Hudnut CREME RINSE
for use after any home perm,
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If your hair is end-splitting dry or lacking lustre, try this amazingly effective conditioner... a boon to sun or wind damaged hair. Wonderful for keeping hair free of tangles... hair gleams with polished loveliness... strengthens your perm or natural wave. In 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.

Continuing . . . Harsh Country

[from page 9]

as empty words all the lore that Gabriel knew instinctively.

Then Gabriel went to see his cousin, the only one left of his mother's family. Gabriel's father had had no relatives, of course. But his cousin was an Indian, so Gabriel, who was half white himself, had nothing to talk to him about except trapping. He wanted to talk about everything else in the world.

Then Gabriel walked back past Martha's father's hut; but he did not see her. Then he made a fire and slept beside his canoe until nearly midnight, when it was time to get ready for the dance.

He was looking forward very much to the dance as he climbed the path beside the Mackenzie River. The Fathers taught in school that it was one of the biggest rivers in the world. It was big and quiet. Gabriel liked it best in the evenings. The flies were bad tonight. He came to the Mission Hall.

Gabriel made his way through the crowd—he knew them all but he did not have friends among them, and they looked at his face and moved aside. In the far corner, Albert fiddled with a white, wet face and a thumping foot, a wild demon possessing him. Everyone else thumped, and Gabriel thumped.

He could not help it and he did not want to help it and the music cried in his legs, his arms, his thighs, his stomach. It cried to him; it summoned him; it blessed him.

He was happy; he forgot the bad thought he had had today just after seeing Mr. Johnson—that it would be better to stay always in the bush alone, safe from people.

Martha was dancing with the Forest Warden. Why with him? She had to dance with someone. They danced together and danced away and spun three times with eyes together, and danced away around the circle and met again and danced together.

Martha was wearing a bright blue dress the same as the one Gabriel had seen in the store and thought he would like to buy for her, and she had a bright blue ribbon in her black hair. Her hair was shining. Her eyes were shining and then downcast.

Her bare legs flickered and flowed in a beautiful way, and the dress clung to her and she flew out. Oh, she was good to look at! She was slim; she was for man; she was dreaming in the dance, not there at all, and there altogether. The dance ended.

Gabriel walked over. Martha was panting; her brow was wet. The Warden had his hand under her arm. He was leading her to a bench.

"Martha!" Gabriel said. She turned; the Warden still held her arm. "Hullo, Gabriel," she said. She didn't smile at Gabriel, and the Warden didn't seem to know Gabriel as a man he had drunk coffee with.

"Can I have the next one, Martha?" He knew she liked to dance with him because Gabriel and Martha dancing together were the same as music and a poem and a thunderstorm on the River. Dancing was—just the two of them, together.

"Sorry," she said. "I promised the next one." Her eyes flitted from Gabriel's eyes to the Forest Warden and down under black eyelashes wide apart and her chin narrow.

Gabriel felt his heart pound; he sensed something black and dreadful, but he had to say: "Well, the one after?"

The Warden was frowning. He led Martha away to the bench.

Gabriel stared after them. His hands tightened. He

trembled. The whole room was quiet except for a high little squeak of Albert tuning.

"Martha!" Gabriel said. He meant just to say it, but he shouted.

Footsteps, and a hand above his elbow. "Come on out," said Corporal Brand. People made way for them. "Now look here, Gabriel," Corporal Brand said outside. "You haven't been in one night yet and you start making trouble."

"But I didn't, Corporal. I didn't do nothin'. I asked Martha for a dance."

"Hasn't anyone told you they're getting married next week?"

"No, Corporal. Nobody told me."

"Didn't you see the ring?"

"No, Corporal. I never seen the ring. And I met her in the

NATIVE WEDDING

YOU don't have to leave Australian territory to see as picturesque a native wedding as any to be found in the romantic South Seas.

There was one such on Thursday Island not long ago—the marriage of Ray ("One Boy") Ware, a Polynesian, and Matilda Luff, half Polynesian, half mainland aboriginal.

The kaleidoscopic Malay - Chinese - Filipino - Polynesian - European - Melanesian - Aboriginal population of the island drank, feasted, and danced from 10 a.m. on the wedding day until dawn the next day.

A.M. had a special writer and a photographer there and they have combined to present a fascinating factual account of this colorful event in the August 31 issue.

morning and she never told me."

"She wouldn't tell you," said Corporal Brand. "Listen, Gabriel!" He was not a bad man, perhaps. "You shouted loud enough to bring the place down. You know what you'd have done if I hadn't stopped you."

"Yes, Corporal," said Gabriel. He looked at the grass and shook his head. He knew that the blackness would have had him in another few seconds in there if the Corporal had not come. He could still feel it fading down and out of him.

"How soon can you get an outfit?"

"Ready to start back, you mean, Corporal?"

The Corporal nodded.

"Two, three days, mebbe." Gabriel's head was heavy and his heart was heavy. He was not angry with the Corporal.

"I don't wanna start out that soon."

"That's what you've got to do, though. Keep yourself to yourself. Keep away from the girl. And get going three days from now, or sooner." His voice was quiet, kind.

"I'm sorry, Gabriel. I thought you might have learned after last time. You're a good trapper and an honest boy, but you don't belong with people. Now, will you do what I say, or will you go in the lock-up?"

"I'll do what you say, Corporal. Goodnight, Corporal."

Gabriel walked down to his canoe. He did not sleep; he sat all night beside the water. Far away he heard Albert's feverish fiddle, so sweet and so bitter.

Near at hand he heard a drip

and crumble from the last black chunks of ice. A phoebe sang its wheezy song above the bank. Phoebe, and another name. Ducks flew low along the river. Gabriel was alone; the cry of the loon was sad.

The dance stopped. It was time for Mass, time to confess a year's small sins, and the sins of a day.

Gabriel did just what the Corporal said. He traded peacefully with Mr. Johnson, and kept away from the people, and got sleep. On the second evening he loaded his canoe, moved it round the point, and he was ready.

He waited now in the underbrush beside a path where the people came and went. There were not many people. They passed here before sleeping. It was after midnight when Martha came. Her eyes were on the path; she smiled to herself in the shadows about something. She was alone.

Gabriel let her go by. He moved nearer to the path and lay quite still in long grass. The flies were bad. He heard her light footsteps again. He jumped upon her from behind, left hand on her mouth, right hand at her waist.

She struggled warmly; tried to bite his hand. She struggled all the way through popple and spruce and down to the river. "Quiet, Martha," said Gabriel gently, as he put her into the bottom of the canoe.

He pushed off, paddled three strokes. Martha screamed. He struck her hard on the face with his open right hand. She was quiet, huddled. He started his outboard motor, and the noise drowned everything. That single cry could have been the loon.

Gabriel kept close to the right shore of the Mackenzie. He looked back once after half a mile, but nothing moved at the Post. The river swung right, swung north. The sun had risen; the air was chilly. He took the blanket from under him and put it round Martha, who was sitting against the sun.

"I'm sorry, Martha. I'm real sorry if I hurt you. I never want to hurt you."

She turned to stare at him. He could not see her face well except for the soft curve and the glint of her hair against the light.

"You're crazy," she said. She was afraid of him.

Why were they all, even Martha, afraid of him? Her cheek was red where he had struck her.

"Is lovin' you crazy?"

"Doing this is crazy. They'll get you."

"No," Gabriel said. He laughed very loud seeing her close there before him. He was suddenly happy. "I'll tell you why—because they'll never guess where we're going; and they'll never find us."

Then all that night as they ran down the great river, which was not lonely, he told her about the country they were going to. It was among the hills of his mother's people, where he had lived when he was a boy. But nobody lived now in that far-off country in the Mackenzie Mountains. Nobody had trapped there these fifteen years.

Gabriel spoke strongly, louder as they ran the rapids, which were two miles wide, and the canoe pitched him and Martha in broken water, very small in the vastness—alone with her.

Martha did not turn again. She listened to him or she might have slept. Gabriel did not know. He hoped she was not afraid of him.

"Don't be afraid of me, Martha," he said at the end of his story of the country of his mother's people. She

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Spring in the Garden



SPRING FLOWERS are a mass of color in this giant rockery made by Mr. A. M. Crawford at his home in Cramond Brig, near Edinburgh. He has blended aubretias in purples, reds, and mauves with yellow and lemon alyssum, white, double arobas, blue forget-me-nots and bluebells, tall red tulips, white iberis (candytuft), and brilliant-colored phlox.

September is the time to

**Choose seeds for summer flowers,
plant citrus trees, prune hibiscus,
and check your garden tool-kit.**

PREPARE for summer now, although occasional cold winds may still blow, making the warm weather seem a long way off. But for gardeners, summer is just round the corner and it is time to get busy.

If you have not yet decided what to plant, study the garden catalogues without delay, for there are the grandest seeds offering for the summer show, all packed in gaily-colored envelopes.

When planning a place for annuals, remember that they have only a short life and they love the sun. So give it to them, pure and undiluted if possible, although a mere dapple of shade will be tolerated. The plants will repay you generously in the quality and quantity of their blooms.

Brilliant annuals are very effective if planted to give bold splashes of color in bor-

ders; they are just as lovely when tucked away in small spots. There is a big variety of summer flowering annuals, most of which have been so greatly improved in recent years by plant breeders that the original type is often hard to recognise.

The ever popular petunia, which has a voracious appetite for heat, can be used in many ways. There are big fringed double petunias with velvety, black-netted throats; flashy pinks such as Rosy Morn Improved; rich purples like Violaacea; clear blues.

Petunias can be massed with wonderful effects in borders or beds, boxes or urns, and, contrary to general opinion, they are good for picking.

Another old favorite is the phlox, now far more vivid and varied in color and form, but, alas, less hardy than formerly.

Derwent Large Flowered strain of Phlox Drummondii is outstanding. It produces gay



trusses of large flowers in rich reds, blues, salmon, pinks, and pastels. Some have "eyes," others are plain. A variety is Phlox Drummondii cuspidata, which is the star-shaped form with little flowers in the gayest colors.

Phlox Drummondii in all its forms has an extremely long flowering period, and if watered regularly will keep going until late in the autumn.

One of the greatest transformations has been made in the zinnia, once the Cinderella of the summer annual group. But since the zinnia has developed glamor it has lost much of its old hardiness, as happened also with the phlox.

Continued on page 12



Mother! PLAYTIME IS DIRT-DANGER TIME!



HANDS BLACK
WITH GROUND-IN DIRT

30 SECONDS
AFTER USING SOLVOL ...
CLEAN, HEALTHY HANDS

Dirty hands
can be dangerous...

Clean hands are healthy hands, say Health Authorities.



You never know where children have been playing ... or what dangers lie in the dirt on their hands. So, Mother, play safe! Leave Solvol where they can use it, after play and before meals. Only Solvol is specially made to remove all ground-in dirt from skin pores, around fingernails and knuckles ... grime that ordinary soaps often miss. Yet speedy Solvol is amazingly gentle, soothing even to a toddler's skin.

CLEANS DIRTY HANDS IN 30 SECONDS

S. 174 WW1029



Perfect
for
soups
stews
snacks!

the one and only **BOVRIL**

Nothing adds cheer to winter meals like Bovril! Bovril puts beef into you—the richness of prime lean beef highly concentrated. Wonderful as a hot drink, too—and by far the best the world over.

A little **BOVRIL**
goes a long way



September programme . . . continued from page 11

LEMON TREES are a practical addition to your back garden. They will provide the household with useful fruit as well as looking pretty in an otherwise bare corner.



New glamor in annuals

ANOTHER summer annual which has gone glamorous is the African marigold. There is nothing like them—and never has been—for showy, brilliant gold, but new sorts add many improvements.

For instance, there is a light sulphur-yellow strain called Curleytops, which has semi-quilled petals rather like a chrysanthemum. They are curled at the top and the whole head looks like a fluffy, yellow ball.

Gardeners who like the sunshine colors should plant nasturtiums in the odd, sunny corners of their garden plots. Nasturtiums, which also have new glamor, are especially useful because the best results come when they are grown in quite ordinary soil.

If it is too rich, they tend to leaf instead of flowers.

Nasturtiums are available in gold, scarlet, primrose, orange, and mahogany. The newest types are the Gleam Hybrids which have dwarf habit and semi-double sweet-scented flowers. They can be bought as mixed colors or separates. Particularly beautiful are Golden Gleam and Scarlet Gleam.

Modern snapdragons are another surprise. Flowers of the Tetraploids have more ruffles per blossom than the old flowers; a wonderful color range, and strong stems and leaves.

Asters, too, have made a spectacular comeback. The original flower was single or had at best two rows of petals. Now there are all kinds of variations in form, from singles with quilled petals like chrysanthemums to fluffy doubles.

Colors range from white to soft and bright pink, crimson, blue, mauve, lilac, and purple, which can be bought separate or mixed.

A new and beautiful strain is American Beauty, which has big flowers with petals curving inwards on tall, branching stems. The older Crego strains are still among the best.

The newer zinnias have big variations in color, shape, and quality. There are big velvety beauties four to six inches across; a strain called Coquette resembles asters with its curly petals; another strain called Oriole has quite a lot of the soft delicacy that is a feature of dahlias.

Plant citrus trees now the warm spring days have arrived. In recent years there have been many reports of citrus tree failure. These failures have often been traced to a root rot that attacks the tree if the drainage is poor.

So be sure to select an area of friable, well-drained soil that is preferably in full sunlight. Areas relatively free from frost are best, although frost tolerance is fairly high once the trees are well established.

Better blooms

The commonest varieties are:
Oranges: Late Valencia, Washington Navel.
Lemons: Eureka, Lisbon.
Mandarins: Emperor, Ellendale Beauty.

Grapefruit: Wheeny (coastal), Marsh (inland).

Citrus are budded or grafted on to either common lemon or trifoliata stock. The trifoliata stock is resistant to a fungus called Phytophthora, which causes the root rot, but unfortunately it is not always compatible with the fruiting wood.

However, gardeners should insist on having trifoliata stock with Late Valencia orange, Ellendale Beauty mandarin, and Wheeny grapefruit.

Some gardeners believe that the reduction in size of fruit in Emperor mandarin or in tree vigor in Marsh grapefruit that generally occurs if trifoliata stock is used, is compensated by an increased resistance to disease.

Before the citrus trees are planted, land should be well prepared, and square holes eighteen inches across and eight to nine inches deep should be dug.

A shovelful of well-rotted

compost or a handful of blood and bone well mixed with the soil is beneficial, but fresh manure is not recommended.

Don't let the roots of young trees dry out through exposure to sun and air before they are planted. The ends of damaged roots should be cut off smoothly and the trees then placed in their holes with roots well spread out, making sure the tree is set no deeper than it was in the nursery bed.

Cover roots with soil and tread round them firmly. Then completely fill the hole with soil and give each tree a bucketful of water. Finally, prune back the tree severely.

Citrus are shallow rooted and cultivation may be done only with the greatest care. It is a good idea to plant the trees in the fowl run. Many commercial growers find this site very advantageous.

The fowls nip off all the weeds which compete with the trees for moisture, thus overcoming the need for any digging.

Give your strawberry bed some attention. Beds should be well weeded and the plants thinned out if necessary.

If leaf spot or leaf scorch diseases are severe, badly infected leaves should be cut off and burnt and the plants then sprayed with Bordeaux 1-1-10, repeating ten days later if necessary.

A dressing of old farmyard manure or blood and bone should be worked in between the rows and the plants should be mulched with straw or tan bark, which prevents the soil caking and keeps the berries clean.

Check your garden tool kits and decide whether you own enough. Make sure the imple-

ments are in good condition for all the work ahead.

An elaborate collection is not necessary, but every gardener should have these implements:

- Spade with blade ten to twelve inches long and seven to nine inches wide, made of best-quality steel.
- Digging fork with four prongs.
- Rake for breaking clods, levelling soil, creating a mulch after rain, and raking weeds.
- At least one type of hoe for breaking land and chipping weeds.
- Mattock for the initial hard work.
- Hand trowel and hand fork.
- At least one pair of strong secateurs.
- Watering-can, hose, and wheelbarrow.

Watch cinerarias for signs of the leaf miner, the pest that often causes unsightly blemishes on the leaves, and in severe infestations may result in serious stunting or even death.

The adult leaf miner is a tiny grey fly which lays its eggs in the leaf tissue. The larva tunnels through the leaves, feeding as it goes.

The pest can be controlled by spraying with 0.1 per cent D.D.T., obtained by diluting two fluid ounces of twenty per cent D.D.T. emulsion in two and a half gallons of water. Start spraying as soon as the first tunnel marks appear.

Watch for pests
We both sides of the leaf and repeat at ten-day intervals.

Prune evergreen hibiscus to prevent them getting leggy. This job must be left until after the danger of frost has gone, because a cold snap may severely check young shoots.

Cut back to healthy wood any branches that have been frosted during winter, otherwise prune the bush to shape.

Hibiscus will grow as far south as Melbourne if given a protected place and helped through the early stages (the first two years are the worst) with artificial shelter.

MAKE YOUR OWN OUTDOOR FURNITURE

Spring Gardening

There are lots of things that will improve the appearance of your garden and make it a more comfortable place to spend the summer hours in. Seats, tables, patios, pergolas, and bird-baths are all quite easy for the handyman to make. The family can join in and lend a hand, too.

Materials for beautifying the garden need not cost too much so long as you are prepared to make use of any available stone, rocks, or wood.

IF you have any young trees or saplings which need thinning, start by making a pergola from the excess wood. The pergola makes a wind-break and provides shade for small plants which cannot take too much sun.

Make sure that you have sufficient depth of soil to sink upright posts at least three feet six inches into the ground. Otherwise a bad rainy season may make the whole structure collapse.

You may find that the best position to build it is over a path. If you have a clump of trees or shrubs in the garden, a pergola may form an attractive approach.

Upright posts should be about twice the diameter of the horizontal struts. The posts that are to go beneath the soil should first be painted with creosote or some other preserving oil.

Quick-growing vines like hignonia, honeysuckle, or climbing roses will make a colorful cover and will bloom for a long period.

Other suitable vines are Dutchman's Pipe, jasmine, convolvulus, and moon flower.

When the vines have grown enough to provide shade, you can grow below those annuals which cannot take the full heat of the sun — primulas, begonias, balsam, pansies, schizanthus, and polyanthus.

With a patio, you can spend many pleasant hours out of doors.

Bricks, concrete, or sandstone are ideal materials for making a patio, but if you prefer, and do not mind the mowing and trimming, you can make a very pretty terrace of turf.

Plan your patio on level ground in a spot that gets plenty of sun and is sheltered by trees. Deciduous trees are especially suitable, because they allow the sun through in the winter.

Liquidambar, jascarandas, maples, flowering apples or cherries are all delightful. If you need a windbreak for shelter throughout the year, choose a dense evergreen, like Hakea saligna.

The patio should be not less than eight feet wide.

If you are using bricks, first decide on the size of the terrace and then work out the number of bricks you will need. A common brick measures nine inches by four inches.

Roughly level the surface of the ground. Then break the ground to a depth of four inches, smooth it, and cover with three inches of sand.

Make a levelling tool by attaching a three-foot-long board to a garden rake.

Check your surface with a spirit level. Or you can tie a piece of string around a brick, place the brick at the centre of the prepared ground, and stretch the string out to each edge of the ground in turn. If the string just skims the surface, the ground is level.

Make the sand compact by pounding it with the levelling tool. You now have your base for the bricks.

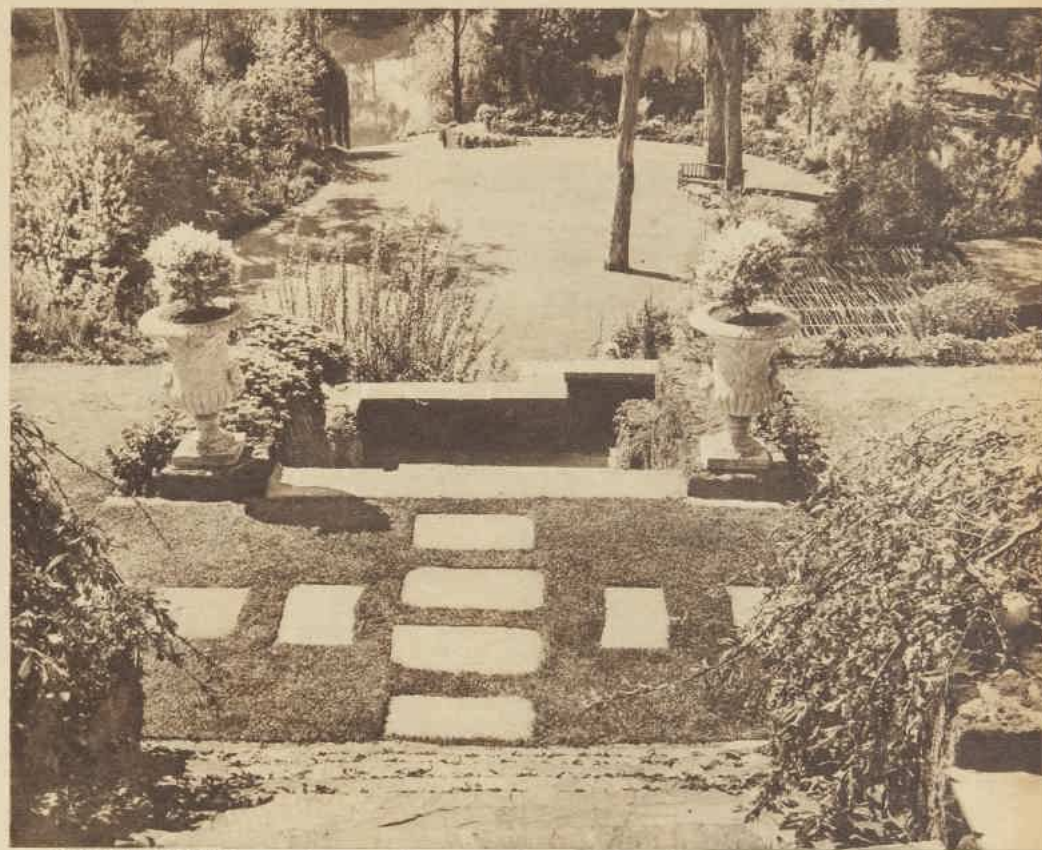
Lay the bricks down in the pattern you want, and tamp them firmly into the sand. You can make an edging by standing a row of bricks on end around the terrace. Set them in a shallow trench, so that they are either level with the rest of the terrace or, if you prefer it, slightly higher, so as to make a miniature wall.

Finish by sprinkling sand over the terrace and sweeping it into the cracks between the bricks.

For a sandstone terrace, follow the same instructions, using flat slabs of stone for the floor. Fill any gaps with soil, and plant succulents, alyssum, turf, or ornamental grasses.

A four-inch-thick foundation of concrete is a good solid base. While the concrete is still wet set in the sides of your fireplace, making sure that the opening gets enough breeze to keep your fire going.

A permanent grate set about two feet over the base makes cooking easier. A built-in shelf at the side is a handy



IMAGINATIVE DESIGN can make any garden, no matter how small, beautiful and interesting. This is the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Reg Ellery, of Hawthorn, Victoria. It has a big area, but most of the ideas can be applied to smaller ones. Flagged walks in the lawn, sandstone steps, curved instead of straight garden beds, and tall trees growing out of the lawn are all suitable for small gardens and give an atmosphere of individuality.

place for stacking plates and keeping them hot.

You can make your own seats and tables for the garden or the patio.

Logs of wood at least 12 inches in diameter and about 18 inches high make effective stools around the fireplace.

Use hardwood, and be sure to saw them evenly, so that they will not wobble.

Strip off the bark to minimise the danger of rot, or cover them with clear varnish.

If you find it hard to get suitable logs, you can build benches of stone or brick. But they will need strong cushions of canvas or some other equally long-wearing material if they are not to be too cold for comfort.

Small barrels, which you can paint in bright colors, also make pretty seats. Covered with cushions, they are very comfortable.

Making a table is a little harder, but well worth the effort, especially if you can

match your stools and chairs. The ends which you bury in the ground should be painted with creosote or other wood-preserving oil.

For a wooden table take four three-by-three posts as long as the required height of the table, plus six inches which will be set into the ground.

When the posts are dry, place them in holes six inches deep, and either pour cement around them or ram the earth down solidly.

Now nail three-inch by one-

inch cross-pieces across the ends. Then make the tabletop by nailing pieces of two-inch by one-inch timber to these cross-pieces.

A very attractive table can be made from a slab of sawn sandstone.

Support the slab on a base of three or four brick columns or a broad central column of sandstone.

If great care is taken to keep the top of the central column level, it can be made of several pieces of sandstone cemented together.

Once the base has been built up to the required height, cover it with a generous layer of cement and set the top on that. Do not attempt to use the table until the cement has set firmly, or you may crack it and ruin the level surface.

If you want to encourage birds into your garden, put bird-baths in secluded bushy corners or under a tree.

Large earthenware flowerpot saucers are very suitable, because birds can perch around the edges without slipping.

Birds prefer their baths to be above ground level because they feel safer there, so set the bath on a pillar made of a double pile of bricks.

Don't cement the bath to the pillar. If it is detachable it can be filled under a tap and occasionally scrubbed out.

If you like watching birds, put a little feeding table near the bird-bath and make up a daily meal of crumbs, cheese, or meat scraps.

Once the birds get used to their new haven they will lose their fear, and may eventually bring fledglings, too.



A SANDSTONE PATIO like this one adds charm and comfort to your summer outdoor living. You can make it yourself and save a lot of money. With the money saved you may be able to afford some old iron garden furniture like that in this picture. In antique shops or at auction sales these attractive pieces are often available.

NEW YORKERS LOVED OUR NEW MILK CHOCOLATE!

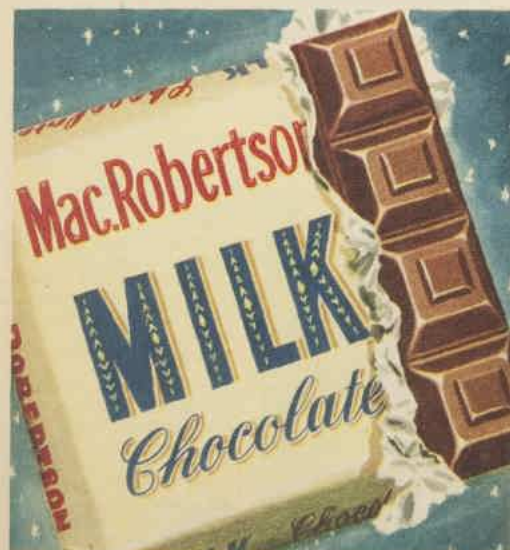


Actual photograph of New Yorkers, Bill Preston and Gwen Grant, tasting the new MacRobertson Milk Chocolate in the shadow of the famous Chrysler Building, New York City.

**"Tastes milkiest of all",
they agreed.**

When our new Milk Chocolate took all Australia by storm, we decided to send some to New York, just to see how some typical Americans would like it. Here's what they said: "No candy like it here!" "Say, this is terrific!" "What a flavour!" Like Australians everywhere, these New Yorkers loved the new MacRobertson Milk Chocolate.

"TASTES MILKIEST OF ALL", say Australians everywhere...



Ask for MacRobertson's Milk Chocolate—sold in 2-oz. and 4-oz. blocks everywhere.

Made by **MacRobertson's** The Great Name in Confectionery



"There's no doubt in my mind — it tastes milkiest of all"



"It's the Milk Chocolate for me — it really does taste milkier."



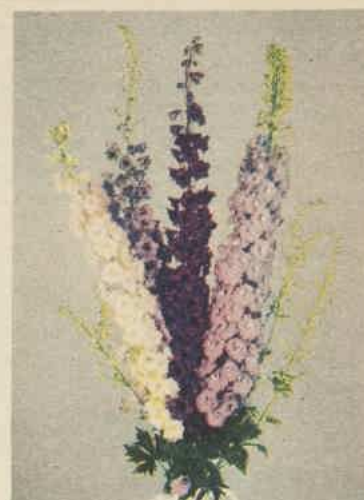
"It's the kind of Milk Chocolate I've always wanted."

MACROB

FOR SUMMER COLOR

DELPHINIUMS (right) should be sown in September and October in seedboxes. They are slow in germinating but can be planted out as soon as they are big enough to handle.

Tall hybrids should be spaced 20 inches between plants in rows 24 inches apart. Smaller types should be spaced 12 inches between plants in rows 15 inches apart. Rich soil is essential. Constant watering, with liquid manure and surface mulching in hotter months, is essential.



PETUNIAS (left) can be sown from now until the end of the year in seedboxes, as the seeds are very small and sometimes erratic in germinating. With the more exotic exhibition varieties special attention must be given to watering. A glass cover for the seedbox will help with germination. Plant dwarf varieties 12 inches apart and exhibition types 15 inches apart in either a sandy or fairly heavy loam.

Add well-rotted horse manure to heavy soils and well-rotted cow manure to sandy soils. Cut back after summer flowering for autumn blooms.



AMARANTHUS (right) may be sown in spring and early summer, preferably where the plants are to flower. They should be thinned out so that the plants are 18 inches apart. If you prefer to sow in a seedbox, plant them out at the same distance. While the plants are growing, keep them well watered and free from weeds. When the plants are about a foot high, give them an application of liquid manure every 10 days. A solution of sulphate of ammonia will do if no liquid manure is available. If the weather becomes hot while the plants are still young, mulch the ground around their roots with compost or well-rotted manure.



SALVIA (left) can be treated as a perennial in warm or mild climates and as an annual in climates with severe winters. Seed may be sown from now until November, preferably in seedboxes or seedbeds, which can be kept warm until the seedlings are well established. Tall Salvia plants should be spaced 15 inches apart in rows 18 inches apart, and Dwarf Salvia at intervals of 10 inches in rows 12 inches apart. Occasional watering and liquid manuring should produce the first flowers four to five months after sowing. Salvia flourishes in a good garden loam which has been enriched with well-rotted manure. It cannot take strong winds but likes plenty of sun and well-drained soil. Among varieties which are particularly hardy and make a good show are the fiery scarlet blooms of splendens bonfire, which grow up to three feet, extra dwarf scarlet, which have equal flower spike but are only 18 inches high, and farinacea or blue bedder, which has delicate flowers of wedge-wood-blue. Salvia is particularly effective used as a background to other flowers massed in a bed or as a border interspersed with contrasting flowers of different colors.

TUBEROUS BEGONIA (right) is one of the most beautiful pot-plants; it can be raised either from seeds or bulbs. Seeds sown in early spring, winter, or autumn will bring flowering plants the following year. Half fill a pot with pieces of broken crockery or charcoal and then fill it with a compost of equal parts of loam, leaf-mould, and sand. Water thoroughly and let excess moisture drain away. Sow seeds sparsely and cover with a light top-dressing of leaf-mould. Young seedlings should be pricked out into other pots containing the same compost.



FOR SUMMER EATING

TOMATOES are first choice with most gardeners because of the big crops produced relatively easily, and the flavor of the home-grown article.

First sowings are generally made in September, protection in the form of a sheet of covering glass and a warm position being given in the colder areas where frosts may still occur.

There are many varieties to choose from. Tatura Dwarf Globe and Earliana are probably the most useful early kind.



For sowings after mid-October choose one of the following: Red Cloud, Pearson, Stokesdale, Grosse Lisse, Rutgers, Potentate, Salad's Special.

Sowings can be made until January or February in hottest places.

Sow in a seed box and transplant the seedlings when about 6in. high into a well-prepared bed which has been enriched with compost or well-decayed animal manure and a square yard dressing of 2oz. to 3oz. of a complete fertiliser.

Set plants 2½ to 3 feet apart each way.

Except in the hottest inland districts, stake the plants at transplanting time. If stakes are driven in against established plants, roots are likely to be damaged.

Plants should be tied to the stakes every 15 inches, being careful not to get developing bunches of fruit jammed against the wood.

Prune tomatoes by pinching out the lateral growths which develop in the crook between main stem and leaves. Staking and pruning give better-quality fruit.

When the first tomatoes are about one and a half inches in diameter, a side-dressing of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia should be given every three weeks, using one dessertspoonful per plant and watering it in.

In hot inland areas, pruning and staking are not desirable as insufficient leaf shelter may result in fruits being sun-scalded. Varieties suited to these areas are Grosse Lisse, Pearson, and Tatura Dwarf Globe.

Always keep up a regular supply of water.

Major troubles are spotted wilt, leaf spot diseases, mite, tomato caterpillar, fruit fly, and blossom-end rot.

LETTUCE, green and crisp, is the conventional Number One ingredient of salads, and it can be had all the year round if the right variety is sown.

The secret of always having top-quality lettuce in the garden is to make small successive plantings.

This vegetable is a bit demanding in its soil requirements in that it likes the best. Deep, well-drained soil, well enriched with organic matter, and one which has been limed for a previous crop is ideal and will produce show winners.

But don't give up if conditions aren't perfect, because an ordinary soil which has

It is easy to grow vegetables in the summer as long as you keep them well watered. On this page are detailed instructions for growing some favorite salad and cooking vegetables in your own back garden. With these you will be assured of a constant supply of fresh vegetables, which will help to keep your family healthy through the warmer months.

been given a heavy dressing of animal manure will grow good quality plants.

Sow seed in a box or the permanent bed. Transplant the box-sown plants or thin out the open bed ones, so that each plant has about ten inches of space.

Summer varieties are Imperial 847 and Great Lakes; the best winter variety is Imperial 615; Mignonette will grow any time.

Good lettuce are grown fast, so keep up the water supply and side dress every week with liquid poultry manure or nitrate of soda.

Lettuce troubles are spotted wilt, cut worms, slugs, and snails.

CARROTS are particularly well worth growing, and three separate sowings made in September, November, and January will keep up the supply of this valuable root vegetable for most of the year. The January sowing can be held in the ground all through the winter without deteriorating.

Carrots do best if grown in soil which has been well manured or fertilised for a previous leafy crop like lettuce or cabbage, because freshly applied manure or fertiliser is likely to cause the roots to fork or become distorted.

Soil, however, should be thoroughly well dug and the seed sown in drills made in the permanent bed.

There are many good varieties, including Red Cored Chantenay, Emperor, Danvers Half Long, and Short Horn. Champion Long Red (Osborne Park) is inferior in quality but resistant to the

carrot virus, so that it is very suitable for early and late sowings.

Sow seed thickly in the drills, ½ in. deep and 1ft. apart. Cover with a little soil and make up the ½ in. depth with very old animal manure. This facilitates seedling emergence.

They grow well in any

Carrot seedlings seems to be very delicate and they die before they get through caked soil.

They also can't stand weed competition when small.

When about 2in. high thin the seedlings to 3in. to 4in. apart. After this they won't give much trouble.

Carrot virus, aphids, and vegetable weevil can be a nuisance.

BEANS are a summer favorite and are perhaps the easiest of the summer vegetables to grow. They are available in climbing as well as bush forms.

This vegetable can be sown in most places from September to February. In northern N.S.W. and Queensland they grow all through the winter.

For a continuous supply of French beans, plant a row 15ft. to 20ft. long every two weeks. Climbers are very prolific and two or three sowings per season will be enough for the average family.

Dwarf varieties recommended include Richmond Wonder, Hawkesbury Wonder, Giant Stringless Greenpod, Brown Beauty, Startler Wax.

Good climbers are Blue Lake, Epicure, and White Seeded Kentucky Wonder.

Plant beans in well prepared soil. Apply fertiliser directly beneath the seed drill, using 1½oz. of complete fertiliser per linear yard. Plant seeds 2 inches deep, making sure they are not in direct contact with the fertiliser.

Keep up the water, and at bud stage and again three weeks later give a dressing of nitrate of soda or liquid manure.

Worst pests are red spider mite (late summer and autumn) and green vegetable bug.

PUMPKINS and their relatives the squashes are worth while growing if the garden is big enough.

They grow well in any

deeply dug soil which has been well composted or manured. They are sensitive to frost, and sowing should be delayed until October or November in colder places.

Sow 6 seeds together in a slight depression, and later weed out the three weakest plants.

Best flavored pumpkin is Tri-umbe; Queens-land Blue is slower, but a far better storer. Hubbard is better flavored than either, but doesn't store at all.

Of the squashes, Table Queen, Golden Bush, Fordhook, and White Custard, a scallop type, are excellent when eaten very young.

Pumpkin beetle and powdery mildew may be troublesome.

CAPSICUMS (green peppers) are only suited to tropical and warm temperate areas, because they are sensitive to frost and take as long as 5 to 6 months to mature.

They are grown like tomatoes without the staking and pruning.

Californian Wonder and Bull Nose are the commonest varieties.

Peppers have dozens of uses in cooking and have a very high vitamin content. Unfortunately they are very susceptible to the disease spotted wilt.



SWEET CORN is another warm-climate crop and must not be sown until frost danger is over.

However, it has a great advantage over peppers in that the hybrid varieties of corn mature in about 90 days.

The well-known hybrid, Golden Cross Bantam, is far ahead in quality of the old varieties. However, seed must be purchased each year, since seed from the hybrid does not breed true.

Never be talked into buying field maize and eating it young. It is too poor a substitute to be considered.

Sow sweet corn in enriched soil and apply complete fertiliser at the rate of 1oz. per linear yard under the seed furrow. Sow seed 1½ to 2 inches deep at 10-inch intervals.

It is a shallow rooted plant, so keep up the water and avoid deep cultivation.

Cobs should be harvested when the grains are plump and full of milk, which is usually indicated when the silks at the top of the cob have turned dark brown. Use as soon as possible after harvesting to get top quality.

There are no serious troubles with sweet corn.

Irish Linen

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SN154



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Blotches and skin faults not only mar an otherwise good complexion, but so often make you self-conscious... insecure of yourself. But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural smoothness and beauty. Give baby's precious skin the gentle, safe protection of pure mild Rexona Soap too.



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SPECIALLY MEDICATED FOR SKIN CARE...
REXONA SOAP DOES MORE THAN BEAUTIFY!

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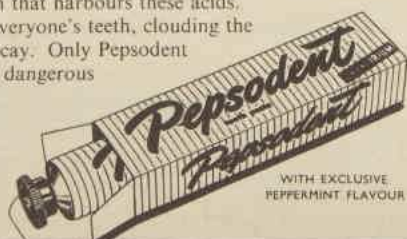
WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



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... how to get RID of them

Any time from early spring through to late autumn is the danger period with most common garden weeds. The best time to attack them is before they have a chance to seed, or, if they are bulbous weeds, before they have time to break away from the parent plant.

If weed destruction is to be done on a grand scale the most practical method is to spray or dust the pests with a suitable poison.

But for the amateur with only a front and back garden to care for, spraying is complicated and expensive.

There is nothing so effective in small gardens as a good, old-fashioned hoe for removing weeds.

VETCH The common vetch, a spring-flowering plant, is useful as a fodder crop, but can be a pest in the garden. A little work with the hoe is the easiest way to get rid of it.

Vetch can be killed with a spray of sodium chlorate, but the spray will kill everything else in the immediate area as well.

WILD ONION Common among the prettier but most irritating weeds to be found in any garden is wild onion. This attractive plant is roundly cursed by the owners of the gardens it infests due to its extreme persistence.

It cannot be destroyed with any known spray methods, and as it propagates by bulbs as well as seeds the whole plant has to be uprooted before the young bulbs break away from the parent plant. The best time to dig for them is between June and September.

If the bulbs are not all taken out with the parent plant, the pest spreads like wildfire.

Where wild onion has become too much of a pest to be dug out or when it is in lawns, the best method is to keep it mowed down and to build up the grass around it by good doses of fertiliser.

WILD TURNIP The pretty yellow wild turnip is most commonly found growing among cereal crops, but can find its way into the garden. It flowers early in spring and spreads by seed. The best treatment is hormone spray (2,4-D) or hoe.

DANDELION Everyone knows the dandelion, that nightmare in the gardener's dream of smooth, velvety lawns. Once again the best results come from digging the whole plant out before the fluffy seed has time to set.

If a spray is to be used, M.C.P.A. or 2,4-D will bring best results.

When using spray of any sort, particular care should be taken so that the spray does not affect surrounding plants. Careful washing of spray equipment between sprayings

will help prevent accidental poisonings.

OXALIS Oxalis, like wild onion, is very hard to get rid of once it has established itself in the garden. No spray will kill it without killing everything around it and sterilising the soil for lengthy periods.

Oxalis will also spread by seed, so it must be discouraged before the seed sets.

BUTTERCUP The buttercup, such a favorite in fairy tales, is a pest when it gets a firm grip in the garden.

Happiest in moist, marshy ground, the buttercup can be controlled easily by spraying with 2,4-D or by hoeing out.

PLANTAIN A very common and rather ordinary weed is the long-stemmed plantain, also called lamb's tongue or rib grass. Spraying will kill the plant,



but digging out is more effective over a small area.

If plantain has such a grip on the garden that spraying is desirable, then 2,4-D will kill it.

CAPE WEED Cape weed, which looks wonderful massed in yellow bloom, is common in the Sydney area and can happen even in the most carefully regulated garden.

Cape weed can be treated with a spray of 2,4-D, but is best removed by digging.

PERIWINKLE Periwinkle is a garden escapee and spreads rapidly by means of ground runners. A spray of sodium chlorate will check it.

CLOVER Attractive white clover is a valuable fodder crop, but it is a nuisance in lawns. Spreading by runner and seed, clover is best treated with sulphate of ammonia.

DOCK Curled dock is hard to get out and is a common weed with a tenacious tap root. The best method of combating it is to apply sodium chlorate to each individual crown.

For the small-scale gardener, wild onion, dandelion, clover, lamb's tongue, and periwinkle are probably the worst pests.

There are other less colorful weeds which can spoil any garden just as effectively as the prettier pests.

Common among these less

spectacular weeds are nut and couch grasses.

NUT GRASS Nut grass is particularly hard to kill as there is still no effective chemical control for it. When it becomes a nuisance in the garden the quickest way of treating it is by digging it out of the garden beds. Every care must be taken to make sure the little "nuts" are raked from the soil.

When the pest begins to infest lawns it should be kept under control by encouraging a healthy lawn with applications of fertiliser and by regular mowing.

COUCH GRASS Couch grass is attractive when used as a lawn, but the runners frequently invade other parts of the garden where they are unwelcome.

Couch can be treated by spraying with sodium trichloroacetate (T.C.A.), followed by sodium chlorate or by lifting the runners during the autumn.

PASPALUM Paspalum is valuable as a fodder crop for cattle, but in the garden or on lawn strips by footpaths it is a menace both to other plants and to clothing.

There is nothing more irritating than sticky paspalum on clean clothes.

It is best to attack the plants when they are still young. Pull them out individually to prevent them becoming too hardy and spreading by seed.

To reduce old established weeds a spray of sodium chlorate plus a wetting agent should do the trick.

Care should be used, however, as, at strength, sodium chlorate will damage any couch grass lawn which is infested with paspalum. Provided only enough spray is used to wet the paspalum the couch should recover. An application of fertiliser will help repair damage to couch.

MOSS Not only is moss unsightly on brick and stone work, but it can also be extremely dangerous when it becomes slippery underfoot.

Scraping it off with a spade is a disheartening job and often damages the path or wall. Luckily, moss is not hard to kill with spray. A spray of sulphate of iron should check it easily.

SUMMER GRASS Possibly one of the most frustrating weeds among the grasses is summer grass. Despite much research there is no known chemical control for it that does not result in severe lawn damage as well.

Removal of the grass while it is still young is the best control.



COMMON VETCH, known botanically as *Vicia sativa*.



WILD ONION, or *Nothoscordum inodorum*, a hardy pest.



PRETTY yellow wild turnip (*Brassica campestris*).



DANDELION in full flower.

Weeds... THEY'RE PRETTY but THEY'RE PESTS



DANDELION (*Taraxacum officinalis*), at seeding stage.

● Many attractive and colorful plants found in the garden are soundly cursed by gardeners because, pretty as they are, they are still weeds. Some of the plants generally regarded as weeds were originally cultivated garden flowers which escaped and ran riot. On this page are color pictures of some of the most-often-encountered weeds in Australia. Opposite are detailed instructions on how to eradicate the pests which grow in your garden.



OXALIS MARTIANA, more commonly called purple oxalis.



BUTTERCUPS, one of several species of *Ranunculus*.



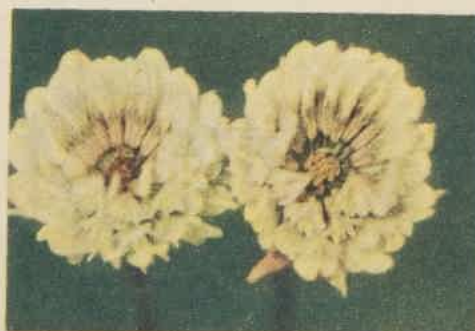
PLANTAGO LANCEOLATA, or lamb's tongue or plantain.



CRYPTOSTEMMA CALENDULA, the common cape weed.



BLUE PERIWINKLE (*Vinca major*), a garden escapee.



WHITE CLOVER (*Trifolium repens*), a fodder crop.



CURLED DOCK (*Rumex crispus*) has attractive coloring.

Hundreds of girls with YOUNG SKIN PROBLEMS praise this special greaseless TREATMENT

Has your face just all of a sudden been seized by these "young skin" troublemakers —
oily skin . . . flakiness
large pores . . . blackheads?
It happens to many girls. First, oil glands start to over-work, skin grows sluggish. Soon, an oily layer of dead skin cells the skin can't discard begins to "choke" pore openings. Next come enlarged pores, even blackheads!
Now you can control nature's "ill will" with Pond's special greaseless corrective. Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems tested it. Many said they saw a remarkable change in less than 2 weeks!



Several times a week — cover your face, except eyes, with a deep layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away dead skin cells that "choke" the pore openings. Frees the tiny skin glands to function normally. Leave on one full minute — then wipe off. Rinse with cold water. See how ungreasy your skin looks.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

Don't aggravate an "upset" skin with oily make-up! A greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a lovely, un-shiny powder base.

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PMH 73

"LITTLE MO" CONNOLLY

What makes her a champ?

● Maureen Connolly's record in capturing the four major championships of the world—Australian, French, Wimbledon, and U.S.A.—is unequalled in women's championship tennis. She was set for a repetition of this spectacular success when a leg injury received in an accident last month knocked her out of the game for at least two months.

Maureen has revealed the secrets of her championship game in a book on tennis which we are publishing in weekly instalments. Next week we will publish the first article: "How To Play Tennis."

MANY people have asked me what makes Maureen Connolly the champion she is.

I have been her travelling companion and close friend for two years, and have had plenty of opportunity during that time to analyse her great qualities.

She is a wonderful little person, apart from her tennis capabilities, and has that "something" which would have made her a champion, or put her near the top, in any sport she chose.

Her cold efficiency is often misunderstood and should not be regarded as a personal characteristic.

Off the court Maureen is a charming youngster, and is remorseless only when she begins to play. Quite apart from her natural ability and mature tennis brain, she has, by hard work, made herself the greatest lawn tennis exponent of two decades.

The fundamental thing about her is that she is a good workman. The job, whatever it is — backhand, publicity, clothes, hair ribbon—must be well done.

She was not being precocious last year when, after she won her second Wimbledon, she told the Press she had still much to learn, and then asked Harry, my husband, to practise volleying with her there and then, as during the match it had displeased her.

This was just Maureen's way of being practical.

Maureen has many natural advantages. She has a compact figure, weighs round 9 stone, and is 5ft. 5in. tall. She is neat and quick.

The power and rhythm of her strokes can make the game look too easy, and she is often under-rated because of this.

If she is playing well, no contemporary woman player can give her a hard game. She nearly always practises with men, so that she is continually made to stretch for her shots.

I have never met anyone—man or woman—willing to work harder for her tennis ambitions, and she is blessed with the good health and stamina to practise for hours.

Statements that Maureen has no nerves are entirely false. She is intensely keyed up before every match, however weak the opponent, never taking anybody cheaply.

During big tournaments like the Wimbledon, French, and U.S. championships, when she is under pressure every day, she needs a calming influence and someone around who understands her.

Because of her concentra-

tion, and confidence to go for her shots at all times, she gives no outward hint of this nervous excitement. If ever she has been in danger of dropping a set, that is the time she becomes most dangerous.

She has the ability to lift her game and to flog a ball from anywhere off the ground or overhead, and from either wing, whatever the score.

In assessing the relative merits of the great, there is, of course, difference of opinion.

and of the London and New York stage. She loves shopping and pretty clothes, and, when the strain of a big tournament is over, adores dancing—at which she is expert—and a party, like any other 19-year-old.

Maureen has such character that she could go on improving her game to become the greatest player ever.

Like many other successful people, she has critics. There was almost resentment in certain quarters when this youngster at 16 started hitting

step in and clear the air, as the English public was beginning to feel that excuses were being made for Maureen in case she lost.

Mr. Jones arranged for a well-known bone specialist to see Maureen. He pronounced her fit to play.

It was only this year, Maureen told me, that she felt Wimbledon spectators had forgiven her for that bad publicity, for which she was not to blame.

Never in the two years I have known Maureen have I heard her say an unkind word about anybody. She has confidence without conceit, ambition without arrogance. Unless being interviewed, she never mentions her fine record or the people she has beaten.

She can be under great strain all day but still will come back to the hotel, eat a hearty meal, and sleep until 3 wake her in the morning.

If we have played late at Wimbledon (sometimes matches don't finish until 9 p.m.) and therefore dined late, we sometimes play gin rummy, or if there is a piano she likes to hear me play "Clair de Lune" and other favorites before she goes to bed.

Maureen usually takes breakfast in her room, and then immediately prepares her clothes for the day's matches.

Her tennis wardrobe is the envy of many teenagers. It surprises everyone to know she does all her own washing and ironing.

Her great recreation is riding. She owns a thoroughbred horse given her by San Diego friends after winning her first Wimbledon.

Unfortunately she has had several bad falls, but none with such serious results as the recent accident.

Her horse shied and took fright when a cement truck swerved round a corner. Her right leg was badly hurt. If the gash in the leg had been one inch longer it would have severed the main tendon in the lower part of her calf. She was fortunate to break only one bone.

The damage to the muscles is taking much longer to mend than was at first anticipated.

When we are on tour, and particularly before major tournaments, I forbid riding altogether.

A letter received a few days after her mishap read: "Nell, I know what you are thinking, but the fall had nothing to do with riding." She went on to say she hoped to ride again in two or three months.

This spirit, I guess, makes her the champion she is.



CHAMPION Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly with her thoroughbred Colonel Merry Boy, which was given to her by admirers. "Little Mo" was injured last month in an accident when riding the horse.

Whether Maureen is less good than Suzanne Lenglen I am not prepared to say, as Suzanne was before my era. However, I did see Helen Wills win two Wimbledons, in 1934 and 1938. These players, immortals both, had overwhelming wins, but not at the age of 19.

Maureen gets more out of a trip abroad than most other champions, for her interests are wide and varied. Now, after two tours of the Continent and England, Maureen can tell you much about the countries, cities, and interesting people we have met throughout the world.

She is inquisitive, and asks questions to gather material for the column she writes for the "San Diego Times."

She shares my love of music

by defeating all her women team-mates, who had been winning the major titles for several years.

I met her in the women's dressing-room when she came to Wimbledon on her first visit in 1952. She was rather a lonely little figure, and had become the victim of a Press controversy as to whether a sore shoulder she developed was too painful for her to continue her matches. Her coach at that time, "Teach" Tennant, wrote that she wanted it to go on record that she had advised Maureen to withdraw from Wimbledon.

Maureen told interviewers she was O.K. Fortunately, Mr. Perry Jones, the godfather of all Californian tennis champions, was a visitor to Wimbledon that year, and decided to

A
WEEKLY
FEATURE.

PICTURE PARADE



THIS SPRING I want a sophisticated hat—one with velvet, veiling, and verve.



THAT'S LAUGHABLE! The price, I mean. I'd never pay that for a hat.

The H(at) Look

● It takes time and trouble to shop for hats in the month when flowers bloom on heads as well as in gardens. Here one young Miss chooses her new model to wear in spring.



I'M MAD ABOUT THIS ONE. It really does something for me. Of course, I would look better if I'd combed my hair and washed my face. Let me try on a few more.



FAR TOO YOUNG for me, although the reflection is flattering. But my boy-friend likes me in sensible hats, so I had better not take this one.



NOW DON'T TRY to talk me into buying this. I know what line suits me best.



I'LL TAKE IT! And I'll wear it to lunch at that glamorous new restaurant.



BECOMING petalled hat was worn by Her Majesty for the Derby at Epsom. In her lapel is the wattle brooch presented to her in Canberra during the Australian tour.



THE QUEEN'S HATS

THE QUEEN, in the much-discussed "Royal Ascot" hat, arrives at the course with the Duke of Edinburgh. The hat is navy with a translucent yellow brim and green crown.

● The Queen shares the feminine problem of "what hat will I wear," but in her case it is complicated by the number of public appearances she makes and the number of people who watch her and note her choice. Pictured here are some of the hats the Queen has worn since her return to Britain from the tour.



AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF of the Coldstream Guards on parade, Her Majesty wears a feminine version of the uniform. She is turning to smile at the Duke of Edinburgh.



FAVORITE bonnet shape in crushed-strawberry-pink with a flower trim which Her Majesty wore on the opening day of the races at Ascot. Her dress is silk in the same color.



WINGED GREEN HAT was the Queen's choice for an official luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of London and which she attended with the Duke of Edinburgh.

ROYAL RACING LUCK

● In the past the Queen has had only fair luck with her racing stable despite her enthusiasm. This year, however, she went to the top as leading owner for the season with total prize-winnings of £36,000. These pictures show Her Majesty at Ascot, where on one day alone her horses captured two wins and a second.



QUEEN'S VICTORY. There was excitement in the Royal box, and toppers and cheers raised in front of it as Her Majesty's horse, Landau, won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot. Members of the Royal Family in the box include Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Queen Mother, and the Queen.



MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY in the unsaddling enclosure at Ascot after Landau had won the first race of the day. With the Queen are (from left) Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent, Duchess and Duke of Gloucester. In the next race Her Majesty's Corporal was second.



ON LADIES' DAY AT ASCOT the Queen looked her loveliest in a full-skirted dress, matching hat, and voluminous fur stole. As usual, most heads turned to watch her as she walked into the Paddock.



IN THE WINNERS' ENCLOSURE at Ascot the Queen gives a pat of congratulations to her horse, Aureole, which won the Hardwicke Stakes. It was an unusually lucky Royal racing day of two firsts and a second.

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VITA-WHEAT CRISP BREAD

SCHOOLBOY TEAM MAKES TOUR ABROAD



BOOTS AND BAGGAGE are collected by Charles Hitchings for the big trip to New Zealand, which the Paddington Junior Tech. Rugby League team is making. Charles plays second row in the team.



VICE-CAPTAIN John Quinlan, who plays full-back, concentrates on a high punt.

● The red, white, and blue jerseys of the Rugby League team from Paddington Junior Technical School, Sydney, are now making history for the wearers—the first Australian schoolboys to tour New Zealand.

The boys are making the trip at the invitation of the N.Z. Rugby League Schoolboy Council. Paddington parents—including those whose sons are not in the team—and local football fans raised the £1700 for their expenses.



YOUNGEST player, 13-year-old Kevin Ashley. The boys are all under 15; their weight limit was set at 8st. 5lb.



IN THE SCRUM (from left) are Laurence Rubagotti, John Moubray, John Parker, Peter Lewis, and Barry Cooper. Sportsmaster Mr. J. Barden and physical education teacher Mr. J. Dennison travelled with the team. The captain is Graham Kale. Pictures by staff photographer John Jones.



MOTHER. Mrs. R. Briggs, of Clovelly, N.S.W., serves breakfast to her footballer son, David, and daughter, Margaret. Like most parents of pupils of the school, Mrs. Briggs worked for months to raise money for the boys' tour.



GO!

MUMS FAMOUS FOOD FAMILY!



● Ceylonese blues singer **YOLANDA**

Dusky, 18-year-old Ceylonese blues singer Yolanda has so many ambitions she doesn't know which she will attack next.

YOLANDA, now a favorite at Sydney and Melbourne jazz concerts, has already achieved one of her ambitions with her singing.

But still on her list of successes to be won are ballet dancing, dramatic acting, and—in another field altogether—nursing.

Born Yolande Wolfe, Yolanda has been singing professionally since she was 14, when she won a contest on Radio Ceylon.

"I have been trained as a classical pianist as long as I can remember," said Yolanda in her deep, soft, contralto voice, which has no trace of an accent. "But, although I also play the piano on Radio Ceylon, I don't really want to make it my career."

"Of course the musical theory has been a great help to my singing. I learnt modern vocalising from listening to records, but I would never have been able to do it successfully if I had been unable to read music."

At school Yolanda studied ballet dancing. She later danced on the professional stage and also had considerable success in dramatic art.

Yolanda decided that she would come to Australia after meeting Australian blues singer Georgia Lee, who was performing at the Copacabana earlier this year.

"Georgia was a wonderful help to

me, and gave me lots of hints on style and delivery," Yolanda said. "After she had been there a while she made me so keen to see Australia that I just couldn't wait to leave school to come here."

"But until I arrived I had no idea there would be so many opportunities to sing."

World-famous bandleader Graeme Bell, who helped Georgia Lee get her start, helped Yolanda, too. As soon as she arrived he arranged concert and restaurant bookings for her and taught her how to "sell the blues."

"I'd never tried to sing blues until Graeme suggested it," Yolanda said. "I'd always stuck to the more modern arrangements and rather copied Ella Fitzgerald, who is my favorite vocalist."

Another of Yolanda's ambitions is to be a nurse. Her pet subjects at school were first-aid, cookery, child welfare, and homecraft.

"I know it doesn't sound very theatrical or glamorous, but I just loved practical subjects that had something to do with the home," she said, looking anything but homey in a luscious white nylon evening gown.

"When I go back to Ceylon at the end of the year I guess I'll still try to do a little singing, but I want to start nursing, too, because it's the sort of job I admire very much."



CEYLONESE blues singer Yolanda (above) rehearses her songs with the Graeme Bell band.

GRAEME BELL and Yolanda (left) run through a blues song.

AT THE MIKE, Yolanda (right) sings "Basin Street Blues," a number with which she has had great success during her Australian appearances.





JAPANESE DANCER Laya Raki rehearses the African drum ritual from the show "Cockles and Champagne" in which she is appearing at the Saville Theatre, London. Laya passed through Sydney early this year.



IN VENICE, film star Katharine Hepburn cools off on a hot day by taking a trip in a motor-boat on the lagoon. Katharine was visiting Venice to work on her latest film, "The Case of Cuckoo," in which she stars.

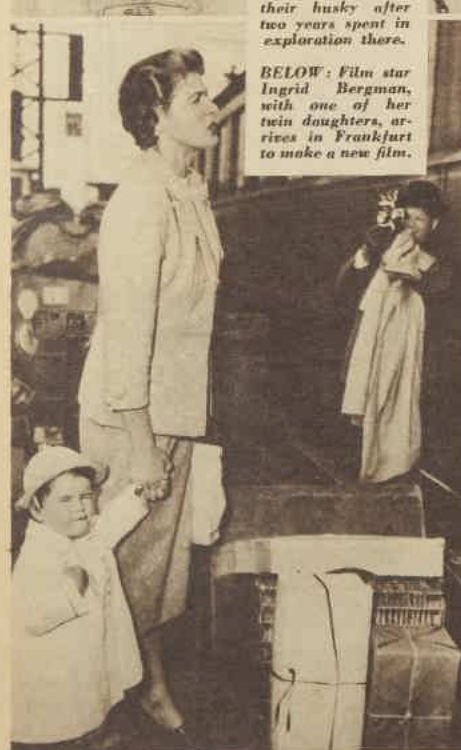
PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



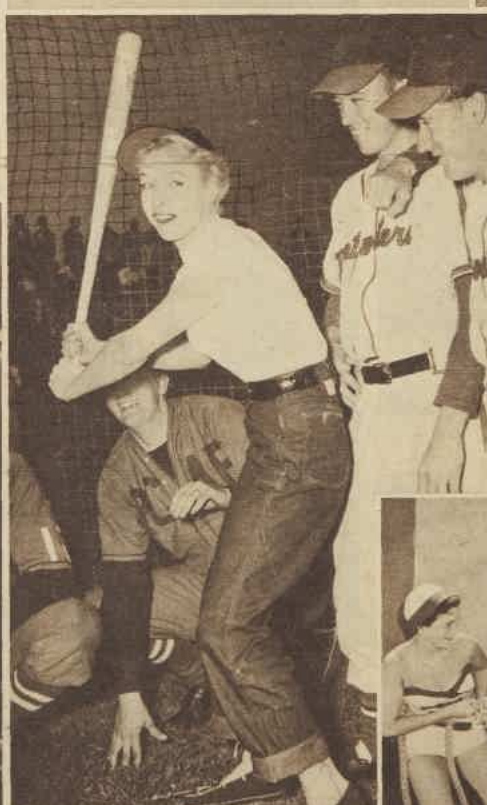
ON HOLIDAY. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor stroll along a street in the isle of Capri, soon after their arrival in the yacht Narcissus in which they made a holiday tour of the Italian coast and islands.



ABOVE: Members of the British North Greenland expedition leaving the Arctic with their husky after two years spent in exploration there.



BELOW: Film star Ingrid Bergman, with one of her twin daughters, arrives in Frankfurt to make a new film.



BAT IN HAND, Australian actress and radio star Joy Nichols learns baseball from U.S. airmen at Woolwich Stadium, England.

BACHELORS at Miami, Florida, wear labels on pockets to denote their single state. Here two of them are about to be trapped.



IN CAMP with the British Empire Boys' Brigade at Eton College, England, Scotsman Eric Henderson welcomes, from left, Barry Pate, of Sydney, Trevor Joyce, of Adelaide, Edward and Raymond Utick, of Sydney.



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No other food gives you such concentrated nourishment as Cheese. That's why you're so wise to eat and serve it often. But you'll please your family best if you serve Allowrie Cheese because...

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*Four young dancers delight
crowded audiences at the*

Ballet

To most people ballet is a world of adult fairy tale. On these two pages members of the Borovansky Ballet, now appearing in Sydney, are figures of enchantment and romance.



WHIRLING in a spirited pirouette, pretty French ballerina Christiane Hubert, in her costume from "Symphony Fantastique," puts warmth and vivacity into her movement (at left).




BIRD-LIKE GRACE of American Jocelyn Vollmar (above) is enhanced by her romantic Swan Queen costume.

THOUGHTFUL Kathleen Gorham (at left), in a more solemn mood, poses gracefully in a flowery tu-tu.



STRIKINGLY costumed and heavily made up for her role in "Petrouchka," Peggy Sager adopts one of the stiff, doll-like poses the part demands.



TO SYMBOLISE the beauty and joy of spring, M. Edouard Borovansky especially posed some of the members of his company for us in this lovely flower pattern. Surrounded by the corps de ballet in costumes from "Swan Lake," Kathleen Gorham is held aloft by Vassile Tranoff to make a graceful centrepiece. These pictures taken by staff photographer C. Thompson.

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wonderful new vitality



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it fairest blonde ...

Try this NAPRO beauty plan—it's magic! Whether you lighten your hair just a shade or make it fairest blonde, you'll be thrilled by its exciting new sheen ... silky softness ... vibrant new loveliness. With NAPRO Blonding Emulsion control is so easy—even without experience you can lighten your hair to the precise shade you desire, and you can be certain the colour will be beautifully even throughout. Try it to-day—it's so very easy ... so very safe.



This is important, too! Use NAPRO Blonding Emulsion to lighten dark hair on legs, arms and upper lip.

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everywhere

A WOMAN'S
**Crowning
Glory**

by
Edna Best

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Beauty Adviser

From time to time I have been asked what I consider the first essential of hair beauty. Well, my answer to this is definitely cleanliness of the hair. No matter how much care you give, unless your hair is radiantly clean it can never be truly lovely. The only way to achieve cleanliness is by frequent washings with a good shampoo. Never use toilet or washing soap, because even the best leave a dull sediment. The most effective shampoos you can obtain are those prepared by Napro. Firstly, there is Lecithine Shampoo, which is not only supremely cleansing, but also nourishing to the hair. Lecithine is a wonderful ingredient of egg-yolk and acts as a natural tonic and stimulant for the scalp. Our grandmothers knew the worth of egg-yolk shampoo and used it to keep their glorious, thick, long hair lustrous and soft.

Napro's other preparation, Tar Shampoo, is particularly beneficial to dry hair. Containing all the stimulating properties of tar oils, Tar Shampoo gives your hair a healthy sheen, makes it silky soft and easy to manage. The fragrance, too, is very refreshing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Our Australian climate, as most of you know, is not very conducive to healthy hair. In many cases, it dries out natural oils, causing the hair to lose its lustre and to break or split. Fortunately, however, this condition can easily be corrected with Napro Hair Vitalizer. This wonderful preparation, with its rich, exclusive ingredients, restores the vital natural oils and these in turn bring new gloss and elasticity. Your hair becomes soft and lustrous, and free of flaky dandruff. The comb simply floats through it; it sets more easily, curls more easily. Your hairdresser is familiar with the value of Napro Hair Vitalizer and uses it in salon treatments. Try it yourself in your own home—you'll be thrilled at the difference it makes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here's a hint that will give your hair that "fresh-from-the-salon" look on those special occasions. Spray your hair lightly with Napro Hair Lacquer, pressing your hair into place at the same time. Your hair style will stay unruffled all evening through and still look perfectly soft and natural. And here's a point to note—with Napro Hair Lacquer there is no stickiness or flaky deposit, and it combs out instantly.

Edna Best

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Hi-liter Shampoo

in a glorious new colour



... the new **BROWN**
for richer brown hair
without red ...

Here it is—the hair make-up aid that every fashion-conscious woman has waited for. This wonderful new Hi-Liter is a triumph for NAPRO research chemists—a colour shampoo that will impart the most glorious shade of brown without even a trace of red. Just one home treatment and even the most "lack-lustre" hair is aglow with vibrant colour ... full of gleaming highlights ... silky soft. NAPRO Hi-Liter Shampoos are *not* dyes or bleaches and are as easy to use as an ordinary shampoo. Economical, too—a bottle will last you for months.



NAPRO Hi-liter
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BROWN
TITIAN • GOLD
SILVER-GRAY

At Stores, Chemists and Beauty Salons everywhere

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 1, 1954



ARMY PARTY. Brigadier and Mrs. John Wilton (left) talk with Lady Gairdner, wife of the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Charles Gairdner, and Lieut.-Colonel Martin Gilliat, military secretary to the Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, at the cocktail party given to celebrate the opening of the Royal Australian Engineers Officers' Mess, Chowder Bay.



RECEPTION. Lady Slim (right) greets Mrs. H. A. Showers at a reception at Princes. The reception was given by the Victoria League in honor of Lady Slim, who wore an emerald velvet hat with her mid-grey coat. Mrs. Showers chose a steel-grey suit.



LEAVING St. Columba's, London, are Alexander Knecht and his bride, formerly Fay Coppleson, daughter of the Lionel Copplesons, of Bellevue Hill.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AFTER nine months in America—where they lived in Birmingham, Alabama—Dr. and Mrs. Tony Everson-Pearce will set off home to England on September 15 in the Queen Elizabeth.

Before leaving, the family will spend a week in Boston, and another week in Washington, where Dr. Everson-Pearce will attend the international conference in pathology.

Mrs. Everson-Pearce was formerly Dr. Elizabeth Himmelhoch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Himmelhoch, of Huntley's Point.

They will arrive home in time to attend the wedding in Edinburgh of Mrs. Everson-Pearce's brother, Dr. Albert Himmelhoch, and Jean Andrew, of Wahroonga.

Mrs. Himmelhoch tells me that her son and his bride will leave by ship for Australia in the middle of October. "My son has been abroad doing a post-graduate course in medicine," says Mrs. Himmelhoch, "and it will be the first time I have seen him for three years."

MARGOT ROBERTSON, who has been trousseau shopping in Sydney for a few days, left late this week for home, "Turanville," Scone. Margot, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robertson, will marry Bruce Capp, of Gresford, at St. Andrew's, Scone, on September 22.

IT was a rendezvous in Sydney for Mrs. John Carew-Reid, of Perth, and her sister, Mrs. Cook Rudwick, of Brisbane, who are staying at the Australia Hotel for two weeks. Mrs. Carew-Reid and Mrs. Rudwick have not seen each other for ten years. Among hostesses giving parties for the sisters are Mrs. George Lokes, of Double Bay, and Mrs. Charles Knife, of Pymble.

NEWLYWEDS Joyce and Bill Wilson, who are at present honeymooning at Coolangatta, will make their future home in Newcastle. A reception at Ranelagh followed their wedding at All Saints', Woollahra, last week-end. Joyce is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidney.



AT THE PICKWICK CLUB. Mrs. Ross Hordern, of Lindfield, and Mrs. Bill Hutchinson, of Edgecliff, lunch together at the Pickwick Club. Mrs. Hordern wore a grey-washed, white hat with her grey suit, and Mrs. Hutchinson covered her black skirt with a black-and-white tweed jacket.

BECAUSE their daughter Fay's wedding dress was crushed when it arrived in London from Parisian designer Maggy Rouff, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Coppleson booked a separate suite at the Savoy Hotel to "hang" the gown. It was made of clouds of white nylon tulle, and the swirling drape of net which encircled the skirt was caught up at the sides by clusters of hand-made pink satin roses.

BRIEFLY . . . Mrs. Lemnox Bode wore a dress of beige silk jersey to the party she and Mr. Bode gave to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary . . . recently married Gordon and Margaret Strachan left this week for their new home in Perth . . . Hugh and Patricia Carter will return from their honeymoon to a new home at East Lindfield.

Anne



DANCING at the Eastern Command Workshop R.A.E.M.E. Regimental Ball at Victoria Barracks are Mrs. E. W. Woodward and Colonel E. Beck.



LONDON WEDDING. Peter Wiseman and his bride, formerly Jannette Blood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bindon Blood, of Killara, who were married at the Queen's Chapel of Savoy, London.



WED AT SHORE CHAPEL. Richard Tiley and his bride, formerly Judy Friend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Friend, of Gordon, leave Shore Chapel after their wedding with bridal attendants (from left), the bride's sister, Beverley Friend, Mrs. Malcolm Fuller, and Joan McMillan. Mr. and Mrs. Tiley will make their future home at Kirribilli.

Navy Hordens Paris



● Dior's black suit frock (below). The jacket is removable and the frock retains the draped shawl collar which is the main feature of the ensemble.



● Ensemble by Madeleine de Rauch (above) has a beautifully cut low square neckline with slight bust fullness on the straight sheath frock. For day, it is worn with the new seven-eighths length coat.

Notes.

● To be well dressed at midday and still elegant in the evening, wear a dress with a jacket. It is an essentially practical fashion this season, and couturiers submit it in alpacas, shantung, linens, floral silks, wool, and cotton.

● Printed silk frock by Jean Patou (below) has a low peaked neckline and full pleated skirt. The jacket is sporting and casual, with big revers and bloused back.



● Coat frock by Jacques Fath (above) has almost a princess line, moulding the body and darted in to much back fullness. The small bolero is removed to show a strapless bodice.

Dorothea Johnston



Wake 'em up with this
**FRESH
LIVELY
FLAVOUR**

Quick as a flash you get it—that deep, sweet goodness of fresh-toasted corn. And nutrition experts say that one helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and toast provides one-third of your daily food needs! 24 big, sustaining breakfasts in every large packet. Compare the cost per serve with bacon, eggs and meat! No messy grillers or pots and pans! Better get two packets!

HEY KIDS!

Make a cut-out model of the AIRCRAFT CARRIER "SYDNEY." See offer on back panels

**Kellogg's
CORN
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Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

CF54-2

Roll 'em out of bed!

Worth Reporting

THREE new sections added to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this year will give blind children and adults a total of 19 sections in which to show judges their musical, verse-speaking, and dramatic ability.

The new sections — a one-act play, a scene from Shakespeare, and a light sketch — are for children of up to 16.

Mrs. Harry Ringland, the N.S.W. Blind Community's representative on the Council of the Eisteddfod, told us that the new sections had been included at the suggestion of the children themselves.

"To date," she said, "the only opportunity the children have had to demonstrate their dramatic ability has been at their school break-up concerts."

"In spite of their blindness they love to get up on a stage and act."

Mrs. Ringland said that the introduction of special sections for the blind in 1952 had supplied the children with an outlet for their competitive spirit.

"I'll never forget how happy they looked when they competed against one another at their first combined sports meeting," she added.

Nearly 200 blind adults and children will take part in this year's Eisteddfod.

The special day set aside for them to come before the judges and to compete for scholarships worth about £100 is September 17.

French taxi driver with nine lives

AN elderly woman tourist, writing last month from Paris, informed us that she'd had a hair-raising ride in a taxicab to her hotel.

Crouched over the wheel, honking on the horn, the driver sped through intersections, shaved past pedestrians, and rounded corners on two wheels.

On arrival, the shaken tourist paid the driver and said to him (in careful French), "Have you ever had any accidents?"

The man pocketed the change, nodded, and answered in fluent English: "Yes, Madam. Eight — but none fatal!"



"Ralph is the intellectual type. He's always talking about books and pictures and things."

Cheesecake for old England

AFTER talking to Mr. Stephen Harsanyi, of the Austral-International Press Agency in Sydney, recently, we think that photographs of Australian beachgirls must be Australia's biggest morale-building export to England.

Mr. Harsanyi, who came to Australia from Hungary four years ago, told us that there was a constant demand from newspaper and magazine publishers in England for the photographs.

"They particularly want photographs full of sunshine," he added, "with the beachgirls in happy mood relaxing on the sands or on yachts."

"They don't want studio shots, but ones with plenty of sunny background."

But while the beachgirls are helping the English to forget the cold, foggy days, there is very little demand for their photographs on the Continent.

"Publishers on the Continent, and especially in France, want human-interest photographs — you know, old men with gnarled faces and unusual shots of animals," said Mr. Harsanyi.

SITTING in a vegetarian cafe the other day, we overheard a woman complaining about the soup: "It would be all right if they had put more meat in it," she said.

Our Irish parades

Our Irish fashion parades, which will be presented in Sydney in association with Mark Foy's, will be launched with a gala opening night at Prince's restaurant on Monday, October 4.

Tickets, at four guineas each, are available at the box office on the main floor of the Piazza building, Mark Foy's store, Liverpool Street.

There will be morning and afternoon parades in the Empress Ballroom at Mark Foy's from Tuesday, October 5, to Friday, October 8, commencing at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Special business girls' sessions will be held in the Empress Ballroom at 6.30 p.m. on Friday, October 8, and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 9.

Tickets for all these parades are 10/- each and are also obtainable from the box office at Mark Foy's.

Daft doings in the Highlands

WE'VE always taken a light-hearted interest in Highland dancing, getting quite a kick out of the swirl of a kilt, but it took kilted Scottish visitor Mr. Harry Fairley, of Edinburgh, to convince us that this Highland dancing is really a deadly serious business.

Mr. Fairley, though no dancer himself ("I was more interested in boxing and Rugby when I was a lad") is president of the Scottish Official Board of Highland Dancing.

The Board has compiled and is about to publish a book setting forth standard techniques for competition dances.

"To get each of the 40 members from all over Scotland to agree on what is the proper form of, say, the Highland Reel or the Reel of Tulloch was a feat equal to Bananach-burn," said Mr. Fairley.

"Matters had got to the stage where the Highland Reel as danced in Oban was quite different from the Highland Reel danced in Edinburgh. That was different again from the reel they danced in some other place."

"They were doing all kinds of daft things to the dance."

"When the board got together on Sundays we used to have some terrible arguments. Everyone thought his own way of dancing was the right one."

"We took votes, re-voted, conceded a point to this one, took a firm stand with that one, and now after five years we're agreed on all of them."

"The Scots are a grand people," added Mr. Fairley, smoothing his kilt of ancient hunting Stewart tartan, "they like nothing better than to get together with other Scots, but on some things they just cannot agree."

We're not cut up at being cut up

A NOVEL use for the color pages of The Australian Women's Weekly has been found by two Victorians — sprightly great-grandfather Mr. Fred Lee, of Footscray, and Balwyn kindergarten teacher Mrs. Frances Allen.

Mr. Lee, alias "The Tormen," cuts the pages into jigsaw puzzles for children in hospitals and kindergartens.

He makes and paints brightly colored wooden frames for each puzzle.

Mrs. Allen compiles colorful loose-leaf books of rhymes for her pupils and small relatives.

She makes up the rhymes herself and cuts the illustrations from the color pages.

The illustrations, which include multi-colored trains, cars, and planes, are made from scraps left over after pictures suitable for her pupils have been cut out.

A READER who is traveling to Naples in an Italian ship sends an air letter to say that the Italians on board are having a lot of fun referring to the Australians on board as "New Italians."

There's sheer loveliness in

Mystic



For "P.M." promenading or afternoons about town, women with a flair for fashion choose a dress in "Mystic" sheer. This newest of the famous anti-shrink Fabrics by Potters is wonderfully cool and thoroughly washable and, of course, pre-tested for quality.

Always Buy British

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EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON

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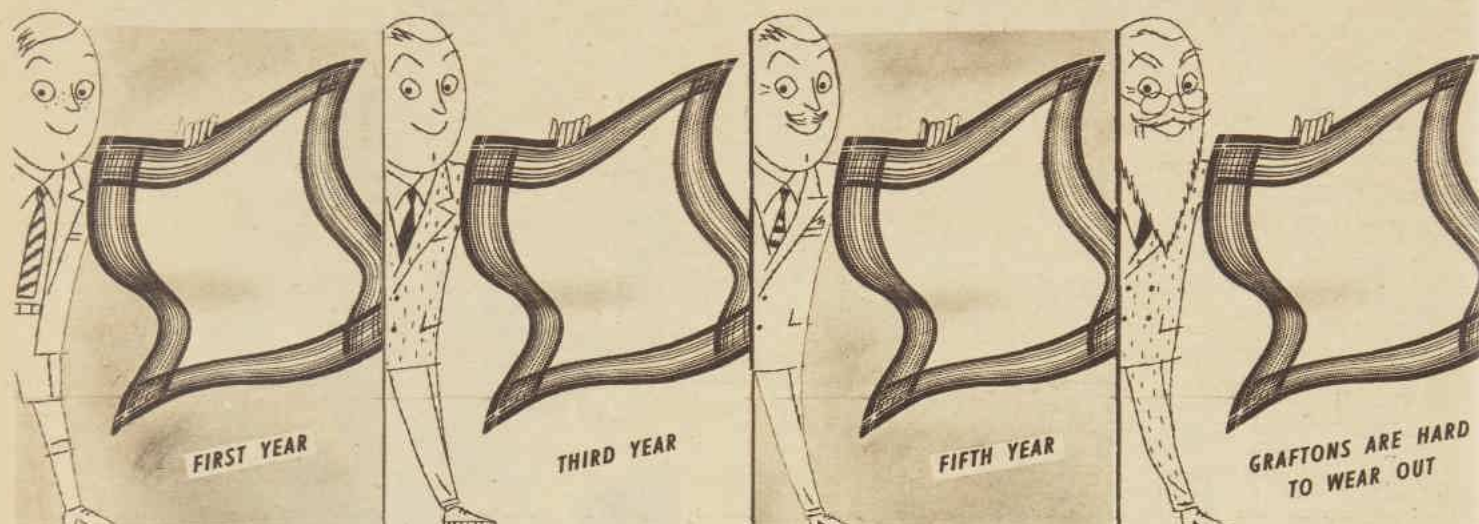


STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 1, 1954

PP. 83.29
Page 35

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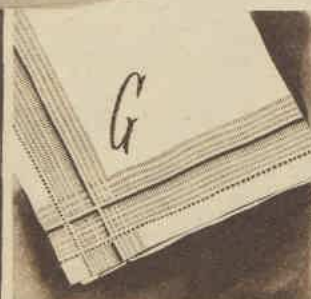


← Now they're hygienically cellophaned

Dozens of new designs for Father's Day



It's easy to pick Grafton handkerchiefs. Take your pick from this self-service unit — you'll find it on counters everywhere.



Personalise your gift with Grafton's initialled handkerchiefs — the thought he'll appreciate.



And here's Grafton's gift box which holds an ever-popular gift that's back again — three Grafton men's handkerchiefs.



Lever Wash Tests show that Grafton hankies come up fresh as new after their 25th boil. Grafton guarantees them for 50 rubbings and they're good for countless more — they're the world's longest-lasting handkerchiefs.

★ Ask for Graftons by name wherever you shop

GOES BACK TO SCHOOL AT 89



THE PAST and present met at Canley Vale School during Education Week when ex-headmaster Mr. A. E. Reay, 89, went back to school for a day. With him went a number of his old pupils. Above Mr. Reay teaches once more his class of 1898. Below he rings the bell for the class of 1954 while present headmaster, Mr. W. Neil, looks on.

Headmaster used to muster his pupils on horseback

The average age of a class at Canley Vale School rose considerably during Education Week, when 20 grandmothers and grandfathers wedged themselves behind child-sized desks to concentrate obediently upon the words of their 89-year-old headmaster, Mr. A. E. Reay, whom some of them first met back in 1898 when he was placed in charge of Canley Vale School.

MR. REAY—not much over five feet high, a voluble, dynamic, Barry Fitzgerald of a man—looked down upon his pupils of more than 50 years ago and saw them not as grown men and women, but as knobby-kneed schoolboys and shy schoolgirls, and remembered once more the days when Canley Vale School was a one-roomed building, set among paddocks and iron-bark trees.

Outside, the remaining ironbarks threw shade across the playground. But the old buildings Mr. Reay and his pupils remembered were replaced by long, modern schoolrooms painted in attractive pastel colors, equipped with sound-proofed ceilings, wide windows, comfortable chairs

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

and desks, and youngsters who no longer wrote with squeaky pencils upon slates but with ballpoint pens in notebooks. "Ah, there's Alf Burns," exclaimed Mr. Reay, peering keenly through his horn-rimmed spectacles. "The leading boy when I taught at Hoxton Park, and the leading boy at Canley Vale. Give him a clap."

Alf Burns, the leading boy, acknowledged the applause with a bow of his grey head.

And, "Stand up, Eileen," commanded Mr. Reay to Mrs. Eileen Oprey, of Guildford. "Could you ever put your eyes on anything sweeter

than that? A girl who was always the core of sincerity?"

The roll call went on, amid clapping and laughter. Mr. Lionel Bowie, ex-Superintendent of the C.I.B., put up his hand and answered "Present, Sir." Ticked off, too, were old boys Walter Scott, Reg Buggy, William Boys, Tom Ashcroft, Richard Page ("Stand up, Dickie"), and Frederick Stimson.

The old girls were there, too. The former Marjorie Christopherson, now Mrs. Stimson, sat beside the boy she had first met at Canley Vale school—Frederick Stimson. Their children and grandchildren have gone to the school as well.

Recalls old times

THEY listened with reminiscent nods as Mr. Reay recalled old times.

"Canley Vale school!" he mused, looking back on his young manhood to the time when in a hard-hitter hat, tailcoat, white wing collar, cuffless trousers, and button-up boots he made his first appearance as the local headmaster.

"The building was already old then. A cross between a large meat cover and a birdcage—that's what it looked like. The floorboards were loose and rattled when you walked on them. The floor was so worn that the knots in the wood stood up and tripped you."

"There were only fourteen pupils when I first arrived. But I was told to 'Get a horse, scour the district, and bring them in from the highways and hedges.' I got my horse and I got my pupils. In a few weeks there were 40."

"Of course, there was only the one classroom. I ended up by having pupils sitting in



the locker-room among the hats, cloaks, and washbasins."

Under the present headmaster, Mr. W. Neil, Canley Vale school has an attendance of 1050 children, who fill 24 classrooms and are taught by a staff of 26.

"Ah, we had some good concerts then," said Mr. Reay.

He used to write farces and sketches, act them out for the children, and then encourage them to play the parts. "And I still have the old programmes," he added.

Afterwards, to the present generation of youngsters at Canley Vale, Mr. Reay repeated a blackface joke which had amused his first pupils years ago. Told in dialect by chirpy Mr. Reay, it ran like this:

Sambo: I was rowin' a man ober de ribber other day, and I say: "Can you read?" Toby: "No sah, me no read." Sambo: "Ah'm very sorrer then, but that's one quarter of your life gawn! Can you write?" Toby: "No, sah, me no can write." Sambo: "That's two quarters of your life gawn! Can you do 'rithmetic?" Toby (crossly): "No, ah cannot." Sambo: "That's three quarters of your life gawn."

That frightened Toby so much that he shake and he shake until he upset de boat, and he shout to Sambo. "O man, can you swim?" Sambo: "No, ah cannot. Help (gurgles)"

help!" Toby (striking for the shore): "Den dat's four quarters of youah life gawn."

Old pupils joined in the hearty laughter of the present ones.

Mr. Reay himself is an expert exponent of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic. He first qualified for a pupil teacher in December, 1880, and entered the Education Department in 1884. After further training he taught at Buldelah, opened the school at Hoxton Park, then went on from there as headmaster of Canley Vale, Auburn, Lithgow, Rozelle, Tempe, Bondi, and Hornsby schools.

Expert in the 3R's

HIS handwriting today is fluent and legible, and the notes on his career which he made for me to read were set out, I imagine, as he would have liked the "copy books of his pupils."

During the 1920's Mr. Reay compiled a series of arithmetic books, which became standard textbooks, covering the course up to the Intermediate Certificate.

Australia's Mr. Chips retired in 1931, but has never forgotten his old pupils, much less been forgotten by them.

Some of the boys he taught became university professors, school inspectors, doctors, clergymen, engineers, architects, and business executives. One young boy he taught

at Auburn grew up to be the well-known tenor Alfred O'Shea.

Mr. Reay, who always delighted in holding singing classes, made the discovery of his life in 1904 at Auburn School when he was auditioning for a school concert.

One of the stars had fallen ill, and a youngster named Alfred O'Shea was tried out. Mr. Reay listened spellbound, then placed his hand on the youth's shoulder, saying: "Alfred, my boy, yours is a voice from Heaven!"

In later years, when Alfred O'Shea was a famous Australian tenor, singing with Melba's Opera Company, the ex-pupil and his headmaster met again, and Mr. O'Shea told his old teacher that those words had inspired him to go on with a singing career.

At 89, Mr. Reay is a happy, and still energetic, man. He says: "The purpose of education is to produce good men rather than clever men."

And, of his wife, a quiet, white-haired woman who shares his tastes in music, in books, and in a happy home life, he says: "No man can possibly succeed in such a cause as teaching unless his home is a happy one. Jessie's clear judgment, ability, and musical accomplishment gave me that support which made my task not only pleasant but effective."



MORNING TEA is served by present-day pupils Lyndall Ryan and Beverley Laird to Mrs. A. E. Reay (left) and Mrs. Wilder Clark. Mrs. Reay, like her husband, was once a schoolteacher and so was Mrs. Wilder Clark.



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Nile hasn't changed the shape of "Sleeks," because it's the cut men like. But the new nylon legs mean more muscle freedom for the man of action... more comfort for relaxing types. The new Nile "Sleeks" always keep their shape, because nylon is elastic and returns to normal shape when muscles relax. They launder more easily and last longer. Sizes 30 to 42 and only 8/11.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1954

DIOR HIDES BOSOM IN "H" LOOK

● Christian Dior, fashion's man of sensation, has outdone himself with the "H" line, introduced recently at the Paris autumn collections. From a flat camisole top that tends to flatten out the bosom, the much-discussed Dior line falls straight to the hips, where there is a narrow belt like the crossbar on an "H."



"ARSENE LUPIN" is worn by Dior's new model chosen to demonstrate the "H" line, which features the waistline at hip-level. The gown, in black satin, has a 1920 look.



"PERU," a gold-embroidered yellow satin short evening gown with a skirt flaring out from the low-cut waistline.



BLACK face-cloth suit in the new "H" line. Jacket is worn over a white satin shirt in the same line, shown in picture at left.

"Furniture Fashion Time"

"Furniture Fashion Time"

held annually in Australia

at this time of

the year and gives you the

opportunity of seeing furniture displays, which have

involved all the traditional skill and fine craftsmanship of the furniture industry.

I.C.I.A.N.Z. congratulates and is proud to associate itself with the industry in this

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A LOVELY-FOREVER UPLIFTED BUSTLINE WITH VILENE—ANOTHER JANTZEN FIRST

This season Jantzen underwrites your figure with exclusive "shape insurance", a marvellous new American design idea.

Top secret is a miracle bra interlining called Vilene—and Jantzen has it first. It's a fabulous fabric that moulds a lovely bustline and holds the shape forever—gives you full brassiere support whether wet or dry.

LOVELY-FOREVER CURVES

When irresistible styling (any new Jantzen) meets an irresistible force (Jantzen "shape insurance") you're assured of a dividend of glamorous curves all summer.



Introducing the Jantzen Foundation Brief

You'll wear this little wonder of high-power lustrous faille under shorts, slacks, all your bare-legged summer fashions. Under cotton swimsuits, too, if you need extra control. Cool and light—but packed with figure-persuasion.

More new Jantzen's spectac

Get set for the most ex-
sunclothes you've ever
straight from the
swagger little Brie
Noire-finish poplin
newsw fabrics
and how

And love was waiting



by Margaret
Nichols

Australian Women's Weekly
Week, September 1, 1954

Supplement Must not be sold separately

AND LOVE WAS WAITING

It was a midnight sailing . . . In the March rain taxis discharged excited passengers, more excited well-wishers, and tons of baggage. A bridal party arrived, covered with wet confetti. On the pier all was confusion, with busy stewards hurrying to and fro, officers giving commands, and the parade of passengers going up the gangplank to the Napoli.

Some were young and some were old, and some were going for pleasure and some to forget, and some never to return. There were tears and laughter, and the wail of a sleepy baby, and the wail of a bewildered father. There were corsages of orchids and gardenias and violets. There were mink coats and sport coats and cheap, shabby coats. And everywhere there were cameras.

There were rain-drenched violets on the tailored black coat that Dorian Lane wore as she hurried down the pier to the sign, "Tourist Class." And in spite of the crowds, she had never felt more alone in her life, wishing now that her family and friends had come up from Virginia to see her off. She thought, as she had thought many times lately: I shouldn't be spending the money Aunt Martha left me for this. I should have been more sensible and practical with it.

It was still slightly unrest—her inheritance of a thousand dollars from kind old Aunt Martha, who had made her home with Dorian's parents in the big, shabby house in Parkton until her death at Christmas. Because no one had suspected that Aunt Martha had a thousand dollars. She had had, in fact, three thousand, and she had left one to Dorian, one to Ted, her brother, for his education, and one to Mr. and Mrs. Lane, who were going to have the house painted and buy a new car.

But the idea of the Mediterranean cruise had not been Dorian's, but her mother's, the strong-willed, socially ambitious Janet, whom Dorian loved, but of whom she did not always approve. Long ago she had disapproved of her mother, knowing that Janet's extravagance had driven placid, family-loving Thomas Lane more and more into debt and aged him before his time.

And to no avail . . . They were still small-town people, and in Parkton there was a definite social line you could not cross. So that, for all Janet's extravagance and ambition, they did not belong to the Parkton Country Club, and in spite of Janet's hard work on civic committees she was not accepted in the homes of the socially prominent women with whom she worked so tirelessly.

And Dorian knew that her mother's firm insistence that she take a Mediterranean cruise was not because she wished for Dorian leisure and pleasure and culture, but because it would give her something about which to boast and also, and more important, it would give Dorian the opportunity to meet eligible men she would never meet in Parkton.

Now she remembered her mother's face when she had said goodbye late that afternoon in the Parkton station. There had been pride in Janet's eyes mingled with tears and happiness when she had said: "Don't come back to us married, darling! Let us see him at least once before you do!"

Her father had said, beaming: "Have a good time, honey." Ted, tall and dark and sixteen, had said: "Gee, I wish I was going with you. You look swell."

There had been others at the station—friends from school, friends from the neighborhood, friends from the bank where she worked, and young Tommy Saunders, who had sent the violets and who had loved her shyly and quietly since their high-school days.

Despite Janet's complaint that Tommy was a mere bank clerk, who would never amount to anything, Dorian had seen him more frequently than she had seen any of the other young men at home, but she was not in the least in love with him. Friends and family had called her a dreamer. Better to be a dreamer of something splendid and beautiful that never happened to you, she thought than to accept as a refuge that which only half filled your heart . . .

MILES KENNEDY saw Dorian as she came near the gangplank.

A college friend who was with him asked, "Do you see somebody you know?"

She wasn't anyone he knew, the slender girl in the boyish black felt hat, a beautiful girl touched with sensitivity and charm. Her hair was as black as her hat, soft silky hair.

Miles Kennedy smiled. "No. But there's someone I'm going to know before too many other people get to know her." Then he said, "Wonder what's keeping Dad. Hope he didn't miss the train from Boston. He wrote he'd see me off."

His friend said, yawning, "I'm glad you don't go abroad often. There's been a party every night for two weeks and a guy's got to sleep some time. You're too popular."

Wearing an obviously new polo coat and an obviously old and probably cherished brown felt hat, Miles Kennedy was lean and tall and his splendid shoulders were indicative of not very remote college athletics. He had been, in fact, just graduated from an eastern university two weeks ago and he planned to take the cruise on the Napoli until the second stop at Naples and then travel like a pauper on the Continent three months before returning to take his place as the eldest son in his father's shoe manufacturing business outside Boston. His hair was black, his eyes hazel.

What faced him after his return was difficult, he knew. For his father's once lucrative business had dwindled pathetically. The house in which he, Miles, and his brothers had been born and in which his mother died had been sold, and there were two younger brothers to educate. Still his father had insisted on the trip and had been more generous than Miles knew he could afford.

Bart Waring saw the dark-haired, dark-eyed Dorian, too, and for several moments failed to hear what the attractive girl with him was saying.

Tall and fair, one suspected he was a person of importance who knew he was a person of importance. Beneath a frown the alert blue eyes that followed Dorian up the gangplank were eyes without illusions, and there was

something about his mouth, a handsome mouth, which made discerning people suspect that he was bitter and that he could be cruel.

"But, Bart, why are you travelling 'tourist'?" asked the attractive girl in a sibilant tone. It was so incredible as to be amusing that anyone as rich and as socially sought after as Bart was travelling "tourist." "Is this a getting-away-from-it-all gesture? You've seen all these places."

He smiled down at her that handsome, all-knowing smile that had made more than one woman feel suddenly weak. "For a month I don't intend to wear a dinner jacket, and I'm not going to get off the ship at any of the ports. When I'm not eating, I'll be sleeping." But that had been his original plan before a slim girl with intense dark eyes, a delicately sculptured nose, and a vivid mouth had passed . . .

His companion laughed a mocking little laugh. She was in love with him and had been for a year, but she was no closer to his heart than she was a year ago when they met on the beach at Nassau. Of no avail had been warnings of "You can't get Bart Waring, darling." "Nobody can, and nearly everybody worth knowing has tried. He's dynamite."

Her voice broke when she said unhesitatingly, "Bart, I'd like to think that—that you were just going to eat and sleep on this cruise."

He looked at her first with annoyance and then with kindness. Poor child. You've been very sporting, he thought, but it was a losing game my girl. He said, "Let's go on and see what sort of cabin I have. Perhaps by that time the others will be here."

Dorian went directly to her cabin, an inside one on D deck, and found baggage with the initials "F.W." already in the cabin. Then she must share the cabin with someone else. Her enthusiasm dropped several points: Who was the stranger with whom she must live in this uncomfortably small room for a month? But half a dozen telegrams from family and friends diverted her. Then, powdering her nose, putting on fresh lipstick, she went up on deck again. The rain had almost stopped. There was only a light mist.

When the ship left the pier a few moments later, Miles waved to his father and college friend, thinking "It will be much smarter of me not to know her, not to know any girl very well for a long time. I've got just enough money to see me through and a tough job to tackle when I get back. Dad should be having this trip, not I."

Bart Waring lifted his hand briefly in farewell to an obscure but lovely face rising above the fur. He began to walk, and the unhappy face on the pier was almost forgotten in his anticipation of seeing a lovelier face he had seen but once a little while ago.

His antipathy to marriage puzzled everyone he knew. But then almost no one he knew now had known him in Baltimore when he was young and poor and deeply in love with Fern Elliott. They did not know that Fern had married someone else, a rich man, and that he, Bart, had been as hurt as a boy can be emerging from that hurt bitter and ambitious, with little regard for the feelings of girls who fell in love with him.

Revenge on a whole sex because of the hurt one of the sex had done him. And though he regretted some of the unkindnesses he had done women, he had trained himself to have a short memory and little or no conscience. So that the fearful face on the pier bothered him little now and would bother him not at all a few hours hence. But she had not been so vicious as some of the others were when he politely walked out of their lives. For that he was grateful.

No doubt she was hopeful that he would come back—to her. But he knew he could never try to see her again, and that all the sweetness and passion and interest had been used up in the year he had known her, and that shortly he would not be able to remember her name. And though he knew he had never loved anyone since Fern, he was weak where pretty faces were concerned, and that weakness amused him.

On deck Dorian stood quite still. Through the heavy mist the lights of New York were indistinct now. People passed in the darkness. Would she know them? She heard a woman say, "Oh, darling, isn't it lovely?" and felt more alone than ever. Beauty must be shared to be appreciated and there was no one she knew with whom she wished to share it. How far away home seemed now! She shivered, thinking of home, thinking of the boy she could not love, of the love she wanted or none at all, and how good it would be not to be alone but to be with someone dearer and more important than anyone had ever been.

Miles Kennedy passed her, so rapt in Manhattan at midnight from a ship going out to sea that he failed to see her.

Funny, he thought, as he walked briskly, how getting away from familiar sights and familiar faces set your brain afire. He leaned against the rail, thinking that he was no longer a student and that he was standing on the threshold of living. Make it a good life, he thought, so that in the end you will have no shame and no regrets. Count the years by the friends you make and the love and happiness you give. Love one girl deeply and passionately, but a very special girl. Work for the joy of working and not for the accumulation of possessions that are only things you can look at and hold in your hand. And learn to laugh at yourself. . . .

He began to walk again and when he passed the bar he looked in briefly and saw Bart Waring. "Handsome" Miles thought. "The kind girls fall for, the kind who keeps girls guessing."

Walking again, he felt such a spurt of happiness that he wanted to shout. He smiled, thinking what a commotion a shout would create. Then he would say simply, "It's just because I'm glad to be alive and on this ship, that's all. Because I think life is swell." But if a lusty yell would bring the dark-eyed girl, perhaps it would be worth it. That girl in his mind again!

Suddenly realising how tired she was, Dorian went inside and walked down to her cabin. Perhaps the owner of the strange baggage was there.

The door of the cabin was open and a slim, pretty girl with yellow hair was bending over her trunk.

Seeing Dorian, she looked up and said cheerfully, "Hello," and arose and held out her hand and smiled. "I'm Patricia West, from New York."

Dorian took her hand firmly. "And I'm Dorian Lane, from Virginia." Pat laughed. "What? No Southern accent?"

Dorian smiled. "My mother is from Boston. Perhaps that explains it."

Pat said, "I tried to unpack before

you came down so that my things would be out of the way. It's a mess, isn't it? Such a tiny cabin. I hope we. . ."

"I'm sure we shall." She felt better. For Patricia West was young, attractive, pleasant.

Pat grinned. "I think so, too. I've been worried ever since I discovered I had someone in with me. I've been picturing you as decrepit and cranky and at least eighty."

Dorian said, "I'll sit on the berth until you finish unpacking and then I'll start."

When she took off her hat and coat and curled up on the berth, Pat looked at her again and said with a little laugh, "I can see I'm going to have a lot of competition with you aboard." Then, "Why are you taking this cruise?"

"To see places that will be new to me but older than any places I've ever seen. To see beautiful things and scenes. My aunt died and left me a thousand dollars. I'm going to see the places she always wanted to see."

Pat stopped quite still in the centre of the little cabin.

"I'm glad you're not a rich girl, Dorian. Do you mean there are no men on your mind?"

"I'm a clerk in a small-town bank. No, no men on my mind."

"That's where you and I are different," Pat said. She lighted a cigarette, leaned against the door, and looked thoughtfully at her two new friends. "I've been saving up for five years to do this, and for one reason—to meet men a girl who stands behind a counter all day can't meet. To get a rich husband."

SUDDENLY Pat smiled, but there was bitterness in her smile. "I don't know why I'm telling you this except that I suppose it's a good idea to know where we stand. I don't suppose you approve of me now, do you?"

Dorian met her eyes. "It all depends I couldn't do it."

"Money is the only thing I want. I've had so little. Oh, you know a house with too many children. I left school when I was sixteen and went to work. I left home, too. I'm used to living in small rooms; my room in New York isn't much bigger than this cabin. I intended to come first class but my appendix changed that a couple of months ago. I've put every cent I have in this trip and in clothes, and there's no job waiting for me when I get back. But I think it's worth the chance."

"I hope you find what you are looking for, Pat."

"Thanks. You think I'm hard-boiled, don't you?" She shook her yellow head and smiled grimly. "I wasn't always. But after waiting around for years for something to happen to me and nothing did, I decided to do something about it. You've never lived in a two by four room and watched the world go by your window and ached to be a part of it and couldn't be. What do you want?"

Dorian did not speak for a moment. The intense dark eyes were pensive. One did not speak of these things casually. These were thoughts you carried in your heart. But she said, "I want to be in love, deeply, terribly in love, and I want it returned in full measure. But that's very different to find, too."

The other girl nodded her fair head. "Then we both know what we want." She gave a husky little laugh.

Two o'clock. . . . The rain had stopped and brightness was breaking through heavy dark clouds. Her dark head on a white pillow, Dorian slept the peaceful sleep of the young and untroubled.

In the upper berth the yellow head moved restlessly. Pat was afraid, not of darkness not of loneliness, but of failure.

Down the corridor on D deck another dark head on a white pillow, the fine dark head of Miles Kennedy, was quite still, too. He, too, slept the peaceful sleep of the young and untroubled.

Bart Waring was still in the bar. He had not seen the graceful, slender girl in the simple black outfit again. But he would see her tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow—and he would probably be a little in love with her. Strange, if he fell completely in love with her. And she would love him, as the others had, all except Fern, too well and unwisely, hoping when there was nothing to hope for.

In a cabin on B deck a red-haired girl named Lynn Hart wept. . . . because she had run away from her husband and was going to a man who would meet her in Cannes.

Also in a cabin on B deck, a large cabin filled with fruit and flowers, a handsome dark-haired woman looked across the room to the bed in which her six-year-old son lay sleeping. Mrs. James Marshall, who had been Fern Elliott of Baltimore, smiled and turned the pages of a magazine very quietly. But she did not read.

Her blue eyes travelled over the room as she thought that this was the least luxurious cabin in which she had ever travelled. Absurd now to remember the luxurious suites on luxury liners.

So much had happened since then and being poor wasn't nearly as bad as once she had thought it would be, once ten years ago when she turned down Bart Waring because her parents had forced her to turn him down because he was poor. Bart, so young then, so handsome, so intense in his love. What happened to Bart, she wondered.

There were others, several hundred others. Some were sleeping. Some had celebrated too fervently and regretted it now. Some still paced the decks. They were strangers now. But they would not be strangers long.

The Napoli took the southern route and it would be eight days before her passengers would step on land again at Gibraltar.

Pat West touched Dorian's shoulder gently and said, "It's nine o'clock and I'm starving. And I'm determined not to waste any time sleeping. What are you going to wear?"

They went into the dining-room together.

They were directed to Table 27, and Miles Kennedy arose. . . .

Promptly they introduced themselves. Pat thought, "He's very good-looking but too young. The young ones never have any money." Dorian thought, "I like his voice and his smile and he has the handsomest black head I've ever seen." And Miles was thinking, "That girl again and here at my table!" His heart was glad.

She was lovelier to see than to remember as she had been last night, Dorian Lane. . . . She had a direct look, and her eyes, so deeply brown that he had thought at first they must be black, were alive and intense. He thought, "She can't be perfect. There must be something wrong with her. Maybe she's stupid. Maybe she has no sense of humor." The other girl, Pat West, was pretty, but he had never cared for blondes. . . .

When breakfast was over, they knew the superficial things about each other. And Miles knew that Dorian Lane was neither stupid nor lacked a sense of humor.

Pat asked with a little laugh, "What do you do on a ship?"

Miles said, "I know only what I've heard. You get a deck chair and sit in

or walk or swim or play table tennis—or read."

"That last is out for me," Pat said. They parted at the entrance to the dining-room and Dorian went on deck, found the deck steward who brought her a chair and tucked her in. Next to her sat an attractive red-haired girl in a green suit and green hat. Dorian thought without hesitancy, "She's been crying!"

A parade of strange faces went by her chair. . . . A lovely dignified, dark-haired woman wearing a mink coat passed, holding a little boy by the hand. Miles Kennedy passed as if he were in a great hurry and smiled. But he did not stop. (If he stopped he'd stay. And if he stayed, he'd be in love with her.)

The red-haired girl finally turned her head and asked, "Have you a cigarette?"

Dorian said, "No, I haven't. I don't smoke." Then she said, "The weather has cleared nicely. I hope it won't be rough. This is my first trip over."

"Really? Then you are probably very thrilled." She smiled a little. "I'm Mrs. Hart—Lynn Hart."

"I'm Miss Lane—Dorian Lane. Then this isn't your first trip?"

"No. But it is my first since after the war. I was in England with my parents then. But that was so long ago that this seems as if it's my first crossing, too." She looked unhappily at the sea again. Here she was quietly talking to a friendly, beautiful girl as if nothing had happened! What had she done?

George had the note now. He had read, "I can't stand it any longer, George. I've talked but you don't listen. You won't understand how lonely I am, how you've neglected me. Don't try to find me because I'm going very far away." Jay would meet her in Cannes. But did she love Jay? Did she really love him? This would break her mother's heart.

To Dorian she said, "I'm going to get some cigarettes." Then, when she was standing, "Have you any books with you?" She could neither eat nor sleep. Perhaps by reading she could escape a little from this terrible thing she had done.

"I've several," Dorian said. "I'll go down and get them."

When Bart Waring, who had passed several times, saw Dorian leave the deck chair, he lost no time in finding the deck steward and taking the chair next to hers.

When she returned a few moments later with books in her hand, he looked up and smiled and said, "Don't tell me you are taking a Mediterranean cruise merely to catch up with your reading?"

She laughed. "No, I'm not, but I thought . . ."

He interrupted, "You thought you were going to have more leisure than you are going to have. My name is Bart Waring and you are Dorian Lane."

"How do you know my name?"

"There are always ways of finding out what you want to know very badly."

She stood quite still and looked at him because she had never met anyone like him before and he almost took her breath away.

He laughed. "Here, give me those books." And when he had taken them and she was sitting beside him, he said, "And so we'll tell each other all the things ship acquaintances do and get it over quickly." He smiled into her astonished eyes.

"I live in New York and my business is in Wall Street. I am not married, have never been married, and I am taking this cruise because I wanted a sea voyage. I detest swing music, southern accents, stupidity, and a great many other things. And I like everything

that's expensive and hard to get. . . . Shall I go on? People who travel should have mimeographed copies of their biographies to give out. It would save a lot of time and a lot of breath."

Dorian said, "But people like to talk about themselves." She did not know whether to laugh at him or be indignant.

She was conscious of the physical and mental strength of him. He would be determined and stubborn and probably selfish. He probably took what he wanted. He was a person of whom you would not always approve but you could not deny his appeal.

She thought, still looking at his tanned face, "It would be difficult to say 'no' to him. He is accustomed to giving commands and having them obeyed." All at once she felt frightened and strange as if strong invisible cords were pulling her closer to him and she was quite helpless.

By the time Lynn Hart returned, Bart knew the little there was to know about Dorian since nothing exceptional had ever happened to her and there were no secrets in her life. Was she real? He no longer felt flippant. Here was a girl with beauty and charm and intelligence who did not flirt with you, who did not pretend to be more than she was, and who did not fear that her quiet gravity in speaking of her life would bore him. Fern had been like that. And he had never met anyone to compare with her.

He said at last, "I've got to get off some radio messages. Some things I didn't get round to attending to." Then he said, "You're having cocktails with me at seven, Dorian."

Her lashes came up quickly. "I don't drink cocktails, but I'll sit with you while you do."

Just then Miles passed—and stopped. He had not intended to stop, but seeing her with the distinguished-looking young man with a fair close-cropped moustache caused him an absurd but acute unhappiness.

Dorian introduced them. Miles said, "I've been having a stiff game of table tennis and got faked. Do you play?"

"Badly," she said. Miles grinned. "In that case I'll play with you." He said that he was glad to know Bart and went away.

Bart said, "He's a nice chap and a fine-looking one."

"We are at the same table. There's a girl named Patricia West at the table, too."

He looked down at her and smiled. "If you don't mind, I am talking to the only person at your table who interests me the slightest."

She did not answer. But the color came and went in her face and her heart stirred uncomfortably.

Bart said, "If I don't see you before because of table tennis, I'll see you at seven—in the bar."

She nodded and watched him walk away. She thought, "I'm afraid. Why am I afraid? I've never been afraid before of any man."

Lynn Hart turned her head. "My dear, he's the most attractive man on this ship and probably the most dangerous—for you."

Pat did not come to the dining-room for luncheon. But Miles was there when Dorian went in. Miles said, "I'll take you on at table tennis this afternoon and we can take a swim afterwards," wondering if she were conscious of how frequently, too frequently, he looked at her.

Dorian and Miles talked easily and began to call each other by their first names without realising that they had ceased to be formal. It was as if, Miles

thought, they had known each other always. Or was it because they had been looking for each other always? He thought, "I'll play table tennis with you today and swim, and tonight I'll dance once or twice with you. But tomorrow I won't let myself see you at all."

Miles was no stranger. Dorian thought. With him she did not feel on the defensive as she had felt with Bart Waring a little while ago. On the defensive—but why? From what must she protect herself with him? Nor with Miles did she feel the slightest self-conscious. To Bart Waring you were transparent, she thought, but Miles smiled into your eyes and there was tenderness in his eyes and understanding and humor. With Miles she was off-guard and natural. But with Bart she had felt a tightening of her nerves and a new sensation—a heady excitement.

They came out of the dining-room together and went up on deck and played table tennis for more than an hour and laughed a great deal.

Miles said, grinning, "You're terrible!"

"I warned you . . ."

He looked across the table at her. "But you're good for my table tennis ego. I can beat you." For a moment his dark eyes were serious though he smiled. "Then you aren't perfect."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Ready? What's the score?"

"You keep it. You're winning."

"I may even get to thinking about entering the contest. I think they give prizes. If I win, I'll give it to you. What'll you do with it?"

"I'll remember you."

He felt weak. Remember him? It was incredible that they would not be together always, that in a month they would say good-bye at Naples.

He asked, "My serve?" He served.

"What will you remember, Dorian?"

She missed the ball and it went off the table. Both ran for it and bent down to get it. Their hands touched over the little white ball.

She looked at him soberly. "I think I'll remember that I liked you at once, Miles."

"Why?"

"Because somehow I feel that you feel the same as I do about most things. I scarcely know you and yet I feel that strongly."

He smiled. "I felt it, too. We'll have to get together and talk about it—some time." He thought, "If I lean over a little more, I could kiss you. But if I kiss you once, I'll lose my head and say a lot of things I shouldn't say and you'll think I'm crazy and I'll want to spend the rest of the cruise making love to you." He asked, "Have you seen the swimming pool?"

"Let's see it now. I'll give you this game."

He laughed, "You'll give it to me?"

They separated, promising to meet at the pool in fifteen minutes.

Her bathing-suit was a slight blue satin thing. In the small cabin, running a comb through damp, windswept hair, she knew that something had happened to her face, something very pleasant. Laughter, sea, air, exercise? Then she brought her hand down slowly and regarded herself gravely. Bart Waring at seven. . . . And she must look lovely for him and she must try to control that something in her which did not want to be controlled when she was with him. "Am I in love with him?" She shook her head. One did not fall in love like this. . . .

Someone banged against the door. Miles asked, "Ready? I just discovered that you're down with the poor people, too."

It was because he was looking for

Dorian that Bart went to the lounge where there was tea and music at four. And stood still at the entrance, seeing Fern, who did not see him but who was looking at the musicians in that thoughtful way of hers as if she were enjoying the music very much.

Fern—on this ship? It couldn't be! He continued to stare. It was she. Ten years had not made him forget the smooth shining black head, the sculptured features, the sweet mouth, the dignity and poise Fern. He felt warm and weak. Ten years had not been too kind to her, he thought. She looked older than she should at twenty-nine.

Wearing a mink coat over a dark dress, she was sitting alone at a table. His mouth twitched faintly. And where was her husband, thin, pale, slightly bald James Marshall?

Fern turned her head quickly with the feeling that someone was staring at her and her eyes travelled quickly over many faces before she looked at the entrance where Bart stood.

There was music and there were people dancing and there was much talk and laughter and the clatter of teacups, but over it all their eyes met for the first time in ten years, for the first time since the night she had tearfully told him she was going to marry Jim Marshall and he had said irreparably cruel things to her. He knew what those ten years had been to him, years of work in which he had not permitted disappointment to curb his ambition, financial security at last, luxuries, travel.

Fern smiled and her eyes were surprised. He nodded and turned and left. What had they to say to each other when any moment Jim Marshall would appear?

Pat was dressing when Dorian came down from the pool. She laughed as Dorian closed the door and pulled a tight blue rubber band from her hair.

"What have I been doing all day?" Pat said. "I've been on forbidden ground—up in first class. And I've met a man who delights in spending money and who obviously has a lot of it to spend. His name is Robert Maxwell. Not Bob, but Robert. You could never call him Bob. He isn't young but he's fun and we've been together all day. I've a feeling we're going to be together most of the time. Have you been having fun?"

Dorian nodded. "Yes I have. I've met a girl who's unhappy and who has me guessing, and I played table tennis and went swimming with Miles. And I'm to meet a man named Bart Waring at seven." Again she felt uneasy about him. Part of her wanted terribly to see him. Part of her wanted to run away.

He was waiting for her and arose to meet her, approving completely of the graceful black chiffon dinner-dress. And again she reminded him of Fern as Fern used to be. But he would forget that Fern was on this ship until by chance he saw her again and then she would probably be with her husband. He took her hands and said, "You look very lovely, Dorian."

He took her to a table in the corner of the bar and told her more about himself, about his apartment in New York and the travelling he had done.

When Miles came in, looking for her, he went away quickly, furious with himself for being unhappy at finding her with somebody else.

She did not sit at the table with Miles and Pat that evening. She sat at Bart's table because he had insisted that she have dinner with him. And later, when the music began, she

AND LOVE WAS WAITING

danced with him, not seeing Miles looking at her a short distance away, not seeing anything, but feeling a rush of emotion she had never felt before.

Pat, who had looked lovely at dinner in white satin, did not appear. But red-haired Lynn Hart, wearing a blue dress, came in and sat alone at a table.

Bart asked, "Isn't the lady in blue your deck-chair companion? She's too attractive to be as lonely as she looks."

Dorian said, "She had been crying when I first saw her today."

He smiled at her through the smoke of his cigarette. "And would you like me to invite her to join us? Please don't ask that because I am, and am going to be, very selfish where you're concerned."

She wanted to say, "Don't say things like that to me unless you mean them. Please don't." But the music began again and she couldn't think for feeling so much. Faces were blurred. And was there need of music when there was a new and disturbing song in your heart?

They were back at the table only a few minutes when Miles crossed the floor and asked her to dance.

She arched eagerly and put her arm on his shoulder. No dangerous feelings now, dancing with Miles who danced extremely well. She felt free again and natural. And she began to breathe more easily and her warm face cooled. And part of her wanted to stay with Miles but another part ached to be with Bart again.

Miles held her off a little and smiled. "Your dancing is better than your table tennis or shouldn't I go into that?" And saw instantly that there was no laughter in her eyes. "Anything wrong? You're not . . ."

She smiled. "Seasick? No, I'm all right."

"Want some air?"

"No."

Holding her close again, he said no more and presently the music ended and he took her back to Bart who had been looking at them through narrowed eyes, knowing that young Miles Kennedy was in love with Dorian, knowing that she did not know it. He thought, "Dorian, you mustn't fall in love with Miles Kennedy because I want you." And he had had everything he had ever wanted—except Fern.

"Won't you join us?" Bart asked.

But Miles declined and went away, calling himself a fool for caring so much.

THROUGH the evening Bart and Dorian danced a great deal, and after midnight they went out on deck and walked. The ship was pitching a little and he said, "It will be smooth on the Mediterranean and the nights there are more beautiful than anything you have ever dreamed of. Is that why you came, Dorian?"

"I came chiefly because my mother wanted me to come. Of course I've always wanted to see the places we're going to see."

He frowned. "Your mother wanted . . ."

She nodded. "My mother is more ambitious for me than I am for myself."

"Oh, I see. But don't be harsh with her. There are a great many girls like you, Dorian, in small towns. It's a pity. Flowers choked by weeds, passed unseen, unappreciated. You're honest. Not many girls would admit that they were looking for a rich husband."

"But I'm not," Dorian said hotly. "I don't care about money other than enough to be modestly comfortable. It hasn't anything to do with happiness. I haven't met many rich people but the ones I have met aren't happy. They always want more than they have."

"You're a serious child."

She looked out to sea. "I want to understand myself and that's more difficult than trying to understand other people. I'd like not to make any bad mistakes and not hurt anyone."

"Or be hurt."

"I'd rather be hurt than hurt someone else."

Taking her cool hand, he put it to his lips. "You're very sweet and quite incredible, and you probably think you're rather an ordinary person. But it's rare to find beauty and character and intelligence in one small girl."

She looked up at him, her dark eyes puzzled. "I've never met anyone like you before, Bart."

"And that's because you've known only the small-town boys you went to school with. There are a great many men like me."

Her seriousness amused him, Chuckling, he said, "you're beginning to look tired."

"I am. I've walked miles today. I think . . ."

"I'll see you to your cabin."

The lights were dim in the long narrow corridor. At her door she paused, took her key, and opened it. And looked up at him, knowing instantly that their first good-night would be more than a few murmured words . . .

Bart said, "Darling," and his arms went around her.

And for her no kiss had ever been like this, Bart's first kiss . . .

He said, "Tomorrow, darling," and the next moment she was inside the little cabin.

You were not supposed to feel that you wanted to weep violently when you fell in love. You were supposed to be deeply happy. But she wasn't happy. She felt confused and lost. She felt as if the cabin were very hot and her face aflame. Did Bart love her? She did not know.

When Bart left her, he went up on deck again feeling more stirred than he had felt in a long time. He thought that if she did not lose her sense of humor and make a nuisance of herself she would be a delightful cruise companion, but he determined not to permit himself to feel more for her than he wished to feel. And when the towers of Manhattan were again in sight, he would say a very final goodbye.

"Hello, Bart."

Turning, he saw Fern sitting in a deck chair. Coming closer, he saw that though ten years had given maturity and an added dignity to her face, she was no less lovely than the Fern of nineteen.

"Fern . . . or rather Mrs. Marshall . . ."

She extended her hand and smiled. "Don't let's be formal. How are you? It's been a long time since we saw each other last."

"Ten years, to be exact. I saw you alone today. Isn't your husband . . ."

For ten years he had hated James Marshall.

Quickly she lowered her lashes. "No. Jim isn't with me. But my son is. Stephen is six years old and this is his first trip. He's very excited about ship life, so excited in fact that he didn't want to go to bed. I'm traveling tourist because of him. I thought we could be . . . well, less formal."

Bart said, looking at her steadily, "But I shouldn't imagine that a boy of six would get much from a trip like this."

She hesitated. "He—he hasn't been very well lately and the doctor thought a sea voyage would be good for him. He begins school in the autumn." She smiled as if it were an effort. "Oh, but that's enough about me and my family."

Won't you sit down and tell me about yourself?"

He sat in an adjoining deck chair, lighted a cigarette and said, "I'm afraid it would bore you. My life has been chiefly business and travel."

She said quietly, "But if I remember correctly that is precisely the kind of life you wanted."

He thought, "I wanted you. If I had had you, I probably would never have left Baltimore. Perhaps I'd have been a dismal failure in business. But I'd have had the woman I wanted."

Fern asked, "And have you been successful, Bart?"

He nodded. "Yes, quite."

"You've been very fortunate."

He said almost sharply, "I've worked hard." Then he asked, "Are you still living in Baltimore? I haven't been there since I left ten years ago except on short business trips." Because Baltimore meant the places where they had been happy together.

"Yes," Fern said. "We have a house in the valley. More room for Stephen, when he can learn to ride and have dogs." Her eyes were thoughtful.

Then, drawing her luxurious mink coat around her, she stood up. "It's very late and if Stephen awakens and finds me gone, he may be frightened. It's nice to see you again, Bart. I suppose we'll be seeing each other again. We—we can't very well help it, can we?"

She left him hurriedly because she did not want him to see that she was beginning to cry.

Why hadn't she told him the truth? Why hadn't she told him that Jim, broken in mind and body and spirit after the loss of his money and the failure of his business, had died in a sanatorium two months ago? Why hadn't she told him that she was taking this cruise because her friends had insisted on a change for her before she took a job to support Stephen and herself? She had not told him because she could not bear his pity.

No doubt he still hated her; he had every right to despise her. But he did not know that she had never loved Jim, that she had married him because her marriage to him was the brilliant match her parents had wished and hoped for, and that scarcely a day had passed during those ten years of silence between her and Bart that she had not thought of him—because she had loved him when she was nineteen and he twenty-one and she had never ceased to love him. Nothing had changed her feelings towards Bart, though she had been a good wife to Jim.

She would never tell Bart. And then it occurred to her that perhaps she should tell him so that he could have the triumph he deserved, the last laugh. She had sent him away because he was poor, and now she was poor and he was successful. But quickly she changed her mind, fearful that he would offer assistance, knowing that she could not accept assistance nor bear his pity. She had borne enough already—and so much was yet to be borne when she returned.

A woman of twenty-nine, without training, who must earn enough to support herself and her son and educate her son. No! Better to let Bart think that Jim, waited for her in the large house in the valley and that she would continue to wear mink coats all her life. She would see as little of Bart as possible.

Stephen was sleeping soundly, his cheeks as red as his mouth, his dark

hair moist. Fern bent down and kissed his forehead and looked at him tenderly, the tears starting in her eyes again. My darling.

It wouldn't be with him as she and Jim had thought it would be—a healthy life in the picturesque valley of Maryland with horses and dogs, the finest schools, an unquestionable social position. Now he would grow up in a small New York apartment (she had the half-promise of a job in New York) and he would go to a public school and probably work his way through a university.

She pulled up her dark head quickly and smiled to herself. How silly of her to think of Bart as still unmarried. No doubt he was married to the lovely girl with whom he had been dancing all evening.

DORIAN put on a heavy tweed coat and came up on deck again, knowing that sleep was impossible for her.

Love is the loneliest thing in the world, she thought, waiting slowly around the dark, deserted deck. Usually you take problems too difficult for you to people who know more than you. But alone you must accept or deny love in your own heart. What had Bart been thinking when he left her? The question tormented her. Was she in love with him? She felt she could not wait until tomorrow to see him. Some distance away she saw the silhouette of a slim woman. Someone else who couldn't sleep? she wondered. Then the silhouette moved, threw off her wrap, and began to climb the rail.

Dorian couldn't move. But she found her voice and shouted, "Don't! Wait!" She ran and pulled the woman back.

"Let go of me! Don't stop me!" It was Lynn Hart's voice, desperate. "Let go of me or I'll pull you in with me!"

But Dorian held on. It was Miles who found Dorian and Lynn Hart struggling. He ran to them, gripping Lynn's shoulder, pushing Dorian aside until he had pulled Lynn back to safety. Then he caught her as she fell.

He asked Dorian, "Do you know her cabin?"

Breathlessly Dorian said, "Her key is probably in her bag. I'll see." Then, picking up the bag from the deck, she opened it, took out the key and told him the number.

Miles asked, "Are you all right?"

She was breathing in short gasps. Her voice shook. "Yes, I'm all right. But we've got to get her."

"As quietly as possible."

Going down a stairway, they saw two sleepy stewards. To them Miles said, "She's ill. Nothing serious." Dorian went ahead, opened the door and turned on the light. Miles put Lynn on the bed. Presently she opened her eyes.

Dorian said gently, "Just be quiet."

But Lynn began to cry bitterly, violently. "Why didn't you let me do it? They'd have thought it was an accident! My people, I mean. I've made such a mess out of everything. I can't go back and I don't know if I want to go—where I'm going!"

Dorian said again, "Please don't talk. Just be quiet."

"But I want to talk! It'll do me good to talk. That's the trouble. You see, I never told anybody. I've kept it bottled up inside me for years." She looked directly at Dorian.

"I've run away from my husband, because he thinks that all a husband

has to do to be a good husband is to provide nicely for you. I've been married to George for eight years and I loved him terribly—in the beginning. But I found I was married to a stranger—to a man I didn't know at all—a man who put business before me."

"Oh, he was never unkind but I scarcely ever saw him. He was always away. There wasn't any other woman. It was business—always business! My people are in California and I was always alone."

She closed her eyes. Dorian glanced at Miles, who was standing against the door, looking embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Lynn opened her eyes. "You are probably both thinking that I am ungrateful and spoiled. I don't think I am, and sometimes I've thought that neglect is as much an issue as infidelity. I wanted so little of him: just a little of his time and companionship, a little of the laughter and fun we had before we were married. I got nothing."

"You can't walk from room to room for eight years and eat your heart out for a man who doesn't pay any attention to you and not get desperate. I appealed to him in every way I knew, but he was either too tired or too busy to notice. He never remembered my birthday, and on every anniversary of our marriage he was away. Perhaps some girls do get married just to be taken care of, but I married him because I loved him."

Dorian was surprised when Miles said, "I don't think you're spoiled and ungrateful, Mrs. Hart."

"Thanks," Lynn said. She smiled. Then she looked at Dorian. "I went to a party just before Christmas. George was away and I went alone. For years I've been turning down party invitations because no woman wants to go to a party alone. But I went that night and met Jay, who is gay and good-looking."

Lynn took a deep breath. "A young and neglected wife and a gay and good-looking young man with no ties and plenty of money can equal but one thing. I saw him every day. When George came home he didn't notice any difference in me. Then Jay went abroad as he does every year for a holiday on the Riviera and wrote me frequently, begging me to come. I can't play two games at one time. I wouldn't. It had to be a clean break with George and a final one. I appealed to him again and asked him to take me away for a week-end. He refused."

"I made up my mind then and I felt defiant and right in what I was going to do. But since I've been on this ship I've been frightened."

She sat up then. Her eyes were bright. "I'm glad I ran away! Yes, I'm glad! I'm grateful now that you saved my life because when Jay meets me in Cannes I'm going to make up for all the years I've let go by."

Dorian said, "But why don't you take the cruise all the way and"

"And go back? Never! I'm never going back. Besides, George wouldn't take me back. He'd never understand why I did this. He'd hate me." She smiled again, bitterly. "George deserves what he's going through—if anything. I'll write my mother and explain." She glanced at Dorian. "I owe my life to you for being there, for holding on until this young man happened by. Thanks—with all my heart."

"Do you think you could sleep now?"

"I can rest at least. And don't worry about me. It won't happen again. I've left a man who had no place in his life for me and I'm going to a man who seems willing to make room in

his life for me. That's the only way I can see it."

She held out her hand to Dorian. "Good-night, dear. I'll see you in the morning. And you won't find me sitting in a deck chair all day as if I were an invalid. I'm going to have fun. I'm not going to miss anything."

In the corridor outside Lynn Hart's cabin, Miles said: "You look white, Dorian. It was warm in there. Shall we go up on deck for some air?"

He followed her to her deck chair, sat down beside her, took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and lighted it. Then he said, "I think Mrs. Hart is kidding herself. What do you think?"

Resting her head on the back of the chair, she nodded. "That's what I was thinking, too, Miles. She's defiant and wants to be reckless because she's been hurt and neglected."

"But she has a strong case in her favor. I don't approve of what she's done and yet I can't honestly blame her very much. It's one of those things. Men can be pretty thick-skinned. I hope I'm never like that. I hope business doesn't do that to me."

"I hope it doesn't, too."

"Wonder what will happen to her? She's very attractive and she began with the right ideas. I suppose most of us do begin with the right ideas, but disappointments and failures knock them out of us. It's so easy to sit in judgment on other people. It makes you feel pretty certain that you'll never let yourself get mixed up in anything you can't straighten out."

"But there are some things you can't straighten out to everybody's satisfaction and your own."

He smiled at her. "You're right."

Then he asked: "Sleepy?"

"Yes, and I'm keeping you up." But it was good to talk to Miles, with whom she felt completely at ease. They spoke a common language. They were of the same generation. "I like talking to you, Miles."

He bit down on the stem of his pipe. Then, taking the pipe from between his teeth, he said as casually as he could, "And I like both to talk to you and—and to look at you."

"Are you in love with anyone?"

He turned his head quickly, said low, "I can't be in love for several years to come. I've got a job waiting for me—a stiff one—and I've got to make good at it. I've got to build up a business that's deteriorating, and I've got to put everything I've got in it. And, because I don't want to be a husband like Lynn Hart's, I'm not going to think about love—if I can help it."

"But sometimes you can't help it."

"There are other people I've got to think about before I think about myself. My father has spent twenty-two years putting me first."

Her hand was close. She did not speak when he took it and held it.

Dorian said, "You're very thoughtful, Miles. And we are very much alike. You're just out of college and I'm just out of a small town. For the first time we're seeing what the world is like—outside."

"And what have you learned so far?"

"That I want to be tolerant." Gently she drew her hand away and stood up. "It's very late . . ."

Outside her cabin he said simply, "Good-night, Dorian. See you tomorrow," and left her.

When Dorian went into her cabin, Pat looked down from the upper berth.

"What dreadful hours you're keeping, darling! Now, don't ask me where I've been. I'll tell you. I've been with Robert all evening. He invented something, made millions out of it. He's nice, terribly nice, and unspoiled by his money. That's unusual. I like him

and he's—he's falling in love with me. It's too good to be true. There must be something wrong somewhere. It's too—too easy. He's coming down and having luncheon with me tomorrow and you'll meet him."

She smiled. "Miles and I missed you at dinner tonight. Miles especially. You looked very elegant sitting with Bart Waring. You look tired."

"I am. So much has happened today."

Pat nodded her blond head and said thoughtfully, "Yes, hasn't it?"

So much had happened today. Since morning she had come to know Miles Kennedy and to know that Miles wore his character, strong and fine, upon his face. Since morning she had come to know Bart and to be kissed by him, reaching heights never reached before in his ardent kiss. Since morning she had kept an unhappy woman from destroying herself. Yes, so much had happened today.

Robert Maxwell, who joined Pat and Dorian and Miles for luncheon the second day, was a short, stout man with thick grey hair and kind, brown eyes behind rimless spectacles. His devotion to Pat was obvious. There was tenderness in his voice when he spoke to her and tenderness in his eyes when he glanced at her.

Miles left the table before the others had finished luncheon.

"I've a table tennis date with Mrs. Marshall," he explained. "Her little boy got lost this morning and I found him. That's how we met. She's charming." He turned to Dorian. "If you'd like to join us . . . That is, get somebody so that we can play doubles." It would be Bart Waring, of course.

Dorian said, "Thank you. I may do that." He was remote and detached today. She felt it keenly and her eyes were puzzled and a little hurt as she watched him walk away.

Across the dining-room, Lynn smiled. Seeing Miles leave, Bart left his table and went to Dorian. He met Pat and Robert. Dorian left the dining-room with him, saying, "Miles and Mrs. Marshall are playing table tennis and want us to join them for doubles. Do you play?"

They found Fern and Miles at the table with little Stephen.

FERN lifted her dark head and tried to hide her smile of amusement when Miles made the introductions. Being introduced to Bart . . . She held his eyes briefly, wondering if he, too, were amused. Then she said, pointing to Stephen, "And this is my son."

Her son . . . Bart looked at the child who was so like his mother. Her son and James Marshall's son.

They played for more than an hour and separated, promising to meet at the pool. But Fern and Miles arrived first at the pool.

Fern said, "I was going to tell Dorian that I'd been admiring her, but I didn't want to embarrass her. Isn't she lovely? When I saw you with her at breakfast this morning, I thought perhaps you were bride and groom. I was disappointed when I discovered you weren't. I remembered, too, that I saw her dancing with Mr. Waring last night. But you and she look . . . well, so right together, Miles. You care for her."

"Is it so obvious?"

She smiled. "Not to Dorian." Then she said, "Miles, don't give up what you may never find again."

"The race is already won. I dropped out at the starting line."

"Mr. Waring?"

He nodded.

Fern said, "You think for a stranger that I'm rather presumptuous, don't you?"

"No. I appreciate your interest."

She said, "Miles, I know all about mistakes and I can't help but speak when I see one being made. I know. I made one." Stephen was looking into the pool. Fern said, "You can't go in, darling. It's too deep. I'll take you in."

"Won't Mr. Kennedy take me in?" Stephen asked. It would be more fun to go in with a man.

Miles said, "You bet I will," and picked up the squealing, delighted little boy and carried him down the ladder to the water.

Dorian came in and sat on the edge of the pool. She had liked Fern instantly.

When Bart came in, Stephen and Miles were out of the pool. And Stephen looked up at Bart and asked, "Won't you take me in, Mr. Waring? Mother won't let me go in unless somebody takes me."

Fern laughed. "He's quite exhausted, Miles. I warn you, Bart . . ." She had not meant to say his name as if it were a familiar, beloved one.

Bart looked at the child a moment before he spoke. Then, extending his hand, he said, "Well, try wearing me out, young man!"

Fern sat quite still, watching Bart take her laughing little son. Suddenly she ached. It was meant to be like this, Bart taking a dark-haired little boy by the hand while she sat quietly, smiling.

For a moment she felt a false happiness as if she had not sent Bart away that night ten years ago.

Dorian and Miles were in the pool swimming side by side. That was meant to be, too, Fern thought, the lovely Dorian and the handsome dark-haired Miles.

Lynn Hart came to the pool. Pat and Robert came in later. Everyone became acquainted and it was late when they went down to dress for dinner.

As she had last evening and as she would many evenings to come, Dorian came to meet Bart. Wearing a wine-colored velvet dress, she came towards him, thinking that all day they had been surrounded by people and that she had postponed feelings she could postpone no longer. It was as it had been last night, a flame in her face that brightened and deepened her eyes, her heart quickening. The magic of last night lost in the day's activity was here again. The magic of Bart was close again.

Unmindful of people, he took her hand, put it to his lips and said, "You were such a long time, darling . . ."

She was so much as Fern had been ten years ago that for a moment he was deeply in love with her.

He said, "I have a table alone in the dining-room. Why don't you come with me?"

"I can't. Miles—Miles and Pat."

He smiled. Her loyalty . . . "Very well. But tonight you are."

The corners of her mouth turned up. "You never ask me. You tell me, Bart. Is that the secret of your success?"

"I should have been even more successful if I had always told instead of asking. In the matter of love, for instance . . ."

"I imagine that you have been very successful in that, too."

He was smiling at her, his eyes mocking. "Then tell me why I haven't married."

"You'll have to tell me that, I could only guess, and I'd probably guess wrong."

"Are you glad I haven't?" Her lashes came up. Why deny it? Why play a game? "Yes, Bart. I'm very glad."

He smiled. "Then I'm glad. Now let's go to dinner."

Again the evening passed too quickly. Again the faces were blurred, all the faces except Miles'. Strange how distinct his was while she danced with Bart. She saw Miles dance with Pat and later with Lynn and still later with a small dark-haired girl.

And it was after midnight again when she paused at her cabin, unlocked the door and turned to Bart. In a moment he would kiss her. It was absurd to speculate. She knew he would. All through the evening she had found herself anticipating this moment when he would kiss her again. She went into his arms without hesitancy and her lips were warm and responsive and her arms were tight around him.

He said with a chuckle. "Darling, go quickly or I won't let you go."

There were tears in her eyes when she closed the door and leaned against it. No use to search herself for answers. No use to ask herself questions and be tormented by doubts and uncertainties about herself and her feelings. She said softly. "I'm in love with him. I love Bart. I can't run away from it or put off admitting it."

Bart did not realise that he stood quite some time outside her cabin. But he did realise with a shock that he had not wanted her to go, and it also occurred to him with greater shock that before the cruise was over he would ask her to marry him.

On a ship there are no specific days of the week. For one day dissolves pleasantly into another and all sense of time is lost.

There were no faces strange to Dorian now. She met scores of people and talked with them. Usually during the day she could be found with a group that included Bart and Miles, Lynn, Fern and young Stephen, and Pat and Robert. With the increasing warmth of the sun they were usually to be found on the sports deck wearing colorful sports clothes and dark glasses.

But the nights were different. With the coming of darkness Dorian was with Bart and Fern retired to her cabin. Miles could be seen in various groups, dancing with various girls. Pat was alone with Robert. Lynn's recklessness and defiance increased at night. Those who did not know her story—and only Dorian and Miles knew it—thought her the gayest girl on the Napoli.

They were on the sports deck in the lazy hour of the afternoon just before tea time. Dorian glanced at Bart's profile, wishing she had the courage before all the others to take his hand that was close to hers. Did he love her? How many times had she asked herself that?

And Bart was wondering what had exploded in his mind several nights ago when it had occurred to him that he would ask Dorian to marry him. The following morning he had tried to dismiss it as a passing impulse but as the days went on he realised that she was the only girl he had ever wanted to marry—except Fern.

The astute businessman in Bart told him that she would be a far better investment than a spoiled debutante who might remind him of his humble beginning or an actress who could and would not forget past triumphs. Dorian, with a humble beginning, too, had grace and poise and beauty. And so each day what he had tried to dismiss as a passing impulse gained in strength.

AND LOVE WAS WAITING

Turning his head he looked at Fern, who looked pensive, too. His love for her would never die, never be less.

Lynn sighed. "Well, tomorrow we'll be in Gibraltar." And beyond Gibraltar was Cannes where Jay would meet her. Think of your new life, gay and full and interesting. She smiled a bitter smile, thinking. "I'm glad I did it! I'm glad!"

Stephen said plaintively. "Mother, let's go swimming."

"After tea time, darling."

"But you won't let me have any tea."

Miles said, "Steve, I'll take you swimming. I'm not much of a tea drinker. Anybody else want to go?"

Lynn and Pat said that they did and the little group disbanded.

To Fern, Dorian said, "Stephen is crazy about Miles."

Fern laughed. "Because, I suspect, he calls him 'Steve,' which sounds delightfully tough and masculine." And because she did not want to be alone with Dorian and Bart, she said, "I think I'll go, too."

When she had gone Dorian said, "She's lovely, isn't she? I suspect she's very rich but she's very modest about it. But she gives herself away when she speaks of travelling she's done and the important people she's met. And yet I've often seen sadness in her eyes."

"You're very discerning," Bart said. "I've seen none in yours."

But there was, she knew. The question, "Does he love me?" punctuated every thought during the day and night. And often, she knew, there was distress in her eyes because of Miles' detachment. Had she offended him?

The Napoli docked at Gibraltar early the next morning and the passengers hurried off to scatter over the picturesque little town.

Dorian went with Bart. They walked for hours up and down the steep, narrow little stone streets. When she began to walk slowly, he summoned a horse and carriage. Late in the afternoon they went to a hotel and had tea on the terrace.

Across the table he smiled at her. "This is only the beginning. Next we'll have a night in Monte Carlo."

"This is so lovely I can't believe it's I." And all I feel for you is making it lovelier.

He smiled. "I'd no intention of getting off the ship but because of you I'm a typical tourist, taking pictures, sending postcards, bargaining—and looking for a place to have tea."

"All because of me?"

"Yes. Now let's be going. Our ship sails at five."

TWO days later the Napoli docked off Cannes very early in the morning. Dorian awakened Pat. "We're in Cannes, Pat! Wake up! Every one is going ashore early."

Pat opened her eyes.

"We're at Cannes? Oh, let me out of here! Robert is going to buy me the place!"

Someone knocked. It was Bart. When she went out to meet him, he said, "I'm sorry but I can't go with you today. Some friends came out for me on a yacht, Bob Pelham, who is in business with me in New York, cabled them I was coming and of course I'm supposed to be delighted that they have plans for me. But there's no way of getting out of it. I'd ask you to come, too, but you wouldn't enjoy it and you'd miss a good bit of what you want to see, what you came to see."

He would not ask Dorian to come because Barbara Holmes was one

among the people who had come for him and he had no wish to include Dorian in a party which also included the temperamental Barbara who had been writing him ardently for three years.

Dorian said "That's all right, Bart." But she was keenly disappointed.

When she went into the dining-room for breakfast, neither Miles nor Pat was there. Lynn hurried across the room to her.

"I came to say good-bye, Dorian." Biting down on her vivid mouth, she said, "Jay is here. He didn't fail me and he's terribly happy to see me. Dorian, thank you—thank you for my life, for giving it back to me. And don't think too badly of me." She held out her hand. "Good-bye, dear. All my best wishes go with you."

Miles came into the dining-room. His dark eyes were excited.

"Have you seen it? The shoreline, I mean. It's wonderful!" Then he asked, "What are your plans for the day?"

Dorian said simply, "I haven't any. Some people came out in a yacht for Bart. He couldn't very well refuse to go with them. Pat is going with Robert. She says he's going to buy her the town. And Lynn is gone."

"I know. I saw her. She said good-bye." He caught her eyes and held them. "How about running around with me today? We'll get a car, have luncheon in Nice."

His heart thumped violently against his ribs. "If I won't be in the way, Miles."

He grinned. "I think I can stand you."

Often she was to think she had had more fun with Miles that day in France than she ever had in her life. They were like city children on a picnic, alert, stimulated, curious. They had luncheon in a large hotel in Nice.

They stayed in Nice after luncheon. Seeing a girl street artist, Miles insisted she make a sketch of Dorian. But she agreed to have it done only when Miles agreed to have one done also. He looked both amused and embarrassed as he sat for the girl artist. Dorian wondered if Miles' dark head seemed as handsome to the artist as it did to her. She thought, "We're close again, Miles and I. I'm so glad."

They spent the afternoon motoring over the countryside. Miles said, "Now about tonight."

"We haven't seen Monte Carlo. What do you say to going back to the ship, getting in evening clothes, hiring another car and spending the evening in Monte Carlo?"

"I say let's do it. But—But won't it be very expensive?"

"I'll splurge tonight."

"You mean we'll splurge. We'll go into a partnership."

"No. This is my party."

At nine-thirty that evening Dorian and Miles had dinner in the most luxurious dining-room they had ever seen. Coming out, crossing the street, they went into the Casino and watched their money vanish quickly.

There was still time before the ship sailed when they left the casino, so they took a horse and carriage and rode by the sea for an hour. But they said little. Miles did not touch her, but he was thinking how deeply happy he was to be near her.

She went to sleep as they drove back to Cannes past midnight, tired out at the end of a busy day. He put his arm around her, drew her head on his shoulder and tenderly, very tenderly pressed his face into her hair.

At Cannes he awakened her gently. They had to run for the last tender. On the ship they stayed on deck to see the lights of Cannes come slowly dim as the liner left.

Dorian wondered where Bart was. Though she had thought of him little that day because there were so many places to see and so many things to

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laugh about with Miles. He had been in her consciousness. And she had been certain that when she reached the ship again he would be waiting for her. But she did not see him anywhere.

A steward, walking calling her name, caused her to turn swiftly.

"Letter for you, Miss Lane..."

"Excuse me, Miles," and took the letter. Inside where there was light and love, it open with eager fingers.

Bart wrote:

"I am delayed, but I shall wait until I catch the ship at Genoa before I tell you how sorry I am to be away from you these few hours. We didn't have our night in Monte Carlo, but there are other nights in places equally glamorous. I hope you miss me as keenly as I miss you."

Miles was waiting when she came on deck again. She said, "It's from Bart. He's been delayed, but he'll join us at Genoa."

Miles leaned against the rail and looked at her face, which wasn't tired or sleepy any longer, but radiant. And he knew that his voice was as lifeless as the seemingly lifeless faces around the tables in the casino in Monte Carlo when he said, "You're in love with him, Dorian."

She looked up. "Yes. Yes, I am. I didn't want to be, but I am. I can't help it."

"Do you want to help it?"

"I did at first. I think I still do—a little. You see, it isn't the way I thought it would be. I wonder if it ever is. I didn't think it would be a man at least ten years older than I, a man who has lived a great deal, a man who made his success before I knew him. I always thought it would be someone of my own age just beginning his life, too, and with success yet to be made. I thought it would be someone—someone like you, Miles. I thought I'd be able to see my life ahead as if it were a straight road and that he would be as much an open book to me as I to him. But with Bart I can't see... even into the next minute."

Miles thought, "This is having your heart broken." He knew that if he lived to be a hundred this moment would be as vivid to him as it was now, and that this love, his first, would make every other love to come a mere shadow.

He said, "I hope you'll be happy, Dorian. You're a wonderful girl."

She rested her hand on his arm. "Thanks, Miles. You see, I don't know if he cares for me." Then she said, "It isn't very likely that we'll see each other after the cruise. You and I mean. I hate the idea of not seeing you again. It seems as if we've always been friends. I'm going to hate losing you, losing contact with you." She smiled. "I'm awfully sleepy. You needn't come down with me if you want to watch the harbor lights. Good-night."

"Good-night." Wasn't there an old song about harbor lights and saying good-bye to you love?

Pat was opening packages when Dorian went into the cabin.

"Hello, darling..."

"Did Robert buy you Cannes? Where is it?"

"Well, I decided it would be somewhat inconvenient to move Cannes in with us. We're pretty crowded as it is." She stood up, her eyes shining, and held out her hand.

"Take a good look! It's a square-cut emerald! Diamonds are so vulgar! It's my engagement ring. Robert and I are going to be married when we get back to New York. It's a secret except to you. Promise you won't tell."

But Dorian did not ask her if she

loved ageing Robert Maxwell, knowing that she did not.

Miles was still looking at the harbor lights with the melody of an unhappy song in his head when Fern passed, then stopped and stood beside him.

"Beautiful, isn't it? Did you have a nice day ashore with Dorian? I saw you leave together. I also saw Bart leave in a yacht early this morning."

He said, "We had a lot of fun today and a big night in Monte Carlo. About fifteen minutes ago I asked her if she were in love with Bart and she told me she was."

Fern said, "Dorian is in love with the glamor of Bart, Miles. She's a small-town girl and he's a man of the world. He isn't her kind and he would take her into a life completely foreign to her. If he married her, she'd be a bewildered little girl and one day she'd realise she'd married a man a generation older than she, a man old enough to have had several love affairs when she was still in distilla. Don't be a fool, my dear."

But Miles said, "But even if she were in love with me, which she isn't, I can't marry her for years yet. I'm going to work without pay until business gets better. And she lives in Virginia and I in Massachusetts. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"Love has to be earned, Miles. It isn't handed to you on a silver platter. You have only one life to live and one woman to love. Don't throw away this. It's rare and precious." She patted his arm reassuringly.

THE Napoli docked in Genoa early next morning and Dorian again went ashore with Miles. But she went with some reluctance, wanting to be on the ship to greet Bart when he returned. Yet he might not come aboard until sailing time at five o'clock that afternoon and a day on the ship with Genoa unexplored was not to be thought of.

Bart came aboard at noon, having chartered a plane from Cannes. Tired from late parties, shaken by the plane trip, he did not go ashore but spent the afternoon in his cabin. Before sheer exhaustion put him to sleep, he recalled with grim amusement a scene with Barbara in the Holmes villa.

She had been, he admitted, very lovely. But it was the theatrical setting in the patio, a setting carefully planned and Barbara, mistress of many moods, flagrantly honest, which amused him.

She had said, "Bart, why won't you marry me? I'm twenty-five, attractive and rich. I've loved you for three years. I've spent a good bit of time denying it to myself but I always wake up in the morning knowing I love you."

He wanted to tell her that she made him feel as if she were trying to sell him a piece of property and he wondered what she would have said if he told her how unimpressed he was with her financial and social assets and that he couldn't wait to get back to an unsophisticated, dark-eyed girl with no financial and social assets.

It was three o'clock that afternoon when, wondering if Dorian had returned, he went on deck and found Fern. She was wearing a blue dress and a blue turban, and he noted at once how much better, how much younger she looked now than when he saw her the second day out of New York.

"Did you go ashore, Fern?"

"Only for a little. Stephen gets very tired. He prefers the ship, especially the swimming pool. He's having his nap now." Then she said, "Dorian went ashore with Miles."

"I stayed in Cannes. I flew over at noon."

"Yes, I know. Won't you sit down?" Then after a moment, "Bart does it

make you uncomfortable to be with me?" And after another pause, "Do you still hate me so much? It's been so long ago I probably shouldn't mention it and we should go on acting as if we've just met. But we parted in such dreadful hate and anger." And tears, so many tears.

He turned his head and smiled at her. "I've quite forgiven you for breaking my heart at twenty-one."

"Thank you, I'm glad." She looked at the face she had remembered for ten years and said, "I saw Dorian and Miles leave the ship this morning together. He's very deeply in love with her and she would be with him if she were not fascinated by you."

Bart's eyes narrowed. "You don't approve of Dorian and me?"

"No. A girl who is eager to live and a man ten years older who has lived. The scale would never balance."

His voice was sharp. "Then we shall try to make it balance. I'm going to ask her to marry me before the cruise is over. Why should you care?"

Her cheeks burned. "I'm interested in that boy and girl. You're in a pattern where you don't belong."

He could have said so much about a pattern for living ten years ago, but he said nothing and arose and left her.

Fern blinked warm tears. Were they to be enemies always? Yes, always. Because the truth would never be spoken.

Dorian and Miles were having another gay day.

Sitting in a small restaurant and listening to a beautiful language, Dorian felt very happy. And there was music, soft, sweet music, and Miles looking with excited eyes at the strange faces around him.

She said simply, "I'm very happy, Miles."

He forgot the other faces when he looked at her. "So am I." When I'm with you — no matter what comes after.

When they came out of the restaurant he said, "It's three o'clock. If you want to get back to the ship, I'll get a taxi for you. But I think I'll poke around until sailing time."

Smiling, she looked up from under the brim of the dark hat and said, "Then I'll come with you. Let's get a horse and carriage and find a park."

It was cool and shady and quiet in the park. They talked and laughed. He looked at his watch. "It's getting near the deadline. We'd better get a taxi." But the old driver of the carriage could not understand when Miles told him to hurry. Moreover, the late-afternoon traffic was heavy and it seemed an incredibly long time before they reached the centre of town.

They ran for a taxi. Halting from the taxi they ran to the pier. But the Napoli had left three minutes ago.

Breathless from excitement and from running, Dorian and Miles stood on the pier and watched the cruise ship sliding gracefully out to sea.

Suddenly Miles began to laugh. Turning to Dorian, he asked, "Have you any money?"

"I've all my money with me."

"Good." He smiled down on her. "I've about five dollars with me. Well, here we are stranded in Genoa."

"What are we going to do?"

"Not lose our sense of humor or adventure and see what the American Express can do for us. We'll go down to Rome by train and then on to Naples to get the ship. That's all we can do."

And Bart was on the Napoli waiting for her.

Miles put his arm through hers, a

friendly, protective gesture, and they came out into the street again.

"How far is Rome, Miles?"

"If I remember my travel books correctly, it's about ten hours from here. We'll probably get a sleeper."

She stood still. "And I haven't a toothbrush."

He laughed. "A toothbrush? I've neither money nor a razor!" Then he said, "Our friends on the ship will guess what happened. They'll know we haven't — eloped."

At the American Express office, Dorian sat on a bench while Miles talked about time and train schedules. It took an unbelievably long time. When finally they came out into the twilight, he told her that they would get a ten o'clock train and arrive in Rome the next morning, and that since the passengers on the Napoli were coming from Naples to Rome, they would all meet there. Feeling immensely relieved, they stopped at a sidewalk cafe and had an aperitif.

It occurred to him then that perhaps she was thinking he had planned for them to miss the ship in order to keep her to himself.

As if reading his thoughts, Dorian said, "I suppose we'll be talked about." But she was smiling. "I'm not in the least frightened now. It's an adventure. But I had a couple of terrible minutes watching the ship and all my possessions leave me."

"And Bart?"

"Yes — and Bart." Her heart turned over. "But I'm sure he'll understand we didn't plan to do it. You offered to send me back early in the afternoon and I wouldn't go. I was having too much fun." But suppose Bart didn't understand? Suppose he were angry? Suppose he believed . . .

Miles said, "I've an idea. Let's have a progressive dinner. Then we can take in several places. We'll finish with coffee and cheese somewhere near the station, because we're going to be at the station half an hour before our train leaves."

It was another gay evening. Ever after she remembered the places she went with Miles that evening, the music they heard and danced to, and the things about which they talked and laughed.

Looking at him across a table in a small place where they had come for cheese and coffee, she said, "You're such a wonderful companion, Miles."

"You're pretty nice yourself."

"You haven't once tried to make love to me."

An electric moment passed before he said, "Not that I haven't thought about it." Looking at her directly, trying to make his voice casual and flippant, he said, "Shall I begin making love to you now, Dorian?"

When he put his hand over hers and held it tightly she was conscious for the first time of the warmth and vitality of his hands.

Gravely she looked at him. "Miles, if I were not so much in love with Bart, if I were not certain I loved him completely, I'd want you to begin making love to me—right now."

He held her hand more tightly. "You're sure you know your own mind about that?"

"I know my heart. He walked away with it almost the first moment I saw him."

On the train outside her compartment he said a hasty good-night and left her.

The men in the American Express office in Rome looked very amused when Miles and Dorian came in the following morning and told of missing the Napoli in Genoa.

That afternoon in the Vatican Museum they came upon the party from

the ship. Seeing them, Pat broke away from the group and hurried over. Robert Maxwell and Fern followed.

"We thought we'd find you here!" Pat cried, taking Dorian's hands. "We hoped we would! What happened?"

Dorian: "We were three minutes too late."

Fern smiled at them. "The story grows in leaps and bounds. In fact, it was so certain you had eloped that they were going to put your baggage off in Naples."

The other passengers grouped about them. For a few minutes Bart was forgotten. Then Dorian walked ahead with Fern and said, "Bart didn't come."

Fern shook her head. "No. He probably knows you're in safe hands, and he's been here many times — he told me. I left Stephen in the care of the stewardess. He's too young to appreciate this."

Dorian spoke her fears. "I wonder if Bart is angry. We didn't plan to miss the ship."

"It will be all right when you go aboard tonight."

"I hope so."

All through the crowded day and night part of her mind was in Naples with Bart—part of her mind and all of her heart. Nor was she alone again with Miles, but in a group that included Pat and Robert and Fern. After dinner they took the train for Naples.

It was past midnight when they reached Naples. Quite without realising her obvious eagerness, Dorian went ahead of the others up the gangplank, hurried around the decks, looking into indistinguishable faces in the faint light, looking everywhere for Bart, thinking she must see him tonight, that she could not bear to wait until morning.

After circling the deck twice she still did not see him and her heart dropped sickeningly. And on the train from Rome she had visualised him waiting for her. Then she thought, "I should have said good-night to Miles and thanked him for taking such good care of me. He didn't lose his head or his sense of humor. I wasn't afraid once at being stranded." But she could bear to wait until morning to see Miles . . .

She went up on the sports deck. She searched for a brief glimpse of Naples with the lights around it like a necklace. Not far away Vesuvius sent up little clouds of smoke. The stars were so bright and thick and close she felt she could reach out and pluck one.

TURNING, Dorian looked down the sports deck and saw the tall figure of a man walking towards her. Bart? It had to be! It had to be! She stood still, feeling happy, feeling weak. She wanted to hold out her arms to him.

It was he. She took several quick, eager steps to him, feeling that surely she would die if he did not put his arms around her.

"Bart!" All Dorian's love was in the sound of his name. She took another eager step towards him there in the dim light of the sports deck.

"Darling . . ."

She went into his arms impulsively, eagerly as a child who has been lost and who has come home.

Bart thought of a flippant, almost cruel remark which would indicate his annoyance that she had missed the ship in Genoa. That it had been part carelessness and part youthful enthusiasm for an ancient and fascinating city, he knew. Now her love, honest and unashamed, stirred him. It was good to be loved and admired and adored by Dorian Lane, who had never

loved any other man and who brought with her love honesty and sincerity and youth and hope . . .

When he kissed her, he said, "I missed you terribly." Then he said what he had not said to any girl since he had said it to Fern, "I love you . . . I love you."

Dorian stirred in his arms and looked up at him.

"And I love you. I thought you'd never say it."

"I'll say it again." He smiled. "Dorian, I love you. I'll say it quite often from now on."

He lay her head against him and touched her hair. "Why haven't I said it before?" He smiled again. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said it then if you hadn't looked . . ."

"As if I'd die if you didn't, I thought we'd never get here. And then I looked everywhere for you and didn't see you anywhere . . ."

"I was waiting. I've been waiting since noon." He kissed her again and said, "You're so dear, so very dear."

"I loved you the first minute I saw you. I think when I came up from my cabin with books in my arms and saw you in a deck chair next to mine."

"Which was no accident, if you remember."

"I was afraid you'd be angry with me about . . ."

"You weren't angry with me when I left you in Cannes. You were very sweet about it."

"But terribly disappointed."

He was very gentle with her. Unlike wealthy Barbara Holmes, who at Cannes had pleaded with him to marry her, Dorian had planned no theatrical setting. Eagerly she had come into his arms. She had spoken with her heart. He had forgotten that anyone could be like that, so young, so ardent, so sincere.

In a few moments she had become a beloved responsibility. And always, he thought, she would be very dear to him and he would always be as gentle with her as he was now without loving her completely. One must learn to reconcile oneself to half-measures or less. Still he did not ask her to marry him—yet . . .

She said, "It wasn't Miles' fault that we missed the ship."

"It doesn't matter now, darling. Because after tonight if there's any missing the ship, you'll miss it with me."

"No. It doesn't matter. Bart, nothing matters tonight except that you have said you love me. It's so beautiful here I'd like to stay forever."

"We'll come back to Naples, darling."

She thought, "Miles leaves the ship here on our return stop and I'll never see him again."

There were tears in her eyes a second later when she looked up at him. "Bart, I've never loved anyone before, but I am very certain about this." How could she make him understand words in her heart which she could not speak? How to tell him the wonder and magic of this for which there were no words . . . "I love you. I'm not really a whole person unless you're with me."

He said, "I know, I know, darling."

"I'm so happy."

"I want you to be."

"But I want to make you happy, Bart."

"That's more important."

How characteristically feminine! He smiled and kissed her. "You will make me happy if you will go on being as you are and loving me as you love me tonight."

"I will never be any other way. I promise."

He went as far as her cabin with her and felt her arms circle his shoulders again.

Pat was awake. Looking down from the upper berth, she smiled at Dorian,

"You look as if somebody just left you a million."

"He loves me, Bart loves me."

"Did he ask you to marry him?" Pat said quickly.

Dorian smiled. "No. He didn't ask me to marry him. It's enough now to know that he loves me. Why, I wonder."

"You're too modest."

"I'm happy. That's all I know or care about tonight. I'm so happy, Pat!" Then she said, "We both knew what we wanted and we both found it."

Pat hit into her lip. "You haven't said much about Robert and me." She shook her blond head. "I'm not kidding myself, darling. I'm going to miss a lot that you'll have. I love Robert because he's sweet and thoughtful and generous. But — but it's a long way from what you feel tonight. But half a love has its compensations. I'll never be as hurt as you could be because only a man you worship has the power to hurt you. I'll never have any golden moments, but I'll have money plenty of money."

"I still think you're wrong, Pat. And I was just thinking I wish Bart weren't wealthy. I've always thought that when I married I'd like to be part of my husband's climb upward — help him, encourage him and watch him progress."

"Well," Pat said tersely, "if you want to be part of a struggling young man's progress, why don't you marry Miles?"

Dorian smiled. "Because we aren't in love with each other."

It was a long time before Dorian slept that night. It had been so beautiful up there on the deck with Bart with stars for a canopy and the lights of Naples twinkling in the blue, blue water. She remembered everything he had said and each caress of his hands.

She thought of something and felt ashamed for giving it a passing thought. How pleased her mother would be. She had said so often, "My dear, it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor one." That maligned so little—Bart's success, his position. She thought, "But he didn't ask me to marry him. But he will. I know he will."

When she went up on deck next day at noon wearing a grey wool sports dress, Fern and Miles saw her. And Miles was thinking how radiant she looked. And Fern was seeing herself as she had been ten years ago.

But Dorian did not see them. She saw only Bart, walking towards her, smiling, and she felt that she did not belong to herself any longer, but to him.

His taking her arm was a protective gesture which she liked.

"Good-morning, darling. You look lovely and about sixteen."

She looked up and smiled. "I haven't had any breakfast."

He laughed. "Because you wanted to see me?"

"Because I want you to have it with me. But now it will have to be lunch."

"Happy?"

"I have never been as happy in my life as I am today."

They began to walk and presently they saw little Stephen Marshall running.

"Have you seen Mother, Mr. Waring?" Stephen asked breathlessly.

"She's in her chair on the other side, I think."

"Thank you. There's a man who says he'll take me up to the radio room and I want to ask her."

He was gone, his starchy, bare legs flying down the deck.

"I didn't see Fern," Dorian said.

Bart did not answer. He had seen her. He was always seeing her. For ten years she had been painfully close

AND LOVE WAS WAITING

in spirit and now she and her son were painfully close in the flesh.

Miles saw Dorian and Bart together that day and that night. After that he rarely saw them apart. For Dorian had her meals with Bart at his table and Fern and little Stephen joined him, Miles and Pat at theirs. Other than an occasional and unavoidable "Hello," and "Good-morning," they did not speak.

In her happiness Dorian was lovelier. Miles told himself with firmness that he'd "Get over it," that he had to, that she wasn't for him. He gave himself stern, sensible lectures. It would pass. It had to. There were so many girls in the world. And yet in the morning when he awoke, he thought of her and knew she had spoiled all other girls for him.

DORIAN and Bart were on the sports deck sitting in the sun. Bart said, "We'll be in Greece tomorrow and after we've seen the former Greek civilization we won't think we're quite so far advanced. How are you tramping over ruins?"

Dorian laughed and rested her head on the back of the chair and closed her eyes, thinking "I'm so happy, so happy it makes me almost afraid." Bart was near and only his nearness was important. Though she saw Pat and Robert, Miles, Fern and young Stephen, they seemed to be in a world apart from hers.

It was only when she saw Miles that her world was something less than heaven. For Miles was detached and apparently interested in not one, but several attractive girls. Yet she saw him more frequently with Fern, who of late had left Stephen asleep at night to dance with Miles.

Bart said, "Darling, come back to me."

She opened her eyes and smiled at him from her deck chair. "I am never very far away from you."

"You've made me very happy, Dorian."

She had given him a contentment and companionship he had not known for ten years and as the days passed, his determination to marry her increased. The young, embittered Bart had been too ambitious to know contentment, and since Fern he had not known one girl among the scores he had known with whom he could bear to spend more than a few hours at a time. And he had spent days with Miles, saying good-night reluctantly.

He could talk with her and laugh with her and play with her. Her emotional response thrilled him. Rather he would be proud to say "This is my wife." And what he could not give her in love he would make up in material things — a country house outside New York, expensive clothes and jewels, trim to far corners. And yet he knew that she would marry him if he had nothing.

The Napoli docked in Phaleron in the morning and after a short motor trip they were in Athens. They explored the remains of that noble and ancient civilization and took pictures of the Acropolis and Parthenon.

Her enthusiasm made him feel years younger and he thought how amused his friends in New York would be if they could see him exhausting himself to see things he had seen many times before.

Because a young dark-eyed girl had not seen them and he was determined not to be separated from her.

When they returned to the ship, his arms were filled with things he had bought for her, dolls in native costumes, colorful but worthless trinkets. Miles and Fern and Stephen were on the tender.

Stephen broke away from his

mother, ran to them, and asked, "What did you buy?"

Bart showed him the dolls and souvenirs while Fern looked on thoughtfully.

She knew that each day brought her closer to New York, closer to a reality harsher than any she had ever known before. Was the house in the valley sold? That would clear up the remaining debts. She knew also that her friends' suggestion that she take a cruise had been good for her and especially good for Stephen.

If the position in New York materialized and they settled there, Stephen would think of the cruise, the people who had been kind to him and jolly, and the gymnasium and the swimming pool rather than his room in the valley house and the expensive toys and the bicycle which could not be brought to a small city apartment.

He ran back with a doll in his hand. "Mr. Waring gave it to me, but I don't want a doll. I'll give it to Suzanne."

Fern nodded. "Yes, darling, we'll give it to Suzanne."

Miles said, "Any boy who plays with dolls can't go swimming with me, Steve."

Fern took the doll and silently was touched at Bart's gesture, and for the first time she thought she would tell him she was a penniless widow.

The Napoli sailed at five for Haifa, Palestine.

Dorian and Pat were dressing in the little cabin when Pat asked with characteristic frankness, "Has Bart asked you to marry him yet?"

Dorian stood still in a sheath of white nylon and laughed. "No, he hasn't."

"What's he waiting for?"

"The time and the place, perhaps."

She laughed again. "I can't ask him."

Pat said, "Your faith is wonderful. I hope nothing ever happens to it."

Her eyes were thoughtful. "You're lucky. You've found everything you want in one man. Robert and I are going to be married soon after we get home. He has to go to Detroit first because that's his home."

"And whether or not Bart gets around to asking you to marry him before we get back, stick around New York for a few days and come to my wedding. It'll be a very small affair."

Dorian said, "Of course I'll come, Pat. But if I'm to have a wedding any time soon, I want it in church. I want white satin and a veil yards and yards long and orange blossoms and organ music."

Pat grinned. "You'll be gorgeous. I want the milk Robert promised me, hundreds of orchids, and a million in the bank in my own name." She looked soberly at Dorian. "But I mean to be a good wife, too, and to keep strictly to my bargain."

"I know you will. You're honest, Pat."

"You can't have everything."

"Wasn't there anyone before Robert, anyone important?"

She shook her head. "There were several. The last was Terry Kelly, a red-headed Irishman who writes sports for a New York paper. He took me to cheap restaurants and wrestling matches and boxing matches and football games. We used to laugh a lot but he never told me he cared for me. I think he knew what I wanted and he knew he couldn't give it to me. He said, 'Good luck, kid,' the last time I saw him when I told him about this cruise."

Pat smiled wryly as she placed a flower in her hair. "He's sweet but — but always broke."

Bart was waiting. He and Dorian went to dinner and then danced all

evening. Fern, wearing black which accentuated her slenderness, danced with Miles most of the evening.

It was after midnight when Miles saw her to her cabin and went around the deck for a walk seeing Dorian and Bart ahead of him. Suddenly a sharp cry turned him swiftly about.

"Miles!" Fern was running to him. "Stephen has gone! The stewardess hasn't seen him."

He had a terrible moment, a terrible vision of a pyjama-clad little body falling into the sea. But he said hastily, "He can't have gone far. I'll look for him! He's around."

Fern's eyes, usually serene, had panic in them. "But suppose—suppose—"

Dorian and Bart had heard the sharp cry and hurried to them. Dorian said, "We'll look for him! Stay here."

Both she and Miles left and went quickly in opposite directions.

Fern said, "Bart, don't leave me. Don't leave me to think—" She almost told him then. She almost said, "He's all I have. Everything else is gone. I've loved only two people in my life, you and Stephen. I couldn't have you, but I have Stephen and nothing must happen to him. It can't! It can't!"

He wanted to put his arms around her and comfort her. But he said gently, "They'll find him, Fern. He probably woke up and missed you and went to look for you." But he, too, had a terrible vision, and he could not bear her suffering.

Dorian and Miles first searched the tourist quarters. On the sports deck they met and looked at each other fearfully.

"He may be hiding somewhere!" Miles said. "I'll go to the first class and look around..."

"I'll go to the swimming pool..." But Stephen wasn't in his favorite place, the gymnasium. She came down again, thinking that if he were not found shortly they would have to notify the ship's officers and everyone would begin a search.

On B deck she found Fern's stewardess hurrying up the steps. Dorian asked, "Are you looking for a little boy?"

The stewardess nodded and hurried on. Dorian went on deck again, hoping to find him asleep in a deck chair. But the deck chairs were empty. She stopped, not knowing where to look next, fear making her ill.

She thought of Fern's cabin, hoping that Stephen had returned, and hurried below again. And at the corridor that led to Fern's cabin she saw Miles leading Stephen by the hand.

"Our truant," Miles said, and smiled. "Where did you find him?"

"In bed sound asleep."

"Stephen, where did you go?"

Young Stephen looked very annoyed. "I went down to see the engines but they wouldn't let me see them. So I came back."

When they reached the deck where Fern was standing close to Bart, Miles released the little boy's hand and Stephen looking frightened now because the others looked frightened, ran to Fern crying, "Mother... Mother..."

There were tears in Dorian's eyes when she saw Fern turn, run to him, and take him in her arms.

Fern asked, "Are you all right, darling? You've given us all such a dreadful scare. Don't do it again. Don't do it ever again. Don't cry, darling." She glanced up at Miles and Dorian. "Thank you." To Bart she said with a hint of a smile, "Thank you for staying with me. Sorry to have been... so out of control."

But Bart said quietly, "On the contrary. You were splendid."

For a moment her eyes were un-

guarded as she looked at him. Then she said, "I'm going to put him to bed now. Good-night."

After an uneventful day at Haifa, the Napoli sailed at five o'clock and the following morning a tender took them from the ship to Port Said where a special train waited to take the passengers over the Sahara to Cairo.

There was no one in the compartment with Dorian and Bart. She sat next to the window pulled off her hat.

"The desert with the sun on it, Bart, when shall we get to Cairo?"

"In about three hours and a half."

"I feel like Alice in Wonderland."

"You look no older, darling."

When she came out of the station in Cairo, she stood still. The streets were thickly peopled with veiled women, and every dark-skinned man wore a red fez.

Bart laughed at her. "You've never seen anything like it, have you? We're three days and three nights here. We'll see everything."

Cars were waiting to take them to the hotel. In the lobby she saw little Stephen glancing up with awe at a giant of a dragoman in flowing colorful robes and turban.

Pat's bag was in the room to which another giant dragoman led Dorian, but Pat was not there. A little later, after a quick shower and a change from her tailored suit to a dark frock she met Bart in the lobby.

They spent the afternoon seeing the mosques and the Citadel and the bazaars. They took a horse and carriage and rode for hours through the crowded streets. Pat was in bed when Dorian came into the room. Quickly she went to sleep.

In the morning Bart waited for her in the lobby. They took a car and drove out near the Pyramids and Sphinx and then took camels. She saw Pat and Robert on camels. Pat had lost her white hat and a little Egyptian boy was running after it. She saw Fern and Stephen on camels and Stephen, laughing and unafraid, was urging his guide to make the camel go faster. She saw Miles taking pictures from a camel.

When she was standing by the Sphinx, she said, "Bart, it must be beautiful at night when no one is here."

He smiled down at her. "It is. And there is moonlight tonight. But tonight we're going to get a boat and sail down the Nile."

She looked up. "Dorian in Wonderland again..."

THAT night no clouds dimmed the radiance of the moon over the Nile and only the slight motion of tall palm trees broke the straight line of the bright horizon.

The little sailboat, deftly managed by its silent owner, moved gracefully in the faint breeze. Bart and Dorian lay on the tiny deck and looked up at the sky.

He had seen the moon over the Nile before and the palm trees etched against a clear night sky. With Barbara Holmes three years ago. He was remembering that night...

"Why are you smiling, Bart?"

He turned his head. "Perhaps I'm remembering a red-haired queen who sailed down the Nile many years ago."

When he took her hand and put it to his lips, she said, "We've been in so many lovely places together. Some dreams do come true. I'm lucky. I think all of mine have come true."

If he did not ask her to marry him, she could have no regrets. She thought, "And still I can't see even into the

next minute with him. I live for this minute because that's all I'm sure of." If she retained his love, would she ever know anything of his life before she knew him? Carefully worded questions brought only vague and humorous replies from him. Bart was opaque. But Miles was transparent.

They spoke little. She thought of him, loving him, wondering about a man she loved so much and of whom she knew so little, holding each moment and regretting its swift passing. He thought of her but not completely of her. For a comparison between tonight with Dorian and that other night three years ago came to mind. Also he wondered where Fern and her son were tonight.

But he knew that Dorian's thoughts as she looked up at the bright sky were wholly of him and her love for him. And he felt a little ashamed at the division of his mind, knowing it would always be divided, knowing that always she would have only a part of him. What had been given ten years ago could never and would never be taken back.

The next day was spent motoring on the outskirts of Cairo.

At dinner she said, "Our last night here."

He smiled at her. "But still moonlight. Didn't I hear you say you'd like to see the Pyramids and Sphinx by moonlight without camels and picture-taking tourists?"

Not long later in the moonlight they were standing beside the Sphinx.

Bart said, "If the Sphinx promised to answer one question, what would it be, Dorian? But I think I'd rather ask you a question and we'll leave the Sphinx to its eternal silence."

Taking her shoulders, he drew her to him. "For days—I don't know how many because I've lost all sense of time—I've waited until now to ask you to marry me. Dorian, will you marry me?"

It was not a passionate plea. The question was not urgently asked, but she did not notice that for the tumult and shouting in her own heart.

Bart said, "I love you very dearly and I shall do everything in my power to make you happy and to deserve your great love for me."

Dorian lifted her face. When she spoke, after a moment, her voice was breathless.

"Yes, Bart, I'll marry you and—and it is a great love I give you." And as she had done that night on the deck her arms went eagerly around him and held him tightly. The stars were brighter now and no longer was the desert ghostlike. Not to touch heaven briefly to have it and to hold it.

Not to wonder what was going to happen in the next minute but to know that no matter what happened she would never be separated from him.

He kissed her and felt her trembling. "You've made me very happy, darling. We won't postpone it."

He was thinking of his friends in New York. Some would scoff. The scoffers would say, "Bart is going to marry a small-town girl he met on a cruise. Have you seen her? She's a baby! Must have been the moon on the Mediterranean."

Barbara Holmes in Cannes would not be flattered that he preferred a clerk in a bank in some obscure Virginia town—to her. But he felt that Dick Pelham, his business associate and a family man, would be pleased.

With a chuckle he said, "Darling, I hope you've never wanted a big wedding with all the fancy trimmings. I'd hate to have my heart on exhibition in your home town. We'll plan to be married as soon as you've seen your people and they've recovered from the

shock, and I can get my business affairs straightened out sufficiently in order to leave again."

"It doesn't matter about the big wedding."

It was foolish to feel keen disappointment that a dream almost as old as herself was not to be realized. But how much more disappointed her mother would be that her daughter's marriage to prominent, successful Bart Waring of New York, would not be solemnised in Parkton's most fashionable church with the town social leaders who had snubbed her looking on enviously!

Bart said, "You're so dear, so utterly dear. I'll get you a ring when we get to New York so that your people will know my intentions are honorable. We'll honeymoon wherever you like and when we get back we'll build a house next to Dick Pelham's in Connecticut. Dick is my business associate. He has a lovely wife you'll like."

Suddenly her eyes were less happy. "Do you think they—your friends—will like me? I'm a small-town girl and the life to which you'll take me will be different from any I've known. I've never been trained to manage a big house and servants, and I've never known any smart people."

Holding her close, he laughed, "Darling, what nonsense you're talking! They'll love you because you're new and sweet, and because you'll be as refreshing to them as you are to me."

New and sweet and refreshing—was that all she was to him?

He said, "I love you. Do you doubt it, Dorian?"

"As long as you do, I'm not afraid of anything. And I shall try."

"You must never try to be anything other than what you are now. Shall we go now, darling?"

"I hate to leave it—the Sphinx and hallowed sand. Bart, hold me tight and kiss me once more before we go. It still isn't— isn't real. All these days I've been saying over and over, 'I'm so happy, I'm so happy,' but only now am I completely happy. My heart is singing all the lovely songs I've heard in my whole life."

She looked up at him and touched his face with her hands. It was as if by touch she could better remember the strong features with the desert moon on them. And again she wanted to say that she was loath to leave. If only you had your love alone. If only there were no outside forces that might be hostile.

"We'll have a wonderful life, darling," Bart said quietly.

He felt as if he had come to the end of a long road. But he knew that his feelings and thoughts were vastly different from hers and he wanted to say and do nothing that would take her from the summit of her happiness. What was thrillingly new to her was old to him—beautiful scenes, beautiful words, romance on the desert at midnight. Suddenly he felt guilty and ashamed that the full measure of her giving was reciprocated in such small measure by him.

The car was waiting. The dragon-man looked weary. When he saw Dorian and Bart walking over the sand, he shouted, and when they were quite near, he smiled with wise amusement.

Though it was late, the lobby of the hotel was crowded. Miles and Fern, Pat and Robert were with a large group of cruise passengers having cold supper and drinks.

Bart hesitated only a moment. He glanced at Dorian, touched by the radiance of her face. Then, with his arm through hers, they went to their friends.

Robert Maxwell said, "Hello, you two."

AND LOVE WAS WAITING

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Where have you been? Won't you join us?"

Bart said, "Thank you. But before we do, there's something I want to say—about Dorian and me."

Miles held a glass in his hand. He didn't move. He thought, "This is it. I saw it in her face when she came in." Fern lowered her eyes so that no one could see the pain in them. She thought, "If Bart suspects there is a little love left in me for him, he knows this will hurt me. All these years he has probably hoped some day to hurt me because I hurt him. And now he does."

Bart said simply, "Dorian and I are going to be married."

Robert Maxwell arose. "Splendid! Splendid! Congratulations. . . . And now more champagne."

Pat kissed Dorian and gave Bart her hand. "You don't expect me to be surprised, I hope. I can't even pretend I am."

EVERYONE seemed to be talking at once, everyone except Fern and Miles.

Then Miles offered Bart his hand and said, "Congratulations." But he couldn't say more.

Bart said, "Thanks, Miles," and smiled at him.

Turning to Dorian, Miles pulled his mouth into a crooked smile. "I wish all the good things for you," he said.

Tears were glistening in her eyes.

"I know you do, Miles. I'm very happy. And I wish all the good things for you, too."

Bart had been waiting for Fern to speak.

Finally rising, giving him her hand, she said, "Congratulations, Bart. She is very lovely."

What was she thinking, he wondered. And though her face was a polite lovely mask, he believed that behind it, as behind his and his false smile, there were undercurrents of love and hate and bitterness and ten lost years.

Later, Fern found Miles on the terrace. Sitting opposite him, she said, "You are probably telling yourself that you'll get over it in time, Miles. But you won't. You'll never get over it. That's the way you are. I know. Because that's the way I am, too. My love for Bart has survived ten years. All other things I cherished, all the other things that were important to me are gone. But not that. It's as alive now as it was then."

He turned to her quickly and frowned. "You—and Bart?"

"Yes." In a few minutes she took him back a decade.

"It's almost incredible—you and Bart."

"But it's true. I know him. Bart wants marriage. Dorian wants love. For him marriage is the end because he has seen and done everything else. But with her it's the beginning. And it's wrong. It's all wrong."

His mouth tightened. "I can't take her by the shoulders and tell her it's wrong. I can't make her love me. I can't make her change her mind. But you, Fern."

"I suppose I'm a coward. I couldn't bear to hear his last laugh. I can't bear his pity for Stephen and me. Now do you understand why in the beginning I told you not to let money, lack of it, make any difference? I ruined my life because of money. I was a dutiful daughter. Miles, you've been wrong since the beginning."

"If in the beginning. . . . It's too late now. She loves him, wants him. She has loved all the time. I haven't a fighting chance. It's too late for both of us. But she mustn't know about you and Bart."

Fern said, "I know. It would spoil

everything for her. We're friends. We like each other. I won't tell her." She smiled a little. "You're defending her, Miles."

He said simply, "I love her."

The Napoli docked at Naples early in the morning. When Dorian awoke, her first thought was that Miles left today that she must not go ashore without first seeing him to say good-bye. While she dressed quickly, she had an unhappy feeling of loss at Miles' going. That they would not meet again seemed unbearable, and though she had seen little of him since their memorably happy night in Genoa, she had been conscious of him.

When she came out of her cabin, she had to stand still while two stewards passed with a heavy old trunk. Miles' trunk. She saw his initials. She thought, "I never asked him his middle name." Then, "Is he going off without saying good-bye?" and felt instantly hurt.

The door of his cabin was open. She stood quietly a moment, looking at him, her dark eyes thoughtful.

When Miles saw her his eyes were on guard. He smiled. "The lady in red. Good-morning." Why had she come? Loathing a good-bye which would be as final as any ever said, he had meant to leave without seeing her again.

"I came to say good-bye, Miles. I know you'll have a grand time over here all by yourself." The feeling of loss again. . . . A feeling of emptiness and sadness.

"Oh, sure." Get it over quickly. . . . Don't let her stand there looking especially lovely, tempting you. "Well."

She held out her hand. "Miles, we must."

He took her hand and looked at her steadily. "No, we mustn't." Meet again, did she mean? See her as Mrs. Bart Waring and living in the gilded cage in which Bart would undoubtedly put her?

He said carefully, "We've had a lot of fun and I wish you all the luck in the world." Don't look like that! Don't look as if you care! Don't stand there with your lips parted a little. It makes me want to kiss you! "Good-bye, Dorian."

"Good-bye, Miles. Good luck and happiness."

She turned away quickly because she did not want him to see the tears to her eyes. Why am I crying over Miles when I am so much in love with Bart? It isn't possible to be in love with two men at the same time! It isn't possible! It's just that Miles and I. . . .

But Bart was coming down the corridor.

"Up so soon, darling?"

She hoped he would not notice her confusion.

Bart said, "Dorian, please don't be angry, but I can't go with you today. And it's a tour I've been anticipating because it's one of the loveliest in the world. But my friends from Cannes are here and very insistent that I have breakfast with them. If I take you, you'll miss the tour, and it's too good to miss. I don't want you to miss it." He put his arm around her and said, "I know. It's annoying and it's the second time it's happened. I'm sorry." He smiled at her. "I love you."

"It's all right, Bart. I'll go with Fern—if she's going."

"Good. I'll see you at sailing time at five this afternoon. Darling, when you look unhappy, you make me wretched."

"I'm sorry. I'll be all right." Not

for you am I unhappy but for Miles, whom I shall never see again.

She had breakfast alone. Across the dining-room Miles was also having breakfast alone. When he left he gave her a smile and a gay salute and her eyes followed him as far as she could see him. That was the end of Miles in her life. No, that was the death of Miles in her life.

Stephen came running into the dining-room, followed by his mother. Seeing Dorian alone, Fern went to her.

Dorian said, "Bart is having breakfast with friends here. Do you mind if I go with you today? He doesn't want me to miss the drive along the bay. He says it's one of the loveliest."

Fern said, "Delighted to have you, dear. I just saw Miles. He's leaving, you know."

"I know!" Dorian said. "I said good-bye." Then, "Won't you and Stephen have breakfast with me? Then we'll leave together."

In an elaborate suite in a hotel that overlooked the Bay of Naples, dark-haired Barbara Holmes poured coffee.

"This may put you in a more amiable frame of mind, Bart."

"I doubt it." Standing over her, he took the cup from her hand and said, "I dislike being brutal, but I thought that you and I had this out that night in Cannes. Why did you follow me here?"

She raised heavy-lidded eyes. "That's a stupid question coming from you, Bart. I followed you here because I'm not easily discouraged and because I'm in love with you. Haven't you learned yet that women in love haven't any pride? But I've no illusions about you, Bart. There's a cruel streak in you—a streak that likes to hurt women. You use them and discard them. But they stay in love with you. Remember Lilyan Warren? She went to a sanatorium when you stopped seeing her."

"And what does this add up to?" he asked coldly.

Barbara shrugged. "To zero. You see, Bart, I hate you a little, too, for the women you've hurt, and I hate myself for running after you. But hope is hard to kill. I always hope that the next time I see you you'll be different."

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry for a good many things now. Because I'm going to marry a girl named Dorian Lane who is, at the moment, having breakfast on the Napoli."

Her jewelled hand shook. "You're going to marry her? Why marry her? You didn't marry any of the others!"

"Don't. That won't help. I am going to marry her because in a short while she has become very dear to me."

"You don't love her."

He shrugged. "Not as she loves me, perhaps."

"Then why—why—"

To escape scenes like this partly, he thought. But he said, "I doubt if any man knows what happens in his mind when after years of trying not to marry he decides to. I'm more conventional than anyone would believe."

"Home and fireside and babies? That is funny."

"But it isn't." He put the cup on the table. "And now—"

"You're going?"

"Barbara, please don't make this more difficult than it is. I'm sorry."

"You never love your head, do you, Bart? Always in control of yourself, always so sure of yourself."

He shrugged indifferently. "And now I'd like to get back to the ship—if you don't mind."

"I do mind but there isn't anything I can do about it. And I refuse to say any of the usual things about wishing you good luck and happiness. I wonder,

knowing you as I do, if Dorian Lane is as fortunate as no doubt she thinks she is. You're deceiving her, Bart. No woman will ever have all of you. Why? Won't you tell me now? What is the answer to the riddle of you? Tell me and go."

He reached for his hat. "I loved someone when I was very young—and lost her to somebody else. It isn't, you see, very complicated. That explains me."

Barbara said after a moment, "Bart, this is the first time I've ever felt sorry for you. I do now."

"You told me to go." He smiled at her.

"Yes. Please go now." She tried to smile. "A few weeks from now I'll be Mrs. Rodney Henley. I'll marry Rod now. Thank you for telling me. Good-bye, Bart."

Dorian came aboard a few minutes before sailing time. But she did not look for Bart. Instead, she looked anxiously among the people on the pier, looking for one tall, dark-haired figure. Was Miles there to wave good-bye? All day he had been in her mind. Frequently through the day she had thought, "When I get back to the ship, Miles won't be there."

She saw him and raised her hand. And again the unhappy feeling of loss obliterated the consciousness of the indescribable beauty of twilight over the Bay of Naples.

The Napoli was moving slowly out to sea.

On the pier Miles, seeing the slim vivid figure, waved. No need to force his mouth into a smile now. Nor did he care if the people around him saw his unhappiness on his face or the hot tears in his eyes. Good-bye, my love. Good-bye forever. Let me forget your laughter and your voice and the way your dark hair looks when the wind is in it and your eyes when they are serious and when they are happy and your mouth I wanted so much to kiss but never kissed. . . . Let me forget you.

Then he saw Bart walk along the deck, pause beside Dorian and put his arm around her.

Turning quickly, Miles walked away.

Bart asked, "Isn't that Miles to whom you are waving?"

She didn't answer. She didn't hear.

ON deck Dorian felt the sun warm her face. Leaving the others at last, she had come up on the sports deck to be alone. Now that New York seemed less remote the seriousness of her love had caused her several times in the past two days to wander off alone to find an inconspicuous corner. But she did not think constantly of her love for Bart and their marriage soon to be. Often in the midst of thoughts as to how her family would receive the news of her engagement and a thousand tiresome details to be attended to, the figure of Miles turning his back and walking away, walking out of her life, became acutely vivid. Where was he now?

The first evening after he left her she had found herself looking for him, almost asking, "Where is Miles?" until she remembered sharply that he was gone. To no one did she say, "I miss Miles terribly," but the thought was invariably accompanied by feelings of emptiness and loss and loneliness.

Their gay, extravagant evening in Monte Carlo together and their evening in Genoa became more vivid as each turn of the ship's motors took her farther away from him. Nor did she evade the question, "Am I in love with

Miles?" She told herself firmly that she was not, that she missed him because he had been next to Bart, the most important man on the cruise and because they had talked and laughed—and missed the ship.

At approaching footsteps she opened her eyes, seeing Robert Maxwell's stocky figure in grey tweeds coming towards her. When he reached her and she looked up and smiled, she thought instantly how old he looked. The kind, grey eyes behind spectacles looked tired, and his hair was thin and white. She thought, "He's old, too old for Pat, who has so much vitality and youth."

"Not playing the horses today, Robert? You've been winning every day." Then, "Have you seen Bart?"

"I saw him in the writing-room Pat's there, too." Sighing, he sat beside her and said, "We'll get to Villefranche tomorrow, then Gibraltar for a quick stop and then . . . then New York and home."

"You don't sound as if you're anxious to get home."

"I'm not," he said emphatically but in a tired voice.

She wanted to say, "But you and Pat are going to be married and you love her and want her." She did not say it because Pat had said in the beginning, "He doesn't want anyone to know." Looking at him, a frown pinched her brows because suddenly she looked distinctly unhappy.

Fern and little Stephen joined them presently.

Fern said, looking at Dorian closely, "I miss Miles. I wonder where he is and what he's doing. Having an apartment, probably with some lovely Italian girl."

"A fine boy," Robert said.

"Yes," Dorian said and said it flatly because of the ache in her heart.

There was an increasing fear in Fern's mind since she had begun to count the days before the ship reached New York. There was so much to be done and in every duty there was pain and remembrance. Impossible to dismiss the past and begin anew. And how to begin with two helpless hands, a small child, and debts? Reality—reality brutal and naked. No time for dreams. No energy for dreams. The twilight on the sea was lovely. Dream a little foolish dream in the little time that is left.

Close your eyes and feel Bart's vital hand clasping yours, the well remembered voice saying, "Fern, let's be done with all mistakes, past and present, all bitterness, all lost time, all frustration, and go on from here together. Don't you know that I have never stopped loving you?" And to feel his lips, remembered, too, after ten years. The tragedy of women who dream their whole lives through of words that will never be said and a kiss they will never have.

What different sensations were hers and Dorian's, she thought, as Bart came forward. The Bart of today Dorian loved, the poised, successful, handsome Bart Waring. The Bart of both yesterday and today softened Fern's eyes when she looked at him. They had had no secrets from each other ten years ago. There had been no barriers to the truth of their thoughts and feelings.

She thought, "We used to meet secretly, because my parents didn't approve of him. In the lobby of a country inn. I was nineteen, he twenty-one. And before he came I used to tell myself that I wouldn't touch him or let him touch me or kiss me until after we had talked. But as soon as I saw him, I knew I couldn't bear it if I didn't touch him and he didn't kiss me. We couldn't talk after that. And

for ten years, when I have wanted to escape, I have gone back to those afternoons in that spring . . ."

Did a pleasant memory cause a sudden light in Fern's eyes, Bart wondered. What memory? They had so many.

He lighted a cigarette, sat beside Dorian, and took her brown hand and kissed it. Then with a chuckle he said, "The monotony of the return voyage has already set in. Everyone looks solemn. Always the end-of-the-day-holiday mood comes a little before the holiday is over."

"But not for me," Dorian said. She loved him fiercely then, knowing it had been his vital physical presence she had needed all afternoon.

"Not for us," he said. "We've another holiday coming."

Robert said that he was going to take Pat away from her letter-writing. And Fern always left when she found herself alone with Bart and Dorian.

When they left, Bart said, "I've been away from you for two hours and missed you as if it were a year." His eyes searched her face as he wondered if she thought of Miles Kennedy or missed him.

He said, "I don't believe I've asked you if your family is going to meet you in New York."

"No. They aren't. They can't afford a trip to New York just for that."

He smiled. "Then wire them you are staying for a few days. I want you to meet some people and we'll talk over our final plans—where we shall be married and exactly when. But in New York I'd like you to stay with Dick Pelham and his wife. They have an apartment in town for the winter months."

She thought, "Will they like me? Will I like them? I'd so much rather go directly home and have Bart come down for the week-end and meet my family."

Family, friends . . . she dreaded them, fearing his friends would snub her, knowing her mother would be too talkative, too gushing over Bart, too eager to show him off, too insistent that he meet people he had no desire to meet, too positive in her own desires as to where and when the wedding should be.

Bart said, "I don't suppose you'd marry me as soon as we reach New York or a little later. That, of course, is what I'd like, darling."

"And I. If only we could! But it wouldn't be fair."

"I suppose not."

All the colors of twilight were on the sea. Turning her head, looking at him, her expression was a caress. Strong feelings for him, stifled when she thought of alien people, still more stifled when she remembered a lean young figure in a polo coat walking away from the ship at Naples, swept over her.

"Bart, I love you."

His lips caressed her hand again, though he did not look at her. "And I you, darling."

The next afternoon the Napoli stopped briefly off Villefranche. On the sports deck alone again, Dorian's eyes tore from the lovely vista of rolling hills to a slim figure in green hurrying to her, the vivid, graceful figure of Lynn Hart . . .

"Yes, I'm going with you again! How are you? You look marvellous! And at the questions in Dorian's candid eyes she said huskily, "I'll tell you! Why not? I'll tell you where I've been and what I've done since the morning I left the ship in Cannes with—well, Jay."

Lynn dropped down on the foot of Dorian's deck chair. Dorian sat up,

right, her dark eyes searching Lynn's too thin face and bitter eyes.

Lynn spoke jerkily. "You tried to warn me not to go. I wouldn't listen. You can make yourself believe almost anything if you try hard enough. All the way over I was trying to make myself believe that I was justified in doing what I had done—running away from George, running to Jay, trying to make myself believe that in Jay I had found the love I was looking for."

She shook her head and said, "Well, I was wrong! You can make yourself believe a lie for a little while, but all the time you are consciously running away from the truth. But one day the truth catches up with you."

Dorian asked gently, "You haven't heard from your husband?"

"He doesn't know where I am and he hasn't the imagination to try to find me or come for me. He probably hasn't lost a day from work and the people he sees every day probably don't know his wife has left him. That's what hurts so—that I mattered so little, that I was just a side issue, a part of the decoration of his apartment."

REMOVING her smart green hat, Lynn held it in her hands and looked at it while she said, "And then Jay met me in Cannes. He looked wonderful. He was as gay and as charming as he had been at Christmas in New York. I was certain I was in love with him. It had been so long since a man did anything for me or came for me or put himself to any trouble for me." She bit into her lip to keep the tears back and played with the band on the green hat.

"I've thought about you a great deal," Dorian said.

"But your mental pictures were wrong. Jay met me and I went to a hotel for three days and had a glorious time. There wasn't time to think, for parties and people. We weren't serious, Jay and I, because there were always people around. We didn't talk. We just played. And then—then I learned about men from Jay—another kind of man."

Her slight smile was twisted and bitter. "I learned that women were side issues with him, too, and that he collected their hearts for a hobby. He gave charm and flattery, but nothing else. Love? Marriage?" She gave a little laugh. "To him love is a game with a gay beginning and a still sayer ending, and marriage is a trap. He's a 'taker.' He'll take everything you give him—even money. He wants only to scratch the surface of living and feeling."

"And he's the most accomplished liar I've ever known. But there's no harm in him, no viciousness. He doesn't hurt to hurt, and you can't hate him with a hot fury for what he is and can't help being."

She paused and said, "When I realised that I had been a fool to think he cared seriously for me and that as soon as he had collected my heart he was next going to collect the one of the daughter of a western millionaire. I left and went to Paris."

Lynn arose and stood over Dorian's deck chair. She said, "And that is where I have been all this time—in Paris, alone, waiting for this ship. Waiting—and making comparisons between George and Jay, two men to whom women are side issues but in a vastly different way."

"And what are your conclusions, Lynn?"

"You know them. You've known all the time that beneath defiance and hurt and everything I've done, I want my husband more than anything in the world. I want his love. I want him. I want to be necessary to him, a part of him. Because I love him. If only men would realise how little of themselves would make a woman content and happy! And so I'm going back—but not to him, because he won't take me back."

"You don't know that, Lynn."

"I know him. No one will listen to my defences, my reasons for running away. He was a good, hard-working husband who paid my bills and was faithful to me. He has everything on his side—law and society. I have nothing except a long, sad story of neglect and loneliness. My own family will condemn me."

"Miles and I thought you really had reason to be so unhappy."

"How is Miles?"

Dorian looked up. "I don't know. He left the ship at Naples." He left the ship at Naples! He turned his back and walked away!

Lynn's eyes narrowed as she smiled. "Didn't he ever get around to telling you he was in love with you? Because he was—and is."

Dorian frowned. "No, he didn't, because he wasn't—and isn't." She denied it almost angrily and hurried to say, "I am going to marry Bart Waring." Saying Bart's name eased the tension in her heart.

Lynn looked at her a few moments without speaking. Then she said, "Oh, I see! That's how it is. You've been in love with Bart from the beginning, haven't you? And Miles has been in love with you from the beginning. I knew it. Everyone knew it except you. He was conscious of you every moment."

"It wasn't true! It couldn't be! She wouldn't believe it. Because to believe it would be to know that Miles had been hurt . . ."

"You're wrong, Lynn. Not by a single word or gesture . . ."

The other smiled. "My dear, I'm not wrong. You are. You're wrong as—as I was." She put her hand over Dorian's. "I'm going down and unpack. I did buy clothes in Paris. Unhappy women love to spend money. Somehow it helps. It'll be good to see Fern and little Stephen again. And Bart, of course. I've thought a lot about all of you, but my mental pictures were wrong, too. I've been seeing you everywhere with Miles."

When she left, Dorian walked, searching her mind for one word or gesture that might have betrayed Miles' love. No, Lynn was mistaken. Miles had not cared. To herself she said it over and over to make herself believe it. Lynn had said, "He was conscious of you every moment and if you think back, you'll realise he was never very far away." But now she would never know.

Seeing Bart coming towards her, she thought, "I've kept nothing from him. But one thing I'll keep from him. He'll never know that all my life I'll wonder if Miles loved me."

Quiet days at sea followed. Fern was absorbed in her thoughts, Pat and Robert were absorbed in each other, and Dorian and Bart discussed their plans.

Soon the skyline of New York was again in sight . . .

Wearing the tailored black coat and boyish black felt hat, Dorian stood on deck with Bart and watched the tireless little tugs escort the giant liner to the dock.

"Dick and Eve Pelham will meet

"I sent them a message—about you."

She turned her head and smiled at him. "Hold my hand, Bart. I'm a little scared."

Wearing her mink coat, Fern held on to Stephen's hand. Where to go first? What to do first? How do you begin a new life?

Stephen asked "Mother are we going home right away?"

"I don't know yet, dear."

Pat stood beside Robert and looked at the tall buildings through the morning mist. Tall buildings would not make her feel small again. No longer would she stare dreamily at lovely things she could not buy. She would go in and out of them and Robert, her husband, would pay for them.

"Little old New York," she said with a little laugh. "It looks good to me. And the first thing I want is a good American meat."

"Yes," Robert said again. "Yes," absently.

Wearing a smart new suit Lynn Hart thought "Will George be here to meet me? Why do I even think of hope such a thing when he doesn't know where I am?" But if he could find his face among the welcoming faces on the pier, if she could see him concerned and sorry if she could stir him, make him feel—

Mediterranean cruise had come to an end.

Dorian hurried down the gang-plank, followed by Bart.

A tall, thin man standing by a small, blond woman beamed at her.

"Bart!" Dick Pelham cried and shook Bart's hand and said how glad he was to see him.

Bart put his arm around Dorian's shoulder. "And this is Dorian, Dick, this is Eve—and Dick."

Though they were sweet to her, she knew that they were appraising her shrewdly. Eve's blue eyes swept over her, taking in every detail of her simple, inexpensive clothes. They made her feel shabby and young—too young to be the girl Bart was going to marry.

"I'm delighted that you are going to be with us," Eve said in her best hostess voice accompanied by her best hostess smile. "I hope you aren't going to be too tired for people tonight, my dear." She laughed. "Of course, we were positively astounded at the news."

Bart glanced at Dorian. She looked like a schoolgirl. And it had never occurred to him before how synthetic were Eve Pelham's complexion and the blondness of her hair.

"It's great news," Dick said smiling.

After a while Dorian said, "I see one of my bags. And I want to say good-bye to Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Marshall. Excuse me."

Leaving them, she went to Fern, whose baggage was being inspected. No one had met Fern. Why wasn't her husband here, she wondered?

Fern straightened, held out her hand and smiled. "Good-bye, dear. I wish you a rich and lasting happiness." With the arm I love, with Bart standing over there with a man and woman and looking especially handsome, Bart, whom I never expected to see again and will never see again after today.

"I was hoping it wouldn't be good-bye," Dorian said. "I'd like to have your address and keep in touch with you. I'd like for you and your husband and Stephen to visit me," and added with a smile "Us, I should say."

"Thank you. But I—I probably won't be in Maryland this summer. My—our plans are still indefinite. We've always taken a cottage at the seashore, but this summer I—I don't know. But, of course, when I do come to New York again I won't have any difficulty

in finding you in the directory. Mrs. Barton Waring."

Dorian said, "Please do look us up. You must. We've had so much fun. I'm going to miss Stephen. I'm going to miss everybody."

Miles? Fern wondered. She kissed Dorian's smooth, tanned cheek. "Good-bye, dear. I shall miss you, too, and—think of you often."

She saw Dorian go to Lynn Hart and she was speaking with the Customs man when Bart came to her. Steady now.

Be Mrs. James Marshall wearing a mink coat and going to a large stone house in the valley in Maryland. Live for a little while longer a role you have lived well for a month and which will end as soon as a taxi takes you and Stephen to a small, cheap hotel.

"Well, Bart. Good-bye." Her bravest smile. "It was nice to see you again, to be with you again." Make it brief, this final meeting so that she would not say too much, so that all her defences would not collapse suddenly. She said, "I think you know how I feel about Dorian. It was a fortunate cruise for you, Bart."

FERN, Bart suddenly realised made him feel what no other woman had ever been able to make him feel—afraid and wordless. And her face, with the warm, dark eyes, would be indelibly imprinted on his mind ten years hence as it had been for the past ten years.

It was pleasant to stand beside Dorian and be proud of her beauty and youth and grace. All their lives to either he would not lack words for Dorian—better words, kind words. But to be alone with Fern reduced him to the boy he had been once, a boy poor and snubbed, a proud boy with a fighting heart, and he could find no words to express the tumult of feelings and desires that would not die.

He said soberly, "We've managed to be strangers very well, Fern." Then, "Your husband isn't here to meet you?"

No, and she laughed. "Jim and I have been married a long time, you know, and it isn't a novelty for me to take a trip alone. We never get excited about it to the point of fond greetings at stations and piers."

Straightening again, she gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Bart. I wish—"

He held her hand. "What do you wish, Fern?"

"The happiness, the love, the home, and the children I couldn't give you." Turning abruptly, she said to Stephen, "Say good-bye to Mr. Waring, darling. We must hurry."

A few moments later he stood and saw her walk away.

Dorian asked, "Where are you going, Lynn? Am I going to see you again. I'm going to be in New York for a few days."

Lynn mentioned a hotel. Then she said, "I'm going there. I—I don't know what comes after. I don't know if George will see me or where he is or even if he still has the apartment. I don't know anything. I've come to a red light and I've stopped." She held Dorian's hand tightly and smiled at her. "I didn't get to know many people on the ship, but of the people I met you're the only one who bought a future when she bought her ticket. Good luck, dear."

Dorian went to Pat—a glowing, happy Pat.

Pat said, "I wasn't going to slip off without saying good-bye. But not good-bye, I hope." She, too, mentioned a hotel and said, "You'll find

me there until Robert gets back from Detroit. Then I'll send you a card from Hawaii."

Her eyes were shining. "I'm certainly glad to be home! It'll be good to speak plain American and not use my hands when I want something. Ring me tomorrow. I think Bart and his friends are waiting for you."

Bart was waiting with the Pelhams. Outside in the April rain a chauffeur waited beside a sleek black car.

The Pelham apartment was spacious and beautiful. Eve went with Dorian to the large white and blue bedroom and sat and smoked while Dorian took hastily packed dresses from her trunk. But she lingered only a short while, asking questions about the cruise, other questions in her eyes unasked—questions about Bart, their engagement and plans. When she left she reminded Dorian there would be guests tonight.

Guests who were Bart's friends, Dorian thought, walking to the window and looking down on the thickly peopled street. And his friends successful, worldly people like the Pelhams, would scrutinise her coldly and pass judgment and probably find her wanting. She felt alone and empty, wishing Bart had not left that he were here now to reassure her and comfort her and love her. She had been among friends. Now she was among strangers.

Before she slept she wired her mother she was staying in New York for a few days, that she was well and happy and that she had much to tell her.

And before she slept she thought, "It's unreal. All of this is unreal, my being in this strange room. I'm so tired. That's the trouble with me. I'm so tired. So much has happened to me."

Dorian did not awaken until late afternoon, when Bart telephoned. And she did not see the Pelhams until that evening. Wearing the black chiffon dress Bart liked, she came into the living-room and Bart was there with Dick and Eve, the latter wearing white and a series of diamond bracelets.

At dinner she felt neglected and said little, though she knew that Bart and Dick did not consciously neglect her, that after a month's separation they had much to say to each other of people and things about which she knew little. This was Bart's life, his real life and these people were his friends. And Eve Pelham, cool and remote, must be her friend, too.

After dinner people began to fill the spacious room—sleek, chic women exquisitely dressed and men who were beginning to look tired and old. They greeted Bart effusively, but their faces went blank with surprise when Bart introduced her as his fiancée. She thought that one woman was going to laugh when she was told; the face of another froze. Dorian thought, "I was afraid it would be like this! But they must like me! They must!"

When, just before midnight, she went to her room she heard voices in the hall—Eve's light voice and the voice of another woman, husky and hard.

"But who is she?" the husky voice asked.

"A girl he picked up on a ship," Eve said. "Sweet looking, very young, but he doesn't know anything about her. Bart is a wealthy man, you know. Of course Dick thinks she's marvellous, but I have my doubts. She—well, she just doesn't belong!"

Blind with tears Dorian went to her room, freshened her eyes, and put on fresh lipstick. "They think I want Bart's money," she thought.

But she mustn't think that. Bart

the little things important to her, important to any girl—her birthday, your anniversary. You didn't give any of yourself to her. You treated her as if she were an ornament.

"Lynn wants to be happy and natural. She wants to be loved. She's warm and alive. She wants to share with you, to be told your thoughts. You shut her out. That's why she ran away, not because she was in love with him. She tried to kill herself on the ship going over. That's where we met—on the ship going over."

He opened his eyes wide. "Tried to kill herself? You mean..."

She nodded. "She tried to jump overboard. But someone stopped her. Miles! Miles! His face came into her mind so vividly that for a moment George Hart's stubborn face across the table from her was forgotten. Miles!

Her voice was less calm when she said, "Lynn talked to me. She got off at Cannes and he was there to meet her. But she didn't stay because she knew she didn't love him, because she could look straight through him, and she didn't like what she saw. She went to Paris and stayed there alone and got the same ship coming back. But perhaps you don't believe me."

"Go on," he said sullenly.

"There's no point in my going on if you don't believe me. But, whether you believe me or not, you're as much at fault as she is. You haven't done anything. You've been a good husband who hasn't broken any of the rules and Lynn has broken several of them—but you're still as much at fault as she is! Because you drove her to it. She was lonely, nearly crazy." Her eyes blazed as she said, "Lynn's in love with you!"

He leaned forward a little and said, "Don't you think I've been nearly crazy? The most important job of my life, and if I made good it meant a substantial increase in salary and a promotion and no more travelling—and my wife running away to another man. But I got it—the raise and promotion! And lost my wife."

He was looking at her angrily. "I'm in love with Lynn. I've never looked at another girl and all I've thought about was when I wanted to do for her and give her."

Dorian thought, "He's alive now. He feels. He's been hurt." She said, "But you haven't admitted you neglected her. You still think you've been a perfect husband and that she's done you a great wrong. You'd never trust her again. You'd always wonder."

He lowered his head. "You win. I was wrong. But I wasn't selfish. I just didn't think I thought she was happy. I admit I was too busy to take her dancing and to the theatre. And when she tried to talk to me, I stopped her. But I've had this business deal on my mind for months. I've worked like a dog for it and now that it's over I won't have to work so hard in the future."

"Would it always be between you—her running away? You'll have to forgive her for it—forgive her completely and try to forget it. But she'll have to forgive you, too, remember, for the things you didn't do. Lynn has given herself all the punishment she deserves. She loves you."

He looked across the table and smiled. And there was more charm and warmth in that smile than she would have believed possible a few minutes ago.

"You see, I knew I'd become stuffy and mechanical, taking my work too seriously, myself too seriously. It's been so long since I've had a vacation. Just work all the time, trying to know more than the next fellow so that when a

better job was open I'd be qualified for it. I don't suppose Lynn ever realised how much I wanted to play, too, as we did in California that summer before we were married."

She smiled at him. "What are you going to do now?"

His hand touched hers. "I'm going upstairs and ask Lynn to take off her hat. Then I'll tell her that I'll forgive her if she'll forgive me. Then we'll be even and never mention it again. Then I'll order breakfast—for two."

"I'm glad. Tell Lynn I'm glad. Tell her to telephone me."

"I may forget your name," George Hart said, summoning the waitress, "but I'll never forget you. But Lynn will remember your name when you come to visit us."

Dorian said, "You look about ten years younger in about ten minutes."

"And a million times happier in ten minutes. Good-bye, Dorian."

They smiled at each other. "Good-bye, George. I remember your name because I heard it so often."

He laughed. "Pardon me—if I run."

DORIAN went out into the sunny street and began to walk with no destination in view since it was hours before she was to meet Bart and she had no wish to return to the Pelham apartment.

She thought, "I'd like to tell Miles about Lynn's being happy again with her husband."

At precisely one o'clock, when she walked into the lobby of a certain hotel, Bart was waiting.

"Hello, darling. Let's find a quiet place quickly, because there's something that's burning a hole in my pocket."

At an inconspicuous table he took a velvet box from his pocket, opened it, and took from it the largest diamond Dorian had ever seen. He slipped it on her finger.

"Bart, it's the most beautiful..."

"For you who are beautiful, too..."

She looked down at the ring, feeling ashamed that only a little while ago she had been thinking of Miles somewhere in Switzerland and wanting terribly to be with him.

It was not until after the theatre that evening that Dorian saw Dick and Eve Pelham again in the living-room of their apartment. Again, feeling Eve's supercilious disapproval of her, she heard plans for her wedding discussed and the clothes she should wear. "A suit, of course," Eve said, "since you are taking a ship. And white orchids. Tomorrow I'll take you shopping."

Dick would see the clergyman, and Eve the caterer and florist, and Bart would send his secretary tomorrow to get the names and addresses of people to whom Dorian wished announcements sent. Then Eve said that she would call in a photographer, since Dorian must have new pictures for the newspapers.

And Dorian thought, "And I, the bride, have nothing to say about it. And Dad will hate the fuss and Mother will feel cheated that she has no part in it."

But when, later, she went to her room she was too tired to think any more—too tired to remember that Bart's good-night kiss had been brief and hurried.

Lynn's voice on the telephone interrupted her at breakfast.

"I rang you last night," Lynn said excitedly. "Didn't they tell you? Oh, darling, I'm living again! What did you do to George yesterday? What did you tell him?"

"I tried to tell him the truth." "We're going to California—not now, because of the new and important job. It can't get along without him. We're going in the summer and it will be as it used to be with us out there. My big, crazy, happy family and George and me." Her voice stopped abruptly. Then, "Don't mind my ravings. What are you doing? When are you and Bart...?"

"In three weeks. I have an engagement ring. Bart gave it to me yesterday. It's beautiful."

"I'm sure it is. Have you heard from Pat?"

"No. I'm going to ring today."

Lynn said, "You're going to be busy, so I won't take any more of your time now. But when it's over and you're Mrs. Bart Waring and living in New York, come to see us. Of course, the George Harts aren't so important as the Bart Warings will be."

Dorian said, coloring. "Please don't think of that, Lynn. I want to see you again and when we're back from Bermuda I'll see you."

But she did not telephone Pat, because Eve came in and suggested that they begin shopping early.

She would be married in three weeks in a blue suit trimmed with fur bought that morning in an exclusive shop. Blue shoes, tiny and high-heeled. White gloves, a tiny hat—a pleated white chiffon negligé, delicate and ethereal. A gay cotton evening dress to be worn on warm Bermuda nights and vivid sandals to be worn with it. Two sports dresses, slim and gay, and another bathing suit.

When they came out she wanted to say to Eve, "I've just about enough money for train fare home." But Eve would not think lack of money amusing.

That afternoon she sat for a photographer. Before the photographer left, Bart's secretary, Miss Roberts, an attractive brunette, came with samples of wedding announcements.

Miss Roberts asked, "Is that all?"

Dorian looked at her. "Yes, that's all." But it wasn't.

There was Miles somewhere in Switzerland, but she did not know where Lynn had said, "Didn't he ever get around to telling you he was in love with you?" No wedding announcement to Miles. Nothing to Miles to break the silence, ever.

After Miss Roberts had gone, Dorian looked thoughtfully around the lovely, flower-filled room. "I'll always live in lovely rooms like this," she thought. "And I'll have people to come to me. I won't have to go to them. They'll come to me. I won't ever have to do anything."

It was what her mother wanted for her. More times than she could remember her mother had looked away from the sink piled high with dishes and said, "Dorian, I hope you have sense enough to escape this."

Her mother had always piled herself because she had had to cook and serve a family and keep a house clean. But that was a woman's life. It was her job. Dorian thought, "I'm like Dad. I like beauty when it's simple and natural. I don't feel at home here because luxury stifles me. I never thought I'd be rich. I never really wanted to be."

She closed her eyes. "Bart, why have you let people interfere with us and manage us? And why have your good-night kisses been cool and hurried?" Bart wanted to be married. She wanted to love and be loved, to understand and to give understanding, to share little or much, to laugh with abandon and to feel alive and young and a little careless...

She opened her eyes with a start, knowing in her heart she could not

deny that instead of being in a lovely room in Park Avenue with a huge solitaire on her finger, she wanted to have her feet in snow and feel her hair blowing in the mountain wind . . . Knowing in her heart she could not deny that she wanted to be in Switzerland with Miles learning to ski . . . It was not to be thought of! It was madness that made her feel guilty and ashamed. It was madness that brought tears stinging her eyes. Madness that brought the tears? No. The desire, the terrible, aching desire to see Miles again, to be with him.

Thousands of miles away, in a little inn at Locarno, Miles was drinking beer while he waited for his friend Ben Ames. He had met Ben, also a young, impetuous and curious tourist, while in Naples when in a fifth-rate hotel he had heard a deep masculine voice singing "She Wore Red Feathers" and had been so anxious to speak his own language that he went up and knocked at his door. Miles had liked him instantly and they had been living and traveling together.

He was looking at the stars through the window. Stars over Locarno. The same stars would not be over Broadway and a little Virginia town for some hours to come. Dorian . . .

To think her name or a bit swift mental pictures of her. So many mental pictures of her in various clothes, in various moods, her dark eyes looking up eagerly, her black hair careless and free.

How do you fall out of love? How do you close your mind to pictures of a girl sitting across a series of tables looking at you with tenderness but not with love? How do you close your heart upon a love that has no place there, no right there? Why do you go on dreaming of hours you will never spend together, talk you will never have, laughter you will never hear, kisses you will never feel?

Dorian had not been out of Miles' mind. His second visit to Rome had been unendurable because of his memories. And his second visit to Genoa was brief because it was there they had missed the ship, because there that night he felt that they had been closer than they had ever been; because there that night she had said, "If I were not so much in love with Bart, I'd want you to begin making love to me—right now."

Miles was thinking, "I am dreaming of and wanting Bart Warren's wife, when the slamming of the door made him turn his head. Ben, big and fair, was coming towards him. Ben would ask how many beers he had had while waiting and they would talk of where they were going next.

Dorian telephoned Pat. It was good to hear Pat's cheerful voice say, "Hello, darling! I'm so glad you rang. I'm expecting Robert back in town but not right away to come and see me."

Dorian said, "It will probably be my last opportunity because I'm going home tonight."

Pat was wearing a new dark dress and her fly-away yellow hair was piled high on her head when she opened the door of her suite. She embraced Dorian, kissed her and said, "You don't look very happy. And you look tired. What's Bart been doing, keeping you up at all hours?" Glancing at a tall vase filled with red roses, she said, "Robert sent them. He's been sending them every day he's been away."

"Are you happy, Pat? Really happy?" Pat shrugged, lighted a cigarette and stood beside the fireplace. "Sure I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

Dorian said, "But sometimes I've felt that what you wanted most wasn't money but revenge, revenge on your unfortunate beginning and the people who hurt and snubbed you. Perhaps I shouldn't have said it. But today I'm in a mood for speaking the strict truth."

Pat looked at her directly. "You're a little mixed up, too, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes I am. I'm clay and they're remodelling me. It isn't love that Bart wants. It's marriage. I just happen to be the girl he wants to marry. But I'm beginning to wonder why."

Pat's blue eyes were kind. "That's an easy one. Bart fell in love with his head and his eyes—but not with his heart. Miles Kennedy fell in love with you with all of him but he kept his head when he knew he didn't have a chance. I like him for it."

"I can't believe that Miles loved me," Dorian could have wept. Let me think straight, she thought! But there was no time to think of anything except saying good-bye to Pat and meeting Bart for luncheon and getting a train tonight. No time for Miles.

"You poor kid, I know more of the answers than you know. I know what I'm doing and I know it's wrong. Remember my telling you about Terry Kelly, a reporter? Well . . . I saw him last night. He didn't have much money as usual, and he took me to a cheap little restaurant for dinner. And I loved it! I had fun!"

Tears filled her eyes but her chin was firm. "I loved it because Terry is young and he's from my world. I hadn't laughed so much since the last time I saw him. Last night he asked me to marry him. But I'm not going to marry him." She shook her head. "You were right. I want money because I've been hurt, and with it no one can ever hurt me or snub me again."

Then she said, "I know what I'm doing but you're mixed up. Because one morning you're going to wake up missing Miles, loving him, and you won't be able to call him back. Forever is a long, long time to be in love with one man and to be married to another. I don't blame you, so don't blame yourself for not knowing. You lost your head over a man who is rich and glamorous. Any girl would."

"Are you in love with Terry, Pat?"

QUICK tears again. "What if I am? It's too late to do anything about it now. Marry a red-headed Irishman and follow him around the country and have a flock of kids? Not me! I want this, rooms like this, clothes like these, the best cabins on ships. I want it, no matter how dearly I have to pay for it. But I don't want the same thing to happen to you. You're too young and gentle and sweet . . . I told Terry good-bye last night and that's forever, too."

The telephone rang and she moved towards it with quick grace.

"Robert? Hello, darling. I didn't expect . . . You're downstairs? Wonderful! Come up. Dorian is here."

Robert Maxwell came in a few moments later. Pat met him and kissed him with affection. When he went towards Dorian, his hand extended, she saw that he looked distinctly unhappy. When he was quite close and holding her hand, she saw that he looked more than tired and unhappy. His eyes, kind eyes behind rimless spectacles, had fear in them. They talked for a few minutes and then Dorian said, "I'm meeting Bart for luncheon."

Robert's hand was unsteady as he lighted a cigarette. When Dorian went to the door, he turned and said: "Dorian, don't go—just yet."

Something in his voice, a sadness, an urgency, made her turn. Though she smiled, Pat looked puzzled. Dorian held her breath.

Finally he said, "I don't want you to go yet, Dorian, because you're the only close friend Pat has and I think—I think she is going to need you."

Pat asked sharply, her smile gone. "What do you mean?"

He looked at her. Then he said, "I mean that you and I are not going to be married, Pat. I am married. I've been married to the same woman for thirty years. Wait . . . Let me talk. Let me finish. Then you may say anything you wish and I'll deserve it."

He tried to smile. "I'm a fool, an old fool with young ideas, Pat. I have two married daughters and three grandchildren. When I met you, I didn't dream it would amount to this. I was alone with plenty of money to spend and you were a pretty girl who wanted to help me spend it. I was away from home, free from my wife and family. I lost my head. I began to get ideas . . . No man wants to get old, Pat."

"I went home to ask my wife to divorce me. I found her ill. She wouldn't let my daughters notify me she was ill. She didn't want to spoil my good time. I loved you very dearly, Pat, I'm grateful for . . . well, for my last fling, shall we call it?"

Pat looked as if she had been struck in the face. Straightening, she asked severely, her eyes narrowing, "Have you been happy with your wife all your married life?"

"Yes, very happy."

"That's all I want to know. That's all we'll say to each other. You may go now."

"I'm not going to leave you stranded."

"Thanks! But there's nothing I want from you." Her voice cut sharply.

"Don't stand there looking like a whipped dog! I don't hate you!"

"You're sorry for me . . ."

"I liked you, admired you for being a success, and I'd have tried to make you happy and I'd have been faithful to you . . . but it was really your money I wanted. Don't love me, Robert. And go home. Go back to your wife and your daughters and your grandchildren. You've had a swell life. Don't spoil it now by caring for me or thinking about me or regretting me. And don't ever tell your wife about me."

"I didn't know you'd take it like this. I was afraid . . ."

Her slight smile was bitter. "We both cheated."

"What are you doing to do now?"

"I'll be all right. I've looked out for myself for a long time."

Dorian looked from one to the other—to Pat, slim and straight, her chin firm, then to Robert, old, humbled, his eyes relieved.

She said, "Perhaps I can persuade Pat to go home with me. I'm going home tonight."

But Pat said, "You're both sweet, but I can take care of myself. Don't worry about me."

Maxwell took Dorian's hand. "Good-bye, my dear."

She looked at him. "Robert, I think both you and Pat will be glad it turned out this way."

"Thank you." He turned to Pat and smiled and held out his hand. "We can be friends, can't we?"

"In our memories—but only in our memories. Good-bye, Robert."

"Good-bye, Pat, dear."
He went out quickly. Pat went pale at the closing of the door. Then she went to the divan and sat down, and the firmness of her curls relaxed. Dorian's head throbbed with too many thoughts. "I must call Bart and tell him I can't meet him for luncheon. I can't leave Pat now. I must write mother that Pat is coming home with me. But she mustn't think of Miles and of what Pat had said about forever being a long time to be in love with one man and married to another."

Pat looked up finally, smiled wryly and shrugged. "Well, I guess I had it coming to me. Funny, I couldn't be mad at him. He looked so defeated and—finished. His last fling . . . He must have been awfully mixed up most of the time on the cruise. A year from now he'll thank heaven he didn't marry me."

Dorian said, "You were wonderful, Pat."

"No, I wasn't wonderful, really. You see, I just stopped kidding myself and taking bypaths around the truth. I looked it in the face. All my life I've thought it was money I wanted, but I know now it's . . ."

"It's a red-haired Irishman you want more than anything, Pat?"

"Yes. Can you beat it! Saving for years, denying myself, travelling thousands of miles, and what I want lives ten minutes taxi ride away. A red-headed Irishman with a terrible temper, a lot of brains and no money, never will have any money, but he's so sweet and I'm so crazy about him."

Rising quickly, Pat went to the telephone and dialled a number. Then she said, "Terry? This is Pat." Her chin was firm again but her lower lip was trembling and her voice wasn't as brave as she tried to make it. "Terry, don't ask silly questions just to make conversation. You know I'm all right." Her voice broke. "Terry, don't be stubborn; don't argue this one time but come up—come up now!"

"I'm not going to marry Robert Maxwell because he's married to somebody else. He's been married to her for thirty years. It's your last laugh—if you want it. I'm in love with you—you . . . And it certainly isn't your money I want, because you haven't any, you never will have any, Terry." She looked across the room at Dorian. "He hung up. I—I didn't think it would be any good."

She walked to the window. Dorian looked at her watch. Pat had lighted the third cigarette when heavy hands banged violently on the door.

Pat went to it and opened it, and her slender figure melted into the embrace of a tall young man in a great overcoat. Dorian did not turn her head. She heard Pat say, "I've been praying you'd come."

"Did you think I wouldn't?" Terry Kelly asked. "I broke all speed records getting here, and if we don't get married right away and get out of town I'll be arrested. Pat . . . So much tenderness in the sound of her name."

"I've been such a nut, Terry. Why didn't you hit me over the head or—something and tell me I was wrong?" Then he said, "Oh, we have company."

Dorian arose as Terry came forward, his arm around Pat.

Pat said, "This is Dorian Lane, about whom I told you last night."

Terry grinned. There were deep laughter lines around his blue eyes. "You did well by her but you didn't do her justice, honey." He held Dorian's hand so tightly it ached.

"It isn't Pat's fault I'm here. I wouldn't leave until I met you," Terry's

bigness, his strength, his infectious grin, his merry blue eyes lifted the weight tugging at her heart.

He glanced at Pat. "Maybe Dorian can tell us something about getting married. Never having been married before . . ."

"Maybe she can. She's getting married herself."

"But I'm an amateur, too," Dorian said. She picked up her bag and gloves, knowing they wished to be alone, knowing all the things they would say to each other. She said, "I've got to go now. Pat, I'm meeting Bart. You don't need me—now."

Pat said, "Wait a minute. You can tell me it's none of my business and hate me for it, but I've got to say it. Don't marry Bart! Even if you don't love Miles Kennedy—who loves you so much even at this minute wherever he is—don't marry Bart. It's a mistake. Dorian, I've known it all the time."

"If you stayed away from him a week you wouldn't be in love with him! It's just fascination. But the longer you stay away from Miles, the more you'll want him back. I saw the two of you together. I saw how perfect it could be. It won't break Bart's heart if you tell him you won't marry him. You'll hurt his pride, that's all."

Dorian drew back, her dark eyes shocked and unhappy. "I can't, I promised." Then quickly, "Good-bye, Pat. Be happy, look me up."

Pat said sharply, "You're taking bypaths around the truth, too. You mustn't. You were blinded. You've had stardust thrown in your eyes. You lost your head. People do on ships."

Dorian said, "Don't please. It has to be this way now!"

TODAY Dorian had to wait for Bart in the crowded hotel lobby. She took a conspicuous chair so that he would see her when he came in. But she was glad he was late, glad for a few minutes alone with herself. She glanced around—and suddenly all the faces were Miles' face. "And every day he is closer. I haven't tried to bring him closer. Miles, go away! Stop haunting me. Pat was wrong, but . . ."

When she saw Bart, she thought, "I should be proud and flattered. But I'm not. I can't think of anything except the things I must do, the things that are expected of me."

At luncheon she told him about Pat. He smiled and said, "It sounds a little crazy to me."

"It is, I guess. She and Terry always will be a little crazy. They won't be a conventional married pair. But they're going to be awfully happy—with each other." With each other—because they're from the same world and they understand each other and they like the same things and the same people . . . Because they have everything in common.

A little later he said, "So you're leaving me tonight to go home."

Pat had said, "If you stay away from him a week, you won't be in love with him."

"Yes."

"We'll have an early dinner and I'll take you to your train. You look tired, darling. Is there anything I can do to . . ."

She smiled. "About my family, you mean. No, I'll break it to them gently. You'll be down?"

"Next week-end." How he dreaded it.

When the conductor shouted, "Park-ton! Next stop Park-ton!" she sat up with a start.

When she stepped from the train, she went into her mother's arms and then into her father's.

Tall, deep-voiced Janet Lane cried, "Darling, it's been so long! How are you? Let me look at you . . ."

Big, fair Thomas Lane chuckled. "It's my turn, dear." He tilted Dorian's chin and looked into her face. "You look tired. Never saw a woman so away on a trip that she didn't come home looking all worn out."

"How are you, Dad?"

"Never better."

Dorian turned to her mother. "How is Ted? Where is he?"

Janet said, "In bed. He wanted to come but he couldn't stay awake. Have you had dinner? Oh, there's so much I want you to tell me, darling! We have the new car."

"And Ted's learning to drive." Thomas Lane said, chuckling. "It won't be long."

While they drove through town, her mother talked. Tommy Saunders had taken a week of his vacation and gone, she had heard, to Washington. She, Janet, had been selected as a representative to a convention to Chicago in June. Cousin Jenny's blood pressure was much worse and Sue Peel had been rushed to the hospital to have her appendix out. More town gossip . . .

At last the shiny new car stopped before the brown cottage on a quiet, dark street lined with trees.

"Suppose it looks rather strange to you," her father said.

"It looks good to me, Dad."

He laughed. "Ah, it always will! Run along in, I'll bring in your baggage."

In the large shabby living-room where a fire burned low in the brick fireplace she took the dark hat from her aching head, took off her coat and gloves. Her mother had said, "I'm going to fix something to eat, dear. Some coffee and sandwiches. Then we'll talk." Her mother so eager to know about the cruise. Her father so glad to have her home again.

He took her bags upstairs and when he came down again and came into the living-room, he stopped still and went pale. He was staring at the diamond on her left hand.

Their eyes met as they had always met—with faith and understanding.

"Is it true, Dorian?"

"Yes, Dad. I hadn't intended to shock you. I was going to tell you tonight."

"Wait until your mother comes in."

He smiled kindly and took her hand and held it as her mother came in with a tray of sandwiches and coffee and put it on the small table before the divan.

"Eat something," her father said.

Janet sat opposite in a faded green chair and smiled with great satisfaction. "You've seen more of the world than any girl around here has. No one I know has ever been as far as Egypt. Tell me, was it . . . were the people . . ."

Thomas Lane said good-humoredly, "Let the child eat, dear. These sandwiches you made probably taste better to her than all the fancy meals she had on the ship put together."

Odd that her mother had not noticed the ring . . .

"We got one of your cards only yesterday," Janet said. "Ted, of course, has taken off all the stamps. Were the people on the ship nice? Were your clothes all right? After you left I talked with Mrs. Blakey and she said you didn't need many light things. I was afraid you weren't warm enough."

"My clothes were just right," Dorian said.

"Do you want anything else to eat?"

"No, nothing." She looked at her father, loving him intensely then. Then she looked across the room at her

mother and answered one question in her excited eyes.

"Mother, I'm—I'm engaged," she said. "I'm going to marry a man I met on the cruise."

Mrs. Lane stared. Dorian's father said, "Take your time, honey, and tell us all about it."

Dorian said, "His name is Bart Waring. He lives in New York. He's about ten years older than I am and very successful. That's why I didn't come home right away. He wanted me to stay. We had things to talk about. I stayed with his friends. He's coming down next week-end to meet you. And we're going to be married in about three weeks."

She held out her hand for her mother to see the ring. Then she said, "I know it's a shock. I suppose it always is when the man is a complete stranger. But I know you'll like him and approve of him. He's wonderful, really."

Her mother did not speak. Her father asked quietly, "Do you love him? Will you—will you fit into each other's lives? You haven't known him very long. Don't you think it would be wise . . . ?"

"He doesn't want us to wait, Dad." Her voice was quiet but her heart was pounding. "We're going to be married in the apartment of his friends in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pelham. There are going to be only a few people. My family and his close friends. He wants it that way. I did some shopping while he was there so there isn't a great deal to do . . ."

"But, Thomas, it's—it's wonderful!" Opting up, she came to the divan, sat down, took Dorian's hand and looked at the dazzling diamond. "It's beautiful! Tell us more about him. What is his name again? When did it happen? New York in three weeks! Good heavens . . ."

Her father rose. "I guess you and your mother can talk this out, Dorian."

She thought: He's hurt. He knows, without knowing Bart, that Bart doesn't want anything of my family—except me.

"Don't go, Dad."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "It's late. Anything you and your mother decide will be all right with me." He grinned down at her and touched her hair with affection.

When he left, her mother said, "Let me see your ring again. It's the most gorgeous . . . But start at the beginning! It's too wonderful! It's what I've hoped and dreamed for you—to get out of this horrible little town!"

She told her mother about everything and everyone—everyone except Miles . . .

After a long time Dorian glanced at her watch. It was three o'clock.

Her mother asked, "Tired, aren't you? We'll talk more about it tomorrow. Darling, I'm so proud of you. I knew it could be done if you could just get away and meet the right kind of men . . . I'm so proud of you. Of course, I've always dreamed of your being married here in your own church. But we'll do what Bart wants. And don't mind your father, dear. He's hopelessly old-fashioned."

Dorian wanted to say: "Perhaps he is, but as long as I've known him I've never known him to be wrong." She said, "I have presents for you and Dad and Ted and other people, but they're in the trunk. I'll give them to you in the morning."

Thomas Lane, wearing a faded old dressing-gown, was sitting in the chair by the window smoking his pipe when his wife came in.

"I suppose you're very pleased about this Janet."

Her voice was a little sharp. "Aren't you? Think what she's done! Think what she's going to be! Now don't be difficult. She isn't married yet, and we're going to meet him this week-end. Don't make her unhappy."

He looked up. "I don't have to. She is unhappy."

"Nonsense. She's tired. She's been under a strain."

"If she's a picture of a happily engaged girl in love I'll eat my hat! No, Janet. There is something she isn't telling us. I don't like it. And I don't like the idea of her being married in New York. A girl ought to be married in her own church or her own home. I don't blame Dorian. I can see she hasn't had much to say in the matter. And that's not all. She never will."

"You're imagining things. Everything is going to be all right. Everything is going to be fine. You just don't want her to leave Parkton."

He said stubbornly, "I want her to be happy."

There were new white ruffled curtains on the windows in Dorian's room. She went to the window and looked out, seeing the street dark beneath an overcast sky. It was good to be home, to be in her own quiet room with the old mahogany furniture, old four-poster bed, and the colorful hooked rugs that Aunt Martha had made for her in the last year of her life.

She had seen so much since last she was in this room, and so many new people had come into her life. Was Pat married to Terry Kelly now? And what of Fern, who had been evasive about their meeting again?

And where was Miles tonight? No use to evade that question in the quiet room. Where was Miles tonight? She thought. And always I'll wonder where he is and if he's happy and if he loved me.

MILES went to his room from an early dinner at the small inn outside Brussels. He lit his pipe and opened again the letter he had received from his father that morning. "Things are better here," some people thought was a foolish investment a few years back is again bringing excellent results. So I'm planning to enlarge the factory. There are other things, too, I won't go into now. Time enough for you to think about business when you get home. But I am optimistic.

"Need any money?" "The boys are great and the new housekeeper the best yet. She takes an interest."

Slowly Miles put his father's cheerful letter back into the envelope. His face burned as he thought, "It's a fine time to know it is going to be better with us. Do I need some more money? Father's a brick, but . . ."

The irony of it! If only he had known a few weeks ago "I'd have been in the race for Dorian and I wouldn't have got out until I knew I was licked!" Dorian in his mind again, never out of his mind! Never to stop loving her and wanting her! Never to stop believing that they had been, as Fern had said, "So right together."

Thomas Lane looked over his spectacles when his stenographer came in and said, "Your daughter is here to see you, Mr. Lane."

"Send her in," Dorian said to him. He could not remember the last time she had come to his office.

Taking off his glasses, he smiled at her as she came in.

"Hello, Dad!" "Come in!"

"I thought we might have lunch together."

He beamed. "Splendid! Of course! I'm delighted." But he was puzzled, too, and curious.

They went down the street to a restaurant.

He looked at her across the table. "Is there anything on your mind—anything special?"

She looked around the crowded, noisy little place. "Yes, there is. But I can't talk about it here very well. Can't we—could you take me for a little ride?"

"Of course."

He took her several miles out of town and stopped the car beneath huge old trees that grew along the river. She got out and he followed her to the river bank. Then she pulled off her hat and looked at him.

"Dad, I'm not going to marry Bart Waring."

He nodded and smiled. "So you worked it out for yourself . . ."

"You knew! How did you know? How could you possibly know?"

"I know you, Dorian."

She was trembling. "I had to come home to find out, Dad. I had to come back to my own room. I had to come back—to you. I haven't been clear-headed. I've made a terrible mistake and hurt people. And I thought I was so certain. It wasn't love. It was—infatuation. It was fine while we were on the ship because ship life is glamorous. But I can't share Bart's life and the kind of people he knows. I wouldn't belong. It isn't because I'm afraid or I don't think I'm good enough or capable enough . . ."

"You are," her father said.

Strange, how calm she was suddenly. "It's all gone out of me. And now all I can feel for him is respect and admiration and tenderness. He's been wonderful to me. I can't reproach him for anything, ever. I knew two women on the ship who were running away from themselves—and the truth. I knew them well. I didn't realise I was doing the same." She looked up at him. "I hate myself for this. I've always tried to think in a clear straight line."

"But emotions make you go haywire," her father said. "You can't always regulate them. Even the most balanced, most solid people go off on a tangent."

"But I thought I understood myself better than that."

"Nature goes haywire, too, Dorian." "It was lovely while it lasted. Please understand that it isn't his fault; that he hasn't done anything to make me change my mind. I've been falling out of love with him ever since we came back. I tried to feel as I felt on the ship, the kind of magic when he was near, a kind of ecstasy. But I couldn't. And when he took me to his friends and they began to manage me and arrange my life for me . . . Someone told me I'd had stardust thrown in my eyes. I've burned it out since I've been home. There isn't any left."

"You still look tired."

"I haven't slept. You see, if I marry him now, it will be out of loyalty and because—because Mother wants it so much. But I can't!"

"You were fighting this when you came home."

She nodded. "Yes. But I was stubborn. I refused to believe I'd been wrong."

"You've thought it out pretty carefully, haven't you?"

"For days and nights." Days and nights she hoped to forget. Days and nights when a part of her had told her, "You are fortunate. You should be grateful. You do love Bart. You are not wrong. Weren't you in love with him the first moment you saw him?"

He loves you. He asked you to marry him." While another part of her had shouted at her, "You are lying to yourself, Dorian! It is wrong!" Her true self shouting truths at her, Thomas Lane's clear-headed daughter.

Her father looked at her kindly and smiled. "Who is it you are in love with?"

Dorian's eyes filled with tears. "You know that, too, Dad?"

"No. I'm just guessing this time. It isn't Tommy Saunders?"

She shook her head. "No. It isn't Tommy. It's Miles Kennedy, who was on the cruise, too, and who is still abroad. Oh, Dad, I've made such a mess of everything! Don't tell me you'll help me straighten it out. I've got to do it myself. I got myself into it."

"Who is Miles Kennedy?"

Tired as her eyes were, suddenly they were luminous.

"Miles Kennedy is a boy just out of college, and the longer he is away from me the more I love him, the more I understand and appreciate him. The longer Bart is away from me the less I love him. I've realised, too, that in some of my tenderest moments with Bart I thought of Miles."

"Does Miles Kennedy love you?"

"They told me he did, but he didn't show it. Nothing, ever. I don't know where he is or when he'll be back or whether or not he loved me. I'll never know."

Mrs. Lane had just come in when Dorian came into the kitchen, her hat in her hand.

"Mother, I'm not going to marry Bart."

Janet looked at Dorian incredulously. Dorian shook her head slowly. "I'm not in love with him. It was all a mistake. I'm going to New York today to tell him."

"You'll do no such thing! Have you lost your mind?" Dorian . . .

"I did lose it, but I found it again. It's no use to argue or try to persuade me. I can't marry Bart. I can't. I'm sorry. I know you're disappointed. I know you've always wanted the best things for me, the things you never had. But my idea of the best things isn't money. We have to work out for ourselves the things we want most. What's valuable and worth while to some people is worthless to others. And all that Bart would give me is worthless to me."

She drew a quick breath.

"Does a man want to marry a girl who doesn't love him? Bart doesn't. It's unfair. It's lying and cheating. I've got to live honestly. You see, there is someone else . . ."

"So that's it?"

"Yes," quickly. "It's Miles Kennedy, who was on the cruise, too. Miles is young and poor, but I love him and I can't marry Bart, loving Miles."

Janet said, "You'll go back to the bank on Monday then, I suppose. When are you going to New York?"

"As soon as I can get ready." She started to go but stood still again and looked at her mother. "You've always been such a brave fighter. I'm sorry for making you feel defeated now."

Janet looked up and smiled faintly. "Come here, dear." And when Dorian went to her she took her hand, looked at her and said, "I suppose I've always wanted things as I wanted them. For my family, too."

"Do you understand what I'm doing and why I'm doing it?"

"I'll try. Is there anything I can do?"

"Just understand."

"Your father won't be sorry." She smiled again. "You know he has the most amazing way of knowing when

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something is wrong. There's a train at three-thirty."

Bart was lunching with Dick Pelham in New York.

Bart had been discussing architects when Dick interrupted with, "Remind me to tell you something when you finish. It's been on my mind ever since you've been back, but what with your engagement to Dorian and business, I haven't remembered. Sorry. It's about giving a woman a job. Dave Barrett from Baltimore called me. I'd really like to do something."

Bart smiled. "We've two widows now who still type with two fingers."

But Dick looked serious. "This is another widow who can't type at all! Jim Marshall's wife. Do you remember . . . Didn't you hear . . ."

Bart sat up. "Jim Marshall? What? Jim Marshall?"

"Didn't you hear about it? I thought I'd told you. The Baltimore Jim Marshall. He cracked up. Lost everything and died. You knew his firm. He left a wife and child. Pathetic case. It happened a couple of months ago."

Bart's voice had a knife in it. "Jim Marshall of Baltimore?"

Dick said, "Yes, that's the one. I didn't know him well. Met him a couple of times. Did you know him?"

Bart's left hand clenched. He said quietly, "I used to." Then, "What is her name, his wife's name?"

"I don't remember. She's been calling up every day and I haven't had the time to see her. Meant to, but you know how it's been lately. I'd like to do something for her, at least until she gets on her feet. There's nothing left. Everything went—the house, the furnishings, the cars. It was too much for him. Dave said she'd been away on a cruise to try to pull herself together."

Bart stared. "Where is she now?"

Dick named a small, moderately priced hotel. Looking across the table, he frowned. "Why? You look as if . . ."

Bart rose. "I've got to find her."

"Do you know her?"

"Dick, Fern Marshall is the woman I have been in love with for ten years. He understood now. He understood everything now . . .

COMING out into the sunny crowded street, Bart walked fast. It did not occur to him that a taxi would take him to her apartment. At the corner an late motorist swung at him for crossing on a red light. He scarcely heard and continued to cross a series of streets on red lights.

There were people registering and inquiring about mail around the desk of the hotel. He waited, seething. Then he asked if Mrs. James Marshall was in.

The young clerk said, "She isn't in just now. They took her little boy to the hospital this morning with virus pneumonia."

It was the second time in Bart's life that mere words stunned and crushed him. The first time had been ten years ago when Fern said she would not marry him.

"What hospital?"

Bart came out of the hotel and grabbed a taxi.

"Hurry! As fast as you can," he said to the driver.

His thoughts flew. He could think of no one thing for more than a second. But Fern's face was before him. Of Dorian he did not think. She did not exist.

"Can't you hurry? This is an emergency."

Yes, Stephen Marshall was a patient, he was told, but he was permitted no visitors. But he would find Mrs. Marshall in the waiting-room on the third floor.

The waiting-room on the third floor, Bart stood on the threshold of the room and looked at Fern. She had lifted her head and was looking at him. She wore a dark dress with pearls at her throat. She wore no hat.

Her mouth formed his name, but he couldn't hear it . . .

When she arose he went to her and put his arms around her. No pretence now. Stronger . . . he felt happier than he had felt in ten years and at the same time desperately unhappy . . . She said nothing, but she clung to him, shaking.

"How is he?"

"I don't know. They won't tell me." Her words were almost lost because her face was pressed against his shoulder.

Bart said, "I know. I know everything."

He held her tightly, realising suddenly that he was holding her up.

"Fern, this is probably not the time to say it, and yet I don't think there could be a better time . . . I want you to marry me at once."

When she stirred he said: "It isn't because I'm sorry for you or because you need me now. I have needed you for ten years. I have loved you all that long time. Let me . . ."

She broke away a little and looked up at him. "Bart, are you sure . . ."

"If I could, I'd take my heart out and show you that you have been in it all the time—only you."

"Bart . . ."

"There never has been anyone but you."

She said softly, "Nor has there been anyone else for me except you. I couldn't tell you ten years ago. I lied to you then. I was a dutiful daughter, Bart, so many years and so many mistakes and so many regrets. It wasn't Jim's fault what happened. He was very good to me. But I never loved him. It was you. And when I saw you on the ship I knew then I hadn't been loving a young dream of long ago. I knew it was still you. Always you."

"How I've hurt you. Blundering, swaggering, stupid . . ."

"Dorian . . ."

It was then that Bart thought of Dorian for the first time. But he dismissed her from his mind.

"Have you eaten?"

"Not since yesterday."

"Then you're coming out with me now. I'll speak to the nurse. I'll see about doctors and special nurses."

A little later he looked at her over a table in a nearby restaurant. Their eyes met. The corners of her pale, full mouth turned up a little.

"I feel better now, Bart. Much better. More optimistic."

"I won't leave you until we know he's going to pull through. You're splendid, so splendid, Fern. And you're going to marry me."

She smiled. "You've taken complete charge of us."

"Fern, I've loved you for so long! And I'm not going to let one little minute separate us again until you tell me you'll marry me."

"There's Dorian."

He smiled. "You never approved of my marrying her. You approved of Miles Kennedy for her."

"I still do, but I don't want her to be hurt. Where is she now?"

"At her home."

"You never really loved her . . ."

"There were moments when I loved her intensely because she reminded me of you. I loved her—as you love her—because she's gentle and honest and beautiful. If I had never known you and had met Dorian, I'd have wanted her more than I ever wanted any other girl. But you were first."

She smiled and closed her eyes. "Is it real? Is it true?"

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He reached over and took her hand. "It is, I love you!" She opened her eyes. You want—both of us?"

"I have always wanted a son." Then he said, "Perhaps if we have a place with a swimming-pool he'll like me better." And when something terrible happened in her eyes he said, "Don't look like that. He'll come through. We'll take him with us. We'll go to Bermuda as soon as he's well enough to travel."

He smiled again. "I'm talking a great deal, I know. But thoughts are spilling over thoughts of the years we lost and have to make up—together."

"Haven't we better go back to the hospital now?"

"Of course. I'll call Dick and tell him where I am."

As soon as Dick heard his voice, he asked anxiously, "What's it all about, Bart?"

Bart could smile now. "It's something I never told you but you'll know soon enough. Mrs. Marshall's son is in the hospital with pneumonia. I'm not going to leave her until we know he's coming out all right."

"But, Dorian."

He couldn't smile at the sound of her name. "Dick, I am going to marry Mrs. Marshall. I'll telephone you at home tonight."

At midnight he rang Dick.

"He's very low now," Bart said. "They won't tell us much. But we hope . . . we won't stop hoping."

Dick said, "Dorian is in New York. She telephoned here because she couldn't get you at your place. But I didn't tell her anything. I simply said I couldn't get in touch with you until later and that I'd tell you to see her in the morning." He told Bart at what hotel she was staying.

"Thanks. I'll see her tomorrow."

He went back to Fern and sat beside her and put his arm around her. But he did not tell her that Dorian was here. Towards morning Fern slept. He had to awaken her when the nurse came to tell them that Stephen was better.

In her hotel room Dorian was awakened by the ringing of the telephone.

"Dorian? This is Bart. How are you, dear?"

"I'm fine, Bart." His voice was heavy. He sounded tired.

"I wasn't expecting you."

"I wanted to see you, Bart. Bart, I want to be free."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes and we'll have breakfast."

"I'll be ready then."

She dressed quickly, and then the phone rang again. Bart was downstairs, he said. There was no gladness in his voice that she was here. Again she thought how tired he sounded.

When she stepped from the elevator and saw him looking haggard, a day's growth of beard on his face, his grey tweeds unpressed, her heart turned over.

Bart said, "Hello, dear," and took both her hands and looked at her, thinking how fresh and lovely she was, thinking the next instant of what he must tell her. "Shall we have breakfast here?"

She nodded and walked ahead, her head pounding. Why did he look like this? What had happened? She thought, "If he's in serious trouble, how can I tell him?"

He asked the waiter to bring orange juice immediately. Then he lit a cigarette and smiled wearily at her.

Then he said, "I have something to

tell you, Dorian." He took a deep breath. "It's pretty brutal. Since yesterday morning I have been with Fern in a hospital here. Stephen has pneumonia. He's better today. He's going to pull through."

Her dark eyes were wide and questioning. "I can answer all your questions rather quickly. You see, Fern and I weren't strangers meeting for the first time on the cruise. We were in love with each other a long time ago."

"I want to marry her, Dorian, if you will . . ."

Dorian didn't know whether she was going to laugh or cry.

She said quickly, "Before you say anything else, Bart, before you make apologies or try to make it easier for me . . . that's why I came—to tell you I couldn't marry you! There are a lot of reasons why, but the chief reason is—Miles . . ."

BART looked stunned. "You're not pretending?"

She shook her head. "No."

"So that's why you came! All these hours we've been wondering how to tell each other and we both had the same thing to tell! Funny, isn't it?"

She thought: Now that I see him again there isn't a single doubt. I just feel relieved. I want to send him on his way to Fern.

"Bart, why did you want to marry me?"

He smiled. "Since we're being strictly truthful—because I wanted to get married and because, with the exception of Fern, you are the only girl I ever considered. You're very much like her."

"You never . . ."

"I never loved you as you thought you loved me."

"I thought I did. I was certain I did. I wasn't playing."

"Don't you think I know? What are you going to do about Miles? He's still abroad, isn't he? He's very deeply in love with you."

"I don't know where he is or when he's coming back or even where his home is here."

He chuckled. "We both look pretty unhappy, but inside we both feel relieved. I just left Fern at her hotel. She's going to try to sleep. I didn't tell her you were here. But late this afternoon I'll tell her. She'll be relieved, too, because she's terribly fond of you. We are going to be married as soon as Stephen is out of the hospital."

Dorian smiled. "And so I'll start again at the bank on Monday morning."

"It isn't fair. Miles Kennedy should drop out of the sky or fly in from the Atlantic. When did you know—about him?"

"Not suddenly. But I missed him so, and I began to remember everything he said, and I couldn't get him out of my mind. Even when I was with you I thought of Miles and the things I wanted to tell him. I couldn't find my love for Miles through my infatuation for you. I'm going home today."

She looked down at her left hand.

"Your ring, Bart . . ."

"You won't keep it? I'd like you to."

"Thank you, but I can't." She slipped it from her finger and gave it to him.

He held her hand and said, "The score is even, Dorian. No engagement was ever broken with less regret and less bitterness. I'm the happiest man in Manhattan at this minute. But you're not the happiest girl." He paused. "Is there anything I can do?"

"You can't make Miles drop out of

the sky. You can't tell him—my love is waiting."

"I would if I could." He smiled again.

He went as far as the elevator with her.

"Dorian, if ever there is anything I can do for you . . ."

"Thank you, Bart." She understood him now. Bart, too, was transparent. She had not been able to find him through his love for Fern.

Dorian went to her room and began putting her things in her bag. An hour later she was on the train, looking out the window on which the rain was beating. The bank on Monday morning, the same routine, the same familiar faces. Everything would be the same . . . except love for Miles—silent and waiting.

Lisa Morrison, blond and pretty, stopped beside Dorian's desk and said, "Hey, wake up! Stop day-dreaming! But I guess if I had as much to remember as you I'd spend a little of the bank's time day-dreaming, too."

Not places, Lisa, not people. Only one person.

She looked up and smiled at Lisa. "I'm not really day-dreaming on the bank's time because it's five minutes past five. Shall we walk home tonight?"

"Fine. See you in the dressing-room."

Dorian glanced at the calendar as she opened her desk to get her bag. It was Friday. It was May. She had been back at the bank three weeks.

Lisa was waiting. When they came out of the building she sniffed the air, laughed, and said, "Ah, spring. Smells good, doesn't it? How about some tennis tomorrow afternoon?"

Dorian said, "After I have lunch with Tommy, Will three o'clock be all right? That will give me time to get home and change. Where—at the high-school courts?"

Lisa nodded. Then she turned her head and looked directly at Dorian.

"Aren't you and Tommy . . . well, I haven't seen you together very much since you've been back."

Dorian smiled. "You forget that Tommy was away when I came back. I've had only one date with him since and it was rather terrible. He tried to tell me something and couldn't."

"You're not . . . I never believed you were . . . But there was somebody you met . . ."

She shook her head. "Yes."

"That's too bad. That's the trouble with going away. You meet men who live too far away."

Before the brown cottage they paused and chatted before Dorian walked slowly up the stone path to the house.

Her father opened the door. "Hello, dear." From the living-room Ted looked up from the comic strips and said, "Hi, Dorian." From the kitchen her mother called cheerfully, "Is it you, Dorian? Dinner is ready. There's mail for you upstairs."

She went upstairs and on her desk was a card—a card from Bermuda from Fern. Hastily Fern had written, "We are very happy and send our love and best wishes. Stephen is recuperating fast."

They were very happy . . . Fern and Bart, but what of Miles and Dorian?

The next afternoon Dorian, wearing a yellow silk playsuit, hurried to the high-school tennis courts where Lisa was waiting in the grove of trees behind the courts.

Lisa said, "Let's get started. The morning paper said we were going to have thunder showers this afternoon. I hope not. I have a date with Bill to-

night and I don't want to get my hair wet."

Dorian played hard against a stronger, more experienced opponent. Wonder if Miles plays good tennis? How good it would be to face him across a sunny court! But how good it would be just to see him, just to be with him, just to hear his laugh—if nothing else!

She missed the ball. More people came to play. Soon the four courts were filled with swift, slender young figures.

"My serve, Lisa."

The game went on.

Fern and Bart were in Bermuda. Fern, the dutiful daughter who married the wealthy man of her mother's choice. Now Fern and Bart. So many years, so many tears before they could say, "We're very happy."

The attractive New York apartment wasn't prison to Lynn Hart now the reckless, desperate Lynn Hart of the cruise ship who had run away from a husband too absorbed in business to realise he was neglecting her.

And Pat was somewhere among the seething millions in New York, too, and with Terry Kelly the man she loved.

"Sorry Lisa."

Lisa laughed. "I'm playing a terrible game myself! Thinking too much about the way my hair is going to look to-night."

Dorian thought. "I'm thinking, too, and waiting. Waiting for what? For Miles to fly across the Atlantic and drop out of the sky?"

"Let's rest a few minutes, Lisa."

In a few minutes they were playing again. Dorian was playing hard again, fighting.

Overhead dark clouds began to fret. The first rumble of thunder sent the players on the other courts hurrying to their cars.

Lisa called. "And we're just getting in our stride! Let's finish this game. My hair is a mess anyway."

They were the only two left on the courts when it began to rain. The game over they began to run to the grove of trees for shelter.

It was Lisa who stopped first, stopped with the rain beating on her. She gave an excited but understanding little laugh and said, "I'll be seeing you. So long," and changed her course and ran across the street to a store.

Then Dorian, her racket in her hand, stopped. No matter that she could feel the rain through the yellow silk playsuit and white tennis shoes. No matter that she could taste the rain and that it blinded her.

She could see well enough. She could see that Miles had flown in from the Atlantic, had dropped out of the sky! She could see Miles standing in the grove of trees with the familiar polo coat over his arm and the familiar brown felt hat in his hand. She could see how sunburned he was, that his eyes were intense—intense and happy and desiring.

She couldn't move and yet somehow she knew she must not only move first but speak first—because she had been wrong. My love is waiting.

She did not know what happened, but that didn't matter. Suddenly the familiar polo coat and the familiar brown felt hat were out of his arms—and she was in them. They stood a long time like that, not saying anything.

"Miles, I was wrong! I . . ." Her voice shook.

"So was I. Stubborn and too proud and a little. But Fern called me. She called. Her love is waiting. That's all I needed to know."

"Fern?"

"Yes. You'll have to tell me the

rest. I can guess what happened with her and Bart. She told me about Bart when we were in Cairo. But you don't have to tell me now. Now I want . . . I don't care about the rain, do you? You see, I've been standing here a long time, looking at you . . ."

Looking at her, a slim yellow streak, her dark hair free and blowing while his heart stopped and started crazily. Looking at her loving her forgetting how tired he was, forgetting that he'd scarcely slept since Fern's message for being so eager to get to her for being so idiotically happy.

"Miles, I love you. I love you. No, I don't mind the rain. You saw me playing tennis but I was thinking of you. I haven't thought of anything else in weeks."

He laughed deeply. "Let me look at you."

"You haven't kissed me yet. You haven't said . . ."

"I'll kiss you first, then say it." He smiled. "Funny, to be so much in love with a girl you haven't kissed." A moment later he said, "I tell in love with you before I even knew your name—the day we sailed."

He wouldn't ask her now what had happened. Later she would tell him. But it didn't matter now. What did anything or anybody matter now?

MILES said. "And so I got the first ship I could get. The dashing around with Ben Ames, his new-found friend at his heels. Ben saying, 'I'm going, too. Haven't I got to be best man? Wouldn't miss it for the world.'"

"Miles, how did Fern know how to find you?"

"I don't know, unless she sent the same message to all the places she knew I was going to visit." Then he said, "Then New York and home. I'll never forget Dad's face when I walked in."

"Like mine when I saw you?"

"No. Not quite." He put his lips against her hair. "I don't think I've ever seen anyone look as you looked when you saw me. That told me everything I wanted to know."

"That my love is waiting has been waiting."

"I knew I was only a few steps from it."

Against his shoulder she laughed quietly. "I interrupted you."

"I told Dad then. He was furious."

"Furious?" She held her breath.

"Because I dropped out of the race in the beginning. Said he was ashamed of me."

"Oh!"

"So here I am. Here we are. On, I'm forgetting something. I went to your house and met your family. Your father opened the door and said, 'You're Miles Kennedy, aren't you? Come right in, young man.' Your mother was there, too. We didn't waste any words. We didn't even sit down! I said, 'Mr. Lane, I want to marry your daughter.'"

He grinned and said, "Well, what's keeping you? She's playing tennis on the high-school court just three blocks away, playing very bad tennis, in doubt, because she's eating her heart out over you. Your mother didn't say anything but she looked—glad."

Dorian said softly. "And now I'll tell you . . ."

He looked at her and smiled the crooked, charming smile. "No, don't darling. What difference does it make now? What difference does anything make now? But I haven't finished telling you . . ."

"Miles, let's never finish telling each other how dear we are to each other, how important . . ."

"And how necessary." Then he said, "Your eyes are shining. They came back and haunted me. I've done most of the talking, but I haven't finished."

"Go on! I love it! I love hearing your voice, so close, I love my face against your shoulder . . ."

"About marrying me if . . ."

"Don't say it . . ."

"When then?"

"Soon. Very soon."

"That's what I wanted you to say."

"That's why I wasn't here a few days sooner. I wanted to get everything straightened out."

"And is it?"

He laughed. "Is it? I left my father and Ben Ames at the Parkton Hotel. Ben came all the way from Europe to be our best man. And he'll probably clutter up our living-room for a few years until he decides to get married himself. And that reminds me . . ."

About living-rooms. I have the apartment, too! In Boston. There's a big living-room with a fireplace, and shelves for books." He paused and laughed, another deep, happy laugh.

"Hey! I'm getting ahead of myself."

"You're practically breathless! Shall I go on?" She put her arms around him more tightly. "You'll take me home now, and then you'll go for your father and Ben. I don't want them to see me looking like this! You'll bring them back and our fathers will like each other and Ben and I will like each other and mother will like everybody. And because I know there isn't enough to feed three extra men tonight Dad will take us to the hotel for dinner. Everybody will talk a great deal. There's tomorrow, too. And on Monday we'll be married."

"And go either north or south in the new car Dad gave us for a wedding present. If you'll look over my shoulder you'll see it."

She looked over his shoulder. It was a grey coupe very new, very shiny, and very wet at the moment.

Miles smiled. "And about business in Boston—it's better. And about money—there won't be much."

"I don't care. You know I don't care."

"And about loving you?"

"I do care. It's all I care about, my loving you, your loving me, and our never being separated." A big living-room with a fireplace, and shelves for books somewhere in Boston.

"And about the rain?"

She looked about. "It's stopped."

"Shall we go now?" He picked up his hat and coat, and put his coat around her.

Dorian said. "I shall see to it that no moths get in this coat. I'm very sentimental about it."

He grinned. "You'd better see to it that no moths get in any of my clothes! I may have to wear what I have for a long time."

He took her in his arms again and kissed her. Then they walked over the wet grass to the shiny new car. They stood there, hand in hand, looking at it. Then, looking very young and dishevelled and very much in love, they looked at each other and smiled.

It had begun to rain again. But they didn't notice. They didn't care . . .

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CTT-12

Continuing The Iron Cobweb

from page 5

Oliver's eyes. "The cards were all in order when I put the presents in the corner cabinet, Oliver. I know that as well as I know I'm standing here. Whatever happened to them happened after I put them away."

"The cards weren't attached," Oliver pointed out. "Maybe they slithered around."

"And slithered back on to other packages, like the well-trained cards they are?" said Elizabeth with scorn.

There was a flat, uncompromising silence. "Look here," said Oliver, calmly, reasonably. "Are you suggesting that someone deliberately changed them around? I know it's early for me to be up, but—what's the point?"

"This," said Elizabeth, facing him suddenly, "just—this. So that you won't believe me and we can stand here like this, not liking each other very much. It's foolproof, isn't it, Oliver? It happens every time."

"Elizabeth—" she said unsteadily. "Go and see what's the matter, can't you?"

Ten minutes later she was back in the living-room with Oliver and Constance, opening her presents, thanking them both. Oliver had a new watchfulness, and she had to endure her cousin's grey, unwinking gaze.

She tried on the wide, tailored white-gold bracelet from Oliver and rubbed Constance's frozen cologne on her wrists and pretended pleasure. Underneath, her anger and shock pounded as steadily as her pulse.

How could they both believe—as they obviously did—that she had mixed up their presents through carelessness? You could only do a thing like that if you were hopelessly drunk or under the influence of—

Oh! thought Elizabeth, cold and aware.

The six missing sleeping pills. Suppose, for instance, that she had come back, tired and nervous, from a shopping trip; suppose she had taken one or even two of the soothing little things and lain down to sleep. Suppose she had not been able to sleep, in spite of the comfortable haze, and had got up to wrap presents instead...

Was that it, was that to be the explanation?

Elizabeth was suddenly and furiously angry. To be at the mercy of hidden manipulation, to have her husband and her cousin go along with it so blindly—it was the only excuse she could find, later, for what she did next.

Maire was piling her tiny dishes absently on the floor, chanting the ingredients of a pie. "Some mustard and some sugar and some salt and some apple sauce, that will be a lovely pie."

"Lovely indeed," said Elizabeth. "Shall we ask the oom to dinner, maybe?"

It was as though she had released a spring. Maire dropped the dishes with a clatter and went plummeting into her lap; after one wild glance around her and a gasped "Oom in the house?" she buried her face in Elizabeth's throat.

What should have been triumph turned instead to shame and a deep worry over the child's violently pounding heart. Elizabeth stroked the pink-gold curls, hating herself, and said, "It's all right, darling, there's no oom. There's nothing here to hurt you, Maire, you know we'd never let anything hurt you..."

Maire had seen something outside the house, then. And was terrified of its getting in.

ELIZABETH

lifted her head above Maire's and saw Constance's concerned face and Oliver's frown. Oliver said slowly, "I see what you mean. Noreen will be back tonight; let's not forget to ask her."

But Noreen wasn't back that night, or the next day. And Elizabeth, who had thought she was taxed to capacity, began to know a new and sharper fear.

The snow began at a little before three o'clock on the day after Christmas. It was gentle and tentative at first, a faint stalling against the down-drawn light. By three-thirty the afternoon was white and whirling with it, and Elizabeth, watching at the living-room windows, found that it gave an edge to her growing uneasiness.

She had wondered last night at Noreen's non-appearance; she had been mildly annoyed that morning. When the telephone call an hour ago had turned out to be Oliver, asking if she had heard from the girl, she realised the extent of her worry.

But nothing could have happened to Noreen. It was nonsense to connect her absence with Maire's sudden terror, with the ghostly, ringing "Oom."

Behind her, on the floor, Maire said interestedly, "What's that?" and Elizabeth turned to

watch Jeep scribbling intently on a sheet of paper.

"Bear," said Jeep tersely.

"Where's his head?"

The pencil never faltered.

"Got no head," Jeep said in a tone precluding further discussion, and the telephone rang.

It was Lucy Brent, asking her in mock-tragic tones to come over and see the puppy Steven had given her for Christmas.

"It looks like an overgrown mouse, and—oh, stop that—it isn't liking what I gave it for breakfast. Come over and help me bear this, will you?"

"I can't," Constance is out and," Elizabeth said, peculiarly reluctant, "Noreen isn't back."

"Oh, but I thought she—well, well," said Lucy with a kind of reviving sparkle. "I've got the car today—do you suppose I could shut this creature into the bathroom with some newspaper and come over there? Does one do that with a month-old puppy?"

She arrived three-quarters of an hour later, just after Elizabeth had installed the children with a basket of blocks on the dining-room floor. She entered like a commando, looking piercingly all around her as though Noreen might be concealing herself behind a chair, challenging Elizabeth at once.

"Of all days to be left to your own resources—but then you're entirely too easy-going with servants. Have you heard from her at all?"

"No, I'm quite worried, as a matter of fact."

"Worried?" Lucy produced her lorgnette and stared. "My good girl, why? She'll come back when she's ready, when she's got over Christmas—with a dying uncle or an ailing niece to account for all this. They always do."

Elizabeth listened to the crisp, dismissing voice and looked at Lucy's haggard, faintly haughty assurance and thought about Noreen's huge, frightened eyes. She felt her annoyance bobbing up like a cork, and she made no effort at all to restrain it.

She said, "Lucy, be fair. You don't like the girl, you never have. If you have any reason to distrust her, or if you know something about her that I don't, I wish you'd tell me."

In the startled second of silence that followed, Maire aimed a block expertly at Jeep's head, and there was an instant storm of tears. Elizabeth lifted him soothingly to her lap and informed Maire

To page 44

★ As I read the stars ★

★ By ★
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): While the morning of September 2 is adverse, if you are seeking favors in the employment field, the afternoon is excellent. Outings are enjoyable, September 5.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Luck may be a magic carpet, August 31. Watch for opportunities in personal or business affairs. Lovers' tiffs, September 1, will soon blow over.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Right on your doorstep, September 3 may begin a wonderful new project, likely to be completed by September 6 to your great satisfaction.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Family or neighborhood gossip August 31 might lead up to a plan affecting a group of those around you, bringing pleasure to all.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Put your assets and liabilities down in black and white, with a plan for the next three weeks, August 31. September 5 may add up better than you hoped.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): News from a distance, short trips over the week-end or written applications, September 3, may produce surprising results. September 6 fine for romance.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You are in danger of having your feelings hurt, September 1; don't exaggerate the importance of the situation. September 6 may explain much.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): The evening of September 2 is under kindly stars for young and romantic natives. Their elders find scope in club-meetings, social interests. September 4 disappointing.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Popularity may suffer an eclipse, September 1; alternatively you may spend more money than you intended. September 3 is kind to job seekers.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If a student, or if active on committees, or if desirous of changes in your present set-up, August 31 is worth watching. September 2 shows interesting developments.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): September 1 may bring a challenge, with increasing obstacles appearing September 2, but, September 4, you can wring victory from defeat.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A piece of good luck, probably through the opposite sex, may brighten September 1. September 5, go along with the crowd; be one of the team.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beans and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found."

How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself—keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arid kills odor instantly—keeps you shower-bath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arid—and be sure!

"Twasn't glass slippers,"
said Cinderella,
"But TRUSHAY'd hands
that won my fella."

Here's the PAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

You feel distinct comfort immediately you put on a little Sloan's Liniment. Then, in only a few minutes, the warming EXTRA blood flow induced gives you soothing relief from pain. For quick relief of backache, stiffness, neuritis, lumbago, strains and sprains.

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Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Whooping Cough ruin your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendocin, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to eliminate through the blood, quickly soothing the attack. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through, in comfort, when the night coughing begins. Get Mendocin from your chemist or write to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma, Coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

"Pole hands I love
beside the Shalimar . . ."
(TRUSHAY'd hands
are lovelier by far!)



Do you sag at the sink?



Or do you droop when you're dusting, bulge when you're bed-making, pop-out when you're polishing? Well, do you?

The lovely young lady we've shown here is wearing a washing-up girdle. It's also a dusting, bed-making, polishing and housework girdle.

Here's the point we want to make. You know that keeping house is a full time job — so is figure control.

Honestly, what's the use of keeping yourself in fine shape when you step out, and then undoing all the good by falling apart around the house? And when you come to think of it, you have real benefits to gain from having more than one foundation garment. As a matter of fact, you really need 3 girdles and 6 bras.

Ridiculous!
Too expensive!!
Unnecessary!!!

We know the thoughts that are running through your mind. But let's be practical about it. One girdle can't do a job of figure control for you, any more than one hat or one pair of shoes or one dress can keep you looking your best.

And what about the down-right economy of the situation? It's false economy to have only one girdle, because it's made with live elastic — and like you, it gets tired, it loses its elasticity and then you just don't get the support, the control, the comfort you need.

You have a wardrobe of lovely things, you should have a wardrobe of Berlei foundations — then they all last so much longer.

Take the lovely young lady in this advertisement. She's wearing our new "Youthlyne" 6084 girdle. Looks fine doesn't it? It's comfortable, light and flexible. Why, you only realise you're wearing a girdle when it's time to take it off!

Berlei makes girdles and bras for every figure type for every possible occasion. Remember, it's what you put *under* what you put on that counts.

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Double quick!

Y-Cough is a balanced prescription containing the three essentials that Nature needs to cure your cold quickly: A gentle sedative to check irritation and inflammation; a mild laxative ingredient which helps banish the infectious germs and a pectoral ingredient to break up congestion. Y-Cough stops your cough quickly—so...

why cough?

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that if there was any more throwing of blocks she would confiscate them at once.

Jeep went back to the dining-room and said furiously, "Mama says you are a bad, bad girl."

And Lucy had had time to recover herself, to look hurt and surprised. "I didn't mean to upset you, Elizabeth—heavens, I hardly know the girl. It's just that an absence after Christmas does look rather like head-holding."

"If it were that," said Elizabeth, "and it's very difficult to believe that it is when you know her, she'd call me—with an excuse, I admit, but she'd call."

Lucy shrugged. Elizabeth thought, watching her, she does know something about Noreen, or thinks she does. Is that why they're so hostile to each other?

And then, because it was never very far from her mind, she thought about the Hotel Savoia, and it stung across her consciousness like an electric current: Is it possible that Noreen knows something about Lucy?

Lucy was prepared to retreat; she said mildly, "Well, the fact remains that she isn't here and hasn't called you. She'd be rather a handful to kidnap. What's your explanation?"

"I don't know," She was taken up, for the moment, with the memory of Noreen's eyes meeting Lucy's that day on the stairs, level, equal, unafraid. Recognising? She said again, slowly, "I don't know."

Lucy changed the subject briskly. "She'll turn up. It's a nuisance for you, that's all, stopping your work dead—Have a nice Christmas?"

She had put away the lorgnette, and her eyes looked bright and candidly inquiring. Lucy had known where Elizabeth's presents were stowed, had stood at the door of the cabinet one day, saying ruefully, "Aren't you lucky, you're all done..."

"Very nice." Careful; she would never get anywhere if she couldn't seem as casual as whoever it was who hated her. "Did you?"

"Well, of course, a puppy—" Lucy smiled oddly. "You know, I think it's symbolic on Steven's part. We're to have the pitter of four little feet instead of two, and something to tie Lucy down. It's rather sweet in a way, don't you think?"

Her eyes were bitter. Elizabeth felt embarrassed and unwilling, as though she were looking at a part of Lucy that was inadvertently showing. She said crisply, "Steven thought you'd like a dog and he bought one. As a matter of fact, I'd like one myself for the children, and for when Oliver's away."

Lucy stood up, changed and laughing. "Elizabeth, dear, if there's one thing I envy you it's your nice sensible head."

"Thank you," said Elizabeth equably. "I'd do anything for your good walking ankles. Do you have to go? It's not quite four-thirty."

"I know," Lucy was moving towards the door, fastening the hood of her black raincoat. "But Steven's coming home early, or at least his office said he'd left for the day when I called. Do let me know if I can baby-sit for you or if you hear anything about—"

It was unfortunate that Steven Brent chose exactly that moment to execute a light triple tap at the door.

"... Tuesday, if you're free for lunch," Steven was saying five minutes later. "Gale's been wanting to meet you for some time."

Lucy's car, pulled into the drive where Steven hadn't seen it, had driven away in the snowy half-dark almost at once. He had been startled at the sight of his wife: Lucy, after a single brilliant glance at Elizabeth, was casual and—curt. She wouldn't dream of interrupting them; business was

Continuing

business, wasn't it, even under such pleasant circumstances?

"Tuesday's all right," Elizabeth said.

She was still bewildered and a little angry; she didn't like bearing the brunt of Lucy's coolness, or the knowledge that Steven could have said all this over the phone without embarrassing everyone concerned. It made a situation that couldn't have happened six months ago. It had happened now, and even though it was small and ridiculous it was another reminder of how wrong everything was.

Constance had marshalled the children into the kitchen and was preparing their supper. Snow slid softly against the black window-panes of the porch, and Elizabeth, watching it, wondered uneasily about Noreen.

Lucy had dismissed the girl's disappearance briskly, tolerantly—but it wasn't as simple as that. In the two months of her stay at the house, Noreen had shown herself as reliable as bread and butter, and almost over-conscientious.

"Oun," screamed Maire in memory, and Lucy's echoed voice said, "Rather a handful to kidnap." And here was the night and the snow and the complete lack of communication.

Elizabeth stirred. She had the address where Noreen spent the night once a week with another girl. If she hadn't heard by morning.

"Elizabeth," said Steven with nervous explosiveness, and she came back with a jolt to the porch and the papers he had flung down with unaccustomed violence. "Do you think Lucy's happy?"

OF all things, this was about the last Elizabeth had expected Steven to say; it was, at the moment, the last thing she wanted to hear. She looked carefully at Steven, and he was serious, his face worried out of its usual shy calm, his fingers tapping unevenly at the table-top. Heaven only knew what it had taken to make him say this, even to someone he knew and trusted.

She said cautiously, "I don't know, Steven—I've always thought so," and finished it out silently and unavoidably in her own mind. But then I am not an authority, as I always thought Oliver was happy, too.

She looked at Steven again, and he looked confused and unanswerable. She said, "Why? I mean, are you worried about her health, or—"

"No. It isn't anything like that, it's—" Steven paused, staring down at his linked fingers, before he glanced up again and said uneasily, "I realise it's only a symptom, but this obsession with bridge. Lucy's got so that she lives for it. It isn't natural, and furthermore—"

He stopped himself in time; he didn't say, except by implication, "We can't afford it."

Elizabeth, startled and newly aware, looked back at Lucy's increased sharpness, Lucy borrowing fifty dollars, Lucy bitter about the puppy... and what else might Lucy have shown Steven? Elizabeth was suddenly and immensely weary; she thought, I can fight this for myself, but not for Steven.

Rebellion must have shown in her face, because Steven, pacing, turned and said half-apologetically, "It's not a question people ask, I know. It's just that... women tell other women things."

"Some women," Elizabeth amended, lightly and firmly.

The snow had increased its velvet swing; outside the porch windows, under the apple tree, the ground was alive with luminous sloping shadows.

Steven said suddenly and surprisingly, "You've had enough

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to cope with, haven't you, without this?"

Elizabeth looked wordlessly startled, and he said, "Sorry—I am I speaking out of turn? I thought, the other night when Maire cried out like that—"

She almost told him then. His face was sober and his eyes quietly curious, and she could have got it said without the tears and trembling with which she had told Oliver. And Steven, she knew instinctively, would believe her.

But, distantly, a car went flushing by, and she remembered the lonely tail-light of the Brents' old car dying into the dusk. She would have liked to pin down Steven's impression that Maire had seen something to frighten her here, among them—but she was firmly determined not to discuss Lucy with him, or to be the cause of delaying him an instant longer.

She stood up, and said without answering anything directly, "Everybody hits a low point some time or other. As a matter of fact, it sounds as though Constance is hitting one right now in the kitchen—I'd better take over."

At the door Steven said casually, "Tuesday for lunch, then—I'll call you about the time. Christmas go off all right?"

"Beautifully, thanks..." Closing the door behind him, standing for an instant at one of the flanking windows to watch the white and drowning snow, Elizabeth found that her mouth was still stiff from smiling.

Steven turned at the hedge to wave, and she lifted a hand. All at once the glass and the distant figure and her own gesture sharpened and became the ingredients of another scene.

The face in Noreen's window, the lazily upraised hand. The drench of perfume said that the intruder had been a woman, but the face itself, looked at abstractly, was not

nearly so definite. At that distance, sharply wrong in its surroundings, it could have been a woman's... or a man's.

Elizabeth had the children on their way to bed when Maire's terror returned.

She had been chattering about giving her baby a bath. At the foot of the stairs, without warning, she gave her dreadful clear cry and hurled herself wildly against Elizabeth.

Jeep, clutching his bedtime armful of trucks, stopped in bewilderment. In the living-room, Constance came startledly to her feet, saying, "Good heavens, what is it?"

Elizabeth ignored both of them. She disentangled Maire very gently from her skirts and sat down on the bottom step of the stairs. She made her voice as businesslike as she could, because the commotion along her nerves told her that whatever had frightened Maire was the dark and secret core of her own pursuing evil.

She said, "Now look here, Maire, what's this all about? Where is this—oun?"

Even said like that, crisply and rebukingly, it carried its own small echoes. Elizabeth had a moment of pure unreason, as though something unknown might be there very near them, horribly eager for the summoning. Nonsense.

She stopped holding her breath; she watched Maire's eyes, to which vision had slowly returned.

Maire turned her head, fearfully, still pressing closer against Elizabeth.

Elizabeth anxiously followed the wide, watchful gaze to the paned glass inner door, the small space between that and the front door itself. Nothing there but shadows and a few bright reflections.

"See?" said Elizabeth, ashamed of her own relief. "There's nothing there at all, silly."

Maire gave her a dubious

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look. She was quiet again, but still tense. She repeated slowly and wonderingly, "Nothing there. Oun's all gone," and took her hands out of Elizabeth's and walked sidlingly into the living-room. Elizabeth watched her.

Constance stared as though mesmerized; Jeep said, wriggling, "What Maire doing, Mama?"

Maire seemed unconscious of all of them. She went the length of the room with that odd, wary, stiff-legged gait, keeping well away from the windows, eying the porch door with particular care.

Constance turned her head in fascinated silence. Elizabeth stared everywhere Maire did, and thought, her heart beating hard, something's been at one of the windows.

Because it was glass, any and every glass surface, that Maire was ready to shy at.

But she was, at not-quite-four, quick and self-possessed and almost dangerously without fear. Over-imaginative, possibly, but well aware of the dividing line between fact and her own sportive fancy. And she knew by name everyone and everything that concerned her in the immediate world of the house.

What was it that could leave an observing and articulate child with nothing but a wild, crying syllable to describe it?

"I still think," said Oliver, peering concentratedly at the hub on Jeep's tricycle, "that you're getting wound up over nothing. Everybody takes an illegal day off now and then, and Noreen's been pretty good about that so far. Of course, the day after Christmas isn't the most tactful time to..."

The cotter pin's gone off this. Elizabeth said in a muffled voice, "Suppose something's happened to her?"

Oliver appeared to consider this solemnly before he bent to the tricycle again. "Got a tweezers?"

Elizabeth's irritation escaped. "I wish you'd put that thing down and help me think what to do."

Oliver put the tricycle on its side, dropping his own patience at the same time. "All right—

Continuing

I don't see, frankly, what there is to do."

Elizabeth said, "I could call the police."

"They don't send blood-hounds out after every missing nursemaid—particularly over the holidays," Oliver looked at her and shrugged. "Well, where did she go for Christmas?"

"To an aunt and uncle in Arlington. But it's a two-family house and the phone isn't in their name. Besides, she was coming back early to spend a few hours with the girl she used to room with here in town."

Constance was frowning at her hands. She said unexpectedly, "I quite agree, Elizabeth. If she were sick, or something had come up in the family, she's the kind of girl who'd get in touch with you. And she's so very young and—gullible that it does make you feel responsible."

Oliver looked moody at the joining of forces. "Well then, why don't you go see the other girl—do you know her name?"

"Rosemary Teale—I think it was Rosemary. In Pinckney Court, which I suppose I could find."

Useless, again, to try to define for either of them her own faint but growing dread, her feeling that Noreen and the children stood together in jeopardy, and for the same reason. People didn't bother to conceal things from children or, often, from young, inexperienced, rarely seen-or-spoken-to maids.

Rosemary Teale, Pinckney Court. "I'll go tomorrow," said Elizabeth.

But, as it turned out, she didn't have to.

Rosemary Teale, silhouetted in navy blue against the icy, blinding world of snow, was like a symbol of safety.

She was a short, sturdy girl, perhaps a year or two older than Elizabeth, with an alert, squarish face. Her hair was brief and brown and shiny, her voice had a pleasant little-boy hoarseness. She introduced herself crisply when Elizabeth

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opened the door in answer to the knocker at ten o'clock that morning.

"You're Mrs. March, aren't you? You don't know me, but I'm a friend of Noreen Delaney's—Rosemary Teale. I wonder if I could—"

She stopped, smiling. Elizabeth turned instinctively and saw Maire peering through the bannisters as pink and naked as an infant in arms. She said hastily, "Come in, and excuse me a minute, will you, while I get some clothes on my daughter?"

She carried her sense of reassurance upstairs, and held on to it while she struggled Maire into a dress, located a missing shoe, and separated Jeep from a quiet study of the electric clock in her bedroom. When they were established with old magazines in their own room and she went downstairs again, the reassurance was torn away without pramble.

ROSEMARY Teale, solid and ski-suited in front of the white brick fireplace, said, "I'm worried about Noreen, Mrs. March. I could have phoned, I suppose, but you always feel better if you see people. Have you heard from her at all?"

"No. In fact," said Elizabeth, "I was on the brink of coming to see you. Sit down, won't you, Miss Teale?"

Rosemary Teale sat down. She lighted a cigarette with a concentration of straight dark brows and said in that low, likeably rough voice, "The thing is this. Jill and I—the three of us used to room together—were giving a party on Christmas afternoon. Noreen doesn't drink, but I know she was looking forward to coming—she'd had a dress of Jill's altered to fit her and she said she'd certainly be there. We missed her at the party, and then when I telephoned here and found she hadn't come back, I began to worry."

Constance must have taken the call and forgotten to tell her. Elizabeth looked at the girl in the wing chair and wondered for the first time how much Rosemary Teale had been told about the March household. The silences, the hostilities, the small, inexplicable happenings.

She felt her way, cautiously. "It's seemed to me lately that Noreen's been rather worried herself."

"I'm sure of it," said Rosemary Teale with an instant air of relief. "Funny you should say that, because only the other night I said to Jill—"

What she had said to Jill boiled down disappointingly to what Elizabeth had observed for herself: a vague depression on Noreen's part, a haunted air, a thorough retreat into silence.

"Except about Maire," said Rosemary Teale. "She's very fond of your little boy—Jeep, is it?—but she worships Maire."

Elizabeth listened and felt herself grow tighter. She said suddenly, interrupting, "Have you her aunt's address in Arlington? If I can get away I'll go there this afternoon."

Yancy Street, Hertford, Lincoln . . . Sycamore. Elizabeth made a right turn and drove slowly down Sycamore Street. It had sounded like a winding and shady road; it stretched endlessly before her, broad, arrow-straight, naked in the thin, windy light.

The frame houses that lined it solidly on either side seemed at first glance to be a uniform mustard-color, with curly fret-work porches and a few steep concrete steps going up.

Elizabeth found a parking place three blocks beyond the one she wanted and began to walk back. The houses weren't

all that broiled yellow; here and there a two-family building reared a bottle-green head. She passed a kerchiefed woman sweeping snow from a porch. A pink-lipped young man who gave her an inviting smile, a group of small boys with snow-balls whom she circled with trepidation. And then she was at No. 203, her heart going at a ridiculous pace.

No. 203 was dressed in preening mustard, its window-frames brown, the windows themselves curtained in straight-hanging white lace. Elizabeth mounted a double flight of concrete steps and walked to the front door, her heels echoing on the wooden porch. She knocked, and gave her attention to a row of flower-pots just visible through curtains at her left.

She told herself resolutely that the door would not open on tragedy.

Behind her in the street the children shouted dimly. Icicles on the porch roof dwindled with hazy, wet little sounds. The painted dark-yellow panels of the door were suddenly snatched from in front of Elizabeth's eyes and she found herself staring at a face instead.

The face said instantly, "Well, what is it?"

His voice was soft and high, ludicrous issuing from the thick, bold, reddish face. Even his glasses were bold, the lenses so thick and curved that behind them his eyes were a huge, fierce concentration of brown. He was a big man, not tall, with a look of solid, quick-moving power. Not Ambrose Miller, Elizabeth decided in a flicker, not anybody's uncle.

She lifted her chin a little in the face of the steady, spectated stare. "I'm looking for Mr. or Mrs. Ambrose Miller. Can you tell me if either of them is in?"

"The Millers?" Again the soft voice, again the scrutiny, calm, taking its time over her scarf, her coat, her booted ankles, rising without hurry to her face. "They live upstairs, but Mr. Miller had a bad spell over Christmas. They don't see people just now."

It was like the door of the room in the Hotel Savoia, closing on what she wanted to know.

Elizabeth said urgently, "Mrs. Miller, then? It's quite important—it's about their niece. I'm a friend of hers. I think if they knew that they might—"

The man had stepped back reluctantly, and they were standing in a small, dusky hall floored in linoleum. There was a brown plush settee, a glass-fronted what-not, a flight of stairs at the back. Over everything a faint compound of dust and horsehair and camphor.

"Niece?" said the man dubiously, eyeing Elizabeth. "Young kid—nineteen, twenty?"

"Yes."

"Dark brown hair, kind of big eyes?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"Well, she isn't here. If she's got any sense she won't come back for a while, either, after the way she took off when Miller's arthritis kicked up. The aunt made a hassle over that. I can tell you, because it was the day after Christmas and—Say." The man craned up the stairs, cautiously, and then back at Elizabeth. "You wouldn't be the one who called for her, would you?"

Called for her . . . Elizabeth's palms went damp inside her gloves while Jagoe—he introduced himself at last—continued, with relief.

Ambrose Miller had had an especially bad turn—there was a heart complication—on Christmas afternoon, and the

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Continuing . . .

doctor was sent for. Mrs.
Miller had pleaded with her
niece to stay at least until the
following morning, as there was
a great deal to be done for the
sick man, and portions of this
had floated down to Jagoe.

The aunt: "Don't you feel
you owe your uncle and me at
least this much?" Noreen: "Oh,
I wouldn't leave until I knew
he was better. It wasn't the
party I was thinking about, but
I'll have to phone the people
I work for. They're expecting
me tonight."

The aunt again: "I'll call
them from the drug store. After
all, it's your own flesh and
blood."

"But she didn't call," said
Elizabeth involuntarily.
Jagoe gave her a shrewd
sidelong glance. "She wouldn't
if it was over a nickel."

He said that he had missed
the crux of the matter, but
that Mrs. Miller had poured
it tearfully into his ears: how,
while he was out the following
morning, the front doorbell
rang and Noreen was sent to
answer it. How, almost in-
stantly, Noreen returned to the
Miller apartment and without
a word to anyone packed her
overnight bag and, deaf to the
entreaties of her aunt, walked
down the stairs again and out
of the house.

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Mrs. Miller had slipped down
at noon today to use the phone
for the grocery order, and in-
formed Jagoe bitterly that her
niece hadn't even bothered to
call and inquire after her uncle.

The distorted brown eyes
were watching her with sharp
curiosity and a kind of mali-
cious interest.

Elizabeth rose stiffly from the
plush settee. No one had drop-
ped a glove, or a match folder,
or a distinctive cigarette end in
this twilight little half-room.
There was nothing here at all
but what must have been here
for years—the darkly shining
glass of the what-not, the star-
veling settee, the uncarpeted
stairs rising into dimness.

No point in pursuing the re-
sentful Mrs. Miller, thought
Elizabeth, out in the air again.
Noreen's visitor would have
made very sure of that. Bound
her to silence when she re-
turned to the Millers' for her
bag, using a threat or—

Very suddenly, and as though
she were seated beside Eliza-
beth in the moving car, Rose-
mary Teale said again, "Noreen
worships Mairé."

The car jumped, the speed-
ometer needle began, steadily,
to rise.

ALMOST fear-
fully, Elizabeth asked, "Is
everything all right?" the mo-
ment she set eyes on Constance
and the children back at home.
Constance repeated the ques-
tion. She looked tired and
flushed and a little annoyed.
"Why, of course, we got along
very well. Didn't we, chil-
dren?"

"Aunt Constance broke a
cup," announced Mairé; from
the excitement in her face she
had been saving these tidings
for some time.

Constance gave her a severe
glance. "Yes, I did, Miss—
because your brother was about
to knock over a lamp. Jeep, tell
your mother how naughty you
were."

That, thought Elizabeth, was
rather a lot to ask of a small
boy. She said, "You didn't mean
it, did you, Jeep?" and with-
out chancing a reply swept
them off to the kitchen for
bread and butter and milk.
When moderate calm had de-
scended over the table she went
back to the living-room to find
Constance waiting.

Her cousin held a small
round wicker basket on her lap
and was sorting through it in
an abstracted way. Elizabeth
knew without asking that Con-
stance was still searching for
the cotter pin from Jeep's tri-
cycle; she would continue
searching for it, mildly and un-
deflectably, long after it had
been replaced.

It was probably a virtue,
Elizabeth thought, but it could
also be a very great bore in-
deed, and she herself always
kept her lips firmly closed about

a missing glove or lipstick or
earring.

Constance glanced up ex-
pectantly. "Well? Sit down,
Elizabeth, you must be tired—
did you find out anything?"

"Nothing that helps much,"
Elizabeth said, and told her.
Impossible not to remember, as
she did so, that Constance had
left the house early yesterday
morning, shortly after Oliver,
to exchange his Christmas
gloves, which she had bought
at a department store in Lynn.
She hadn't come back until
a little before noon.

"How—peculiar," Constance
was saying slowly. She had stop-
ped probing in the basket and
was staring thoughtfully ahead
of her. "You know, Elizabeth—
of course, it isn't really any
of my affairs and I wouldn't
for worlds go against Oliver's
wishes—it does seem to me
time you did something. I see
Oliver's point about the police,
but under the circumstances—"

Elizabeth's gaze swung up
from her cigarette. Constance
said after the barest of pauses,
"as she is in your employ,
and rather young to be on her
own like this, I think you'd be
amply justified in letting the
police know."

"You're right, of course,"
Elizabeth said, and glanced un-
necessarily at the clock. "I'll
—they may want to come here,
so I think I'll wait until the
children are in bed."

Foolish, even dangerous, to
postpone the deadline.

And utterly impossible to ex-
plain her own last-minute re-
luctance, as though she walked
on the edge of a precipice and
any positive action on her part
would be the equivalent of the
push that would send her
plunging.

"Do," said Constance sooth-
ingly, in her other existence.
"Now, isn't this annoying. I
know I picked up that cotter
pin."

The deadline narrowed. Jane
Perrin phoned to say that her
sister was up from Baltimore,
and would Elizabeth and her
cousin and Oliver come and
meet her over highballs that
evening? Elizabeth said that
they would love to but were
sitterless and went away from
the phone more edgy than she
had been before its beckoning
ring.

Jeep slipped on one of his
beloved trucks and cut his lip
with a tooth. Elizabeth poached
eggs and stirred cocoa and cut
toast into slender fingers, and
kept seeing the clock, and
Oliver's stormy face when she
told him she had called the
police.

With darkness, the melting
know had frozen. The night
was full of tiny sliding reflec-
tions, the lilacs thrust against
the pantry window, bony and
silver. Mairé and Jeep begged
to be excused their bath so
that they could sit under the
lighted Christmas tree, and

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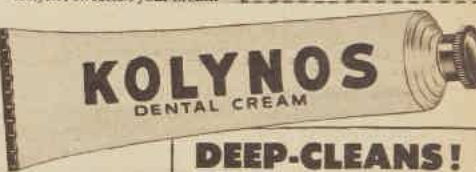
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"Broken Lance" tells the story of a feud between members of a powerful pioneer family of the territory. The top-flight cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Robert Wagner.

The film title is derived from an Indian tradition which signifies that a lance tossed on to the ground between antagonists pro-

claims a blood feud. The broken lance symbolises the feud's end.

When Spencer Tracy agreed to play the key role of a pioneer settler he approached the task with characteristic vigor.

He is an experienced horseman and former polo player, but, since the part calls for strenuous outdoor action, he went into training for four weeks before shooting began, with the roan gelding he rides in the picture.

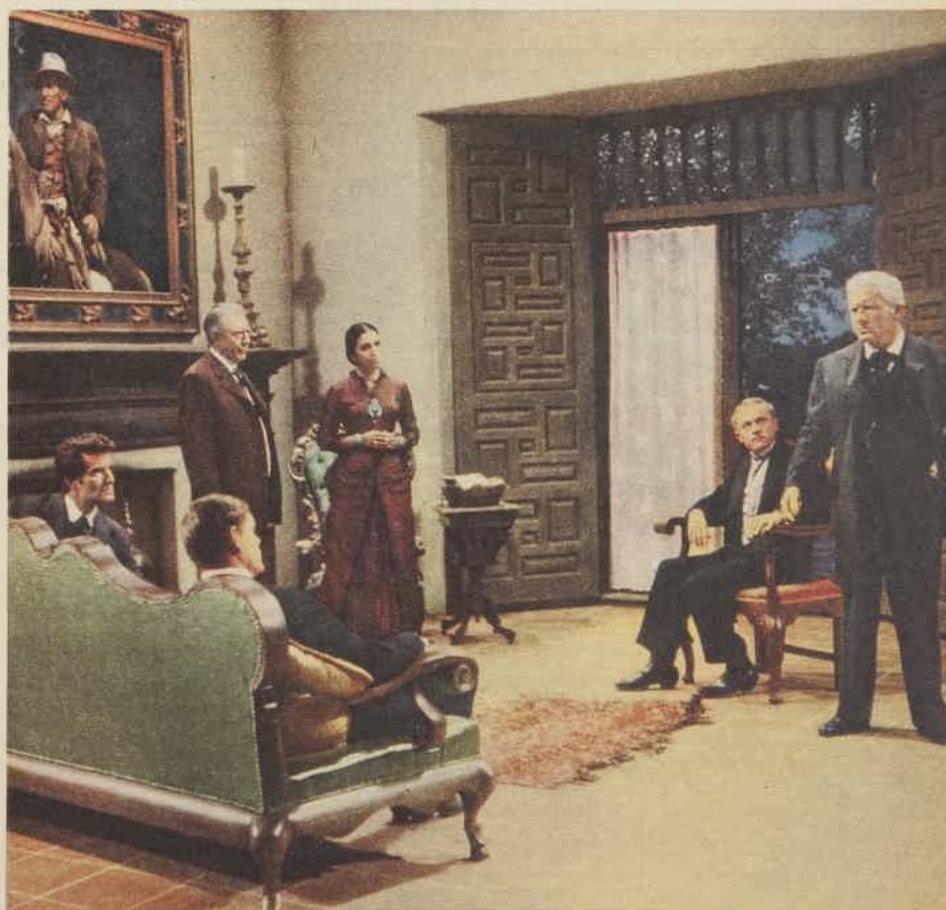
Hollywood regards this preparation as typical of Tracy's serious approach to his work.



RICHARD WIDMARK, one of four sons, defies his father (Spencer Tracy), right, and his Indian step-mother (Katy Jurado) after stealing their ranch. Widmark's typically tough role in "Broken Lance" marks his last appearance as a star with the studio to which he has been under contract for seven years.



SWEETHEARTS in "Broken Lance" are Jean Peters, the territorial governor's daughter, and Robert Wagner, the favorite son of pioneer cattle baron Spencer Tracy.



IN THE RANCH-HOUSE living-room its owner (Spencer Tracy), right, shows displeasure towards two of his sons (Hugh O'Brien and Earl Holliman) who arrive uninvited during a reception. Hugh O'Brien has starred and featured in numerous films in the past few years, Earl Holliman is a new young actor.

NEW OLIVIER FILM

From Hollywood and London

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S plans for filming his next Shakespearian play, "Richard III," are now well under way. Sir Laurence and Vivien Leigh left this week to spy out possible locations in Spain. Spain, where workers are paid in pennies, where the climate is vastly more reliable for any outdoor shooting, and where studio facilities are excellent, is the cheapest country in Europe to make a film.

VAN JOHNSON is delighted with the first part British films have given him as the moody lover of Deborah Kerr in the film of Graham Greene's novel "The End of the Affair." After playing the bobbysox hero so often he says it is refreshing to be getting adult parts at last.

director Vittorio de Sica as her co-star and probably as her director, too.

BUXOM blonde Mac West, now 57, is considering two movie offers and says she'll accept one of them, but refuses to say which one. The picture will be for the wide screen.

FRANCE claims that Audrey Hepburn has accepted the lead in a new film there called "Bonjour Tristesse," and will be arriving shortly from Hollywood. She will have famous Italian actor-

MORE than 3000 extras have been hired by Metro for work in the Lana Turner-Edmund Purdom film, "The Prodigal." Outdoor sets for this picture cover an area of 400,000 square feet.

LUDMILLA TCHERINA is looking for the right man to direct a film idea which she has nursed lovingly for a long time. It is a film of the career of Pavlova—a dream of a role for a dancer-actress like dark, lovely Tcherina. To make more certain of realising her dream, Ludmilla has bought up several scripts relating to the famous dancer's career.

IRVING BERLIN refuses to have his private life publicised. Film tycoon Joe Schenck is said to have offered the pint-sized song writer a million dollars, plus 50 per cent. of the profits, for his life story, but Berlin said no. "I don't want my life done as a motion picture," Berlin explained. "Maybe on television, but not as a movie." Whereupon he began talks with the N.B.C. network about a two-hour television show using his own tunes and life story as the background. Hollywood still wonders why the preference.

THE "sneak preview" of Judy Garland's new film, "A Star Is Born," is still the talk of Hollywood. It was supposed to be a secret but half of Hollywood turned up to see the film, which is widely tipped to be a winner.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Man in the Attic

BBRITISH movie-makers have made a thriller that lacks excitement in key scenes in this adaptation of the Marie Belloc Lowndes book "The Lodger."

Set in the cobbled streets and murky alleys of early Whitechapel, the story concerns the knife slayings of the psychopathic killer known as Jack the Ripper.

Sinister-looking Jack Palance, a movie villain who can usually bring a chill to the back of the neck, builds the title role with some insight into character.

Brought all the way from Hollywood for the occasion,

Palance goes about the nefarious business of doing-in his victims with his now familiar but always effective techniques.

Prowling Whitechapel under cover of darkness, he easily manages to outwit the numerous foot and mounted police involved in the chase.

Every now and again these grim pursuits are enlivened by the appearance of Constance Smith and her theatrical troupe.

Miss Smith, whose pretty face tops a shapely frame, is out of character and period as the actress niece of Palance's landlady (Frances Xavier), and Byron Palmer's stodgy police inspector would never do for Scotland Yard.

In Sydney—Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Wild One," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy. Plus "Flame of Calcutta," technicolor period adventure, starring Patric Knowles, Denise Darcel, Paul Cavanagh.
CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.
EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.
LIBERTY.—★★★ "Naughty Marietta," musical, starring Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes. Commencing 31.3.54. ★ "Rose Marie," technicolor musical, starring Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.
LYRIC.—★★ "The Glenn Miller Story," musical drama, starring James Stewart, June Allyson. Plus "Sierra," Western, starring Audie Murphy. (Both re-releases.)
LYCEUM.—★★ "Johnny Dark," technicolor thriller, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor. Plus ★★ "Fireman, Save My Child," slapstick comedy, starring Spike Jones and his City Slickers.
MAYFAIR.—★ "Beat the Devil," mystery satire, starring Jennifer Jones, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley. Plus featurettes.
PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock on Wood," comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.
PLAZA.—★ "Man in the Attic," thriller, starring Jack Palance, Constance Smith, Byron Palmer. (See review this page.) Plus "Amazon Quest," murder mystery, starring Tom Neal, Carole Mathews.
PALACE.—★★ "Princess and the Pirate," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo. (Re-release.) Plus "Road Agent," Tim Holt Western.
STATE.—★★ "The Red Beret," World War II technicolor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. Plus ★ "Cruisin' Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels.
ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor CinemaScope romantic musical, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom. Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.—★ "Marriage of Figaro," German opera, starring Angelika Hauff, Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender. Plus ★★ "Beauty and the Beast," French-language fantasy, starring Jean Marais, Josette Day. (Re-release.)
VICTORY.—★ "Here Come the Girls," technicolor musical, starring Bob Hope, Arlene Dahl, Rosemary Clooney. Plus ★ "Flight to Tangier," technicolor drama, starring Juan Fontaine, Jack Palance.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—★ "Heidi," Swiss juvenile drama, starring Elisabeth Sigmund, Heinrich Gretler. Plus "Sabaka," technicolor adventure, starring Boris Karloff, Victor Jory.
PARK.—★ "The Moonlighter," Western, starring Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Plus ★ "Highway 301," crime-drama, starring Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey. (Re-release.)
REGENT.—★ "Lucky Me," Warnercolor CinemaScope musical, starring Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers. Plus featurettes.
VARIETY.—★ "Infidelity," Italian-language drama, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittoria De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.



STARS Esther Williams and Howard Keel, costumed for their roles in "Jupiter's Darling," take a midday break with a leopard during filming. Esther plays Anytis, and Keel has the role of Hannibal in this aqua-musical take-off of the famous general's march on Rome.

For purity you must look to a **WHITE** soap!

A WHITE soap
has nothing to hide...

When ingredients used in the making of toilet soaps are highly refined they become colorless. The soap they make is white! The absolute whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is the outward sign of its purity. Only a soap which is so highly refined could possibly be so beautifully white. Soaps which are less highly refined are obviously less clear—less pure.

ONLY A PURE SOAP CAN MAKE YOUR SKIN LOVELIER!

It's easy to have soft, smoothly glowing skin—easy if you use only the purest toilet soap—Lux Toilet Soap. Use Lux Toilet Soap and only Lux Toilet Soap from now on—and day by day you'll see your skin becoming softer, smoother, lovelier.



9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

BETTY GRABLE, lovely 20th Century-Fox Star and young daughters Jessica and Victoria who have their mother's famous smile and lovely skin. Says Betty "Lux Toilet Soap is a real beauty soap. It keeps skin so soft, so smooth—I always use it."

Two women are featured in the advertisement. The woman on the left is wearing a long, white, sleeveless nightgown with a lace-trimmed V-neckline and a full skirt. The woman on the right is wearing a shorter, white, sleeveless nightgown with a lace-trimmed neckline and a full skirt. Both garments have a delicate lace pattern. The background is dark with scattered gold and silver confetti.

Flattering Frosty White

**in Spring's
loveliest lingerie**

Daisy-fresh white in smooth
exquisite *True Milanese* is so very
flattering. Each lace-decked garment
is perfectly designed for beauty and
comfort. Whether you buy the
individual garment or the complete set,
you'll love every moment of their
long and lovely life.



Ask for the "56" set

NIGHTIE • SLIP • VEST • SCANTIES
PANTETTE • SCANTETTE

Also available in

HONEY BEIGE

BLUE MIST

ROSY PINK

Be beautiful in

Lustre



Stay ship-shape
all day!



Here's a tie that keeps its smart good looks all day through—Klipper, the uncrushable wool tie. A Klipper knots without slipping, and sheds wrinkles overnight, ready for another day's wear.

Checks, stripes and plains in colours that stay fresh for years. 7'6 to 12'6.

Ideal Gift
for
Father's Day!

Klipper

UNCRUNSHABLE, WASHABLE Wool Ties

WONDERFUL 3 minute HAIR-REMOVER

There's no need now to run the risk of razor scrapes or cuts. For this amazing cream quickly removes that glamour killer, superfluous hair. What a joy to see your hair-free Veet-smooth skin. Veet leaves no bristly stubble, discourages coarse re-growth. Keep under-arms and legs velvet-smooth with wonderful Veet, the hair-remover. At all chemists and stores.



Large Economy (Double Size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/6
Slightly higher in some countries.
VEET hair-removing cream

HE'S ON A 'CERT'

Early morning track work means rising before day-break for popular jockey, Stan Ralph. After 17 years, he is fairly used to it, but...

"But", says Stan, "early morning track work is cold, mighty cold work. I start about 5.30 a.m., and in between gallops it is Bonox from the vacuum flask for me."

Delicious, warming Bonox is a "cert" to hit the spot these freezing, wintry days. Piping hot Bonox pours concentrated goodness straight into your bloodstream, and strengthens your resistance to 'flu. Today—anywhere, anytime—at cafe, hotel or milk bar, Bonox will give you a 1-4-1! Drink Bonox... at new, low, economical prices.



1. REFORMED gunman Johnny Guitar (Sterling Hayden) gets a job playing the guitar in saloon of former sweetheart, Vienna (Joan Crawford). Vienna is money-mad.



2. DEPUTATION of irate ranchers led by Emma Small (Mercedes McCambridge) demands Vienna's help in capturing her outlaw friend, The Dancin' Kid, wanted for a holdup.

JOHNNY GUITAR



VETERAN actress Joan Crawford makes her debut as a Western heroine in Republic's "Johnny Guitar."

There is plenty of action and romance for Joan in the part of Vienna, an ambitious, strong-willed woman who defies cattle barons, sheriffs, and local badmen.

This story shows what can happen when an angry mob, driven by jealousy and violent feelings, takes the law into its own hands in a lonely frontier township.



3. ARRIVING on the scene, the Kid (Scott Brady), left, denies the holdup. He, Vienna, and Johnny are ordered out of the territory.

4. BANK ROBBERY by the Kid implicates the innocent Vienna and Johnny. Sly Emma claims they are all guilty.



5. ARMED POSSE trails the fugitives. In a gun battle the marshal is killed by one of the Kid's gang. Vienna and one of the young outlaws are captured and taken back to town. The mob burns Vienna's saloon.

6. LYNCHING PARTY tries to hang Vienna and Turkey (Ben Cooper) but Johnny arrives back in town in time to save Vienna from the angry mobsters.



7. GUN DUEL (above) between Emma and Vienna ends with Emma's death. The Kid is arrested and Vienna, her saloon gone, plans to leave.

8. REALISING she is really in love with Johnny (right), Vienna determines to abandon ruthless ambitions and agrees to leave with him.



Elizabeth said yes and went back to the dishes.

The hot water rushed and rinsed; the lilacs tapped at the black panes. Elizabeth turned off the faucet once to make sure that it was only the lilacs; she was suddenly and pricklingly nervous. Which was ridiculous, of course; because Constance and the children were only two rooms away.

You're all alone with Constance, observed her mind.

And: Oliver will be late tonight, because of the icy roads.

She turned sharply and reached for a dish towel, and her unsteady fingers sent a cup smashing to the floor.

She thought, picking up the pieces, that if the beginning

Continuing

of fear had been like a virus, then this was the final, the killing stage, when a random thought could affect her nerves like a pounce in the dark.

She had forgotten the spoons, and the cocoa pot. She carried them to the sink and washed them, moving briskly, making more noise than she had to in order to defy the golden kitchen silence, the black windows, the rattling night.

Because of that, she didn't hear the knock in time. What she did hear was the faint creak of metal as someone tried the knob of the back door. Had it been entirely the lilacs, then?

The Iron Cobweb

from page 47

Who—?

Elizabeth was suddenly so terrified that she dropped the dish towel and stood still, one wrist gripped tightly in her other hand. She could feel the receding hollowness in her chest where fear had hit her like a physical impact, and then desperation carried her out into the middle of the kitchen, where she stood frozen and faced the back door.

It opened, hesitantly, and Noreen Delaney came in.

And Elizabeth stared, shocked, into silence.

Noreen's face, inside the blue figured folds of her kerchief, was white and incredibly worn. The blue-brown shadows under her eyes had deepened until they looked carved, the eyelids themselves were swollen and grey. The small, pale mouth was down-drawn and rigid, as though only the most desperate of efforts were keeping it steady.

Relief, and even any kind of normal greeting, fled from Elizabeth for the long suspended moment in which Noreen stared back across the kitchen at her, eyes empty of everything but fatigue. This was the girl who had left the house three days ago, flushed and smiling.

She found her tongue at last and said very gently, "What's the matter, Noreen?" and Noreen answered her barely above a whisper.

"Do you still want me to work for you, Mrs. March?" "Of course," said Elizabeth, deliberately crisp. "Whatever it is can wait until you've had some hot tea. I'll put water on."

So there was a small cup-and-saucer interval in which Noreen could steady herself, and Elizabeth could try to quiet her own leaping urgency. Instantly told her to go very carefully indeed, now that the prize was within her grasp, because Noreen Delaney must be coaxed and not pulled out of her defensive retreat.

She set the tea to steep, listening tautly to the rustle of fabric, the click of a hanger in the small back hall. She jumped when the swing door from the dining-room opened and Maire put her head inquisitively in.

"Out," said Elizabeth firmly. "Who came in?" asked Maire, equally firm.

"The wind. Back to your records, it's nearly bedtime." Maire vanished. At the stove,

Elizabeth poured tea and was aware out of the corner of her eye that Noreen had emerged into the kitchen again and was standing uncertainly beside the table.

She carried the cups over and managed to set them down without a quiver; she sat down herself with an air of briskness, and after a second or two Noreen murmured her thanks and took the opposite chair.

In the living-room, Constance was evidently aware of the situation: the musical nursery rhymes had reached a strenuous pitch, Elizabeth heard that, and the imperative questions lined up in her own mind. She waited, edged and expectant, while Noreen met her eyes and then bent her head and stirred her tea.

When nothing happened at all after that, when the silence grew harder to break with every passing second, Elizabeth looked hard at the slanted-down face across the table and said, "Something happened over Christmas, didn't it, Noreen?"

"Yes." It was blurred and almost inaudible, and the girl's eyes didn't lift, but still it was a start.

Elizabeth gathered her firmness. "Haven't you better tell me about it? If there's anything at all we can do—the irony of that struck at her even as she said it—"we'd be only too glad to."

She caught the answer to that before it came, because there was so very much at stake. Everything, in fact, depended on this young and frightened girl, inarticulate to begin with, now frozen into muteness. She said, "People can help, sometimes, even when you think they can't."

Noreen looked up then. She said, "There's nothing you can do," in a voice of dead quiet.

Does she know, thought Elizabeth in sudden fury, does she know what a knell that is? Half of her went out in pity to

the beaten-looking girl opposite her; the other half was tigerish, defending everything she loved, seeing a possible ally turning timidly away.

The anger prevailed. She set her cup down with care and said, watching her words as though they were printed on paper. "Look here, Noreen. What you do with your own time isn't any concern of mine. I do think that in this instance, for my own peace of mind, I'm entitled to some sort of explanation. In the first place, you look as though you ought to be in bed—and if you've been ill, or had any kind of shock—that's where you'd better go. Is that it, is that the trouble?"

Silence for a moment, and then the echo of the front door closing. That would be Oliver, Elizabeth thought bleakly, just when she would have wished him miles away.

Noreen was crying soundlessly, her mouth shaking, her lids lowered. The tears slipped down her pale cheeks, and Elizabeth watched them and hardened herself. You could fight with fire, but you couldn't turn timidity on itself.

She said, "Is it something in this house that's kept you away, Noreen?"

The girl shook her head; she didn't look at Elizabeth. Was it impatience at her own tears, an effort at control? Or an answer, to be reassured by?

Elizabeth didn't find out, because the door opened and Oliver came in, with the children noisily in his wake. The kitchen was all at once in turmoil and that, for the time being, was the end of it.

The children were pleased to see Noreen, and Elizabeth, watching with a focus that had narrowed to obscure everything else, watched the girl's arms go lightly around Maire at the first opportunity.

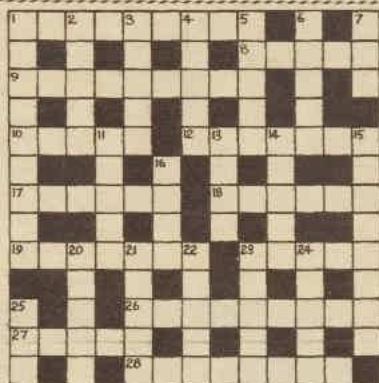
Had Noreen's absence had

To page 55

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Fish product is in a drinking vessel (9).
8. Fish-hook between two meeting lines (5).
9. Could the best mason make these musical instruments (9).
10. Elizabethan author of the first English novel of adventure (9).
12. Mad count of "Il Trovatore" with a nervous twitch (7).
17. Communicate with the devil with skill (6).
18. Outlook for a bookie in a tortoise card before tea (8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Purpose, mostly in temporary shelter (9).
2. False gods. One of them, when turned, saw a great victory of Napoleon in Italy (5).
3. Twaddle with the French on the top of a ridged roof (5).
4. Countermand a printer's measure in the reversed count from 12 across (5).
5. Indian antelope is in his French transgression (5).
6. Take in live stock to feed with a real point (6).
7. Go either way but not necessarily going (3).
11. Left a male farewell (5).
13. A sup of poisonous sap (4).
14. A politician in beer is plenty (6).
15. Feline on a crest of a hill which is a burial place (8).
16. Double-headed button for a well-bred horse? (4).
20. Decay or one of the vanes of a helicopter (5).
21. Isolated tract is on hire (5).
22. Rescues with an inside farewell (5).
23. Fine coffee from the shores of the Red Sea (5).
24. Contract, starting with a broken seal (5).
25. Monkey hidden in a trap engine (3).

K I O N A P P E D P B
 U E N R E D U C E D
 D R A G G L E C P O M E
 O D E S C A N I L E
 S I M P L E T O N L V
 A O T I
 M A N G O S I S A L
 A C S C
 S A S C E R T A I N
 T U T O R H O R A
 I T A I E N V E L O P
 P A G I N E T E S E
 F E A B E R R A T E S

Solution to last week's crossword

GRANDMA DOES A BIG WASH EVERY DAY!

SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK A BIG WASH EVERY DAY A HARSHIP. THANKS TO RINSO I'M THROUGH IN NO TIME—AND EVERYTHING PERFECT FROM BABY CLOTHES TO HEAVY WORKING OVERALLS!

WITH A FAMILY OUR SIZE, THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF WASHING-UP. RINSO GETS EVERYTHING SPARKLING-CLEAN SO QUICKLY... AND IT KEEPS MY HANDS NICE, TOO!



Mrs. D. Poelitz, of Annandale, N.S.W., has at least two big lines full of washing every day. This modern grandmother does all the washing for her own and her daughter's family, who live with her.



RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS make washing easier

With eight in the family, washing piles up all the time. Mrs. Poelitz takes it so calmly—with Rinso on the laundry shelf. Her whites are always dazzling white, her coloureds brighter than new. And those same thicker, richer Rinso suds make short work of the biggest wash-up. No slow, old-fashioned bar soap for this family. Mrs. Poelitz and her daughter have proved that Rinso is best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes!



RINSO is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines.

Z.150.WW74q

Smart mothers know

THIS MEANS COMFORT TO THE MEN OF THE FAMILY

GENUINE

Jockey

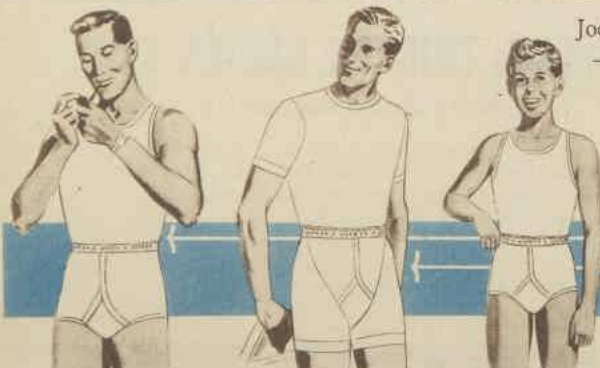
BRAND

UNDERWEAR

by *Coopers*



Do something for Dad's personal comfort... give him genuine Jockey brand underwear, the world-famous scientifically designed underwear that makes a man feel comfortable, perfectly at ease, every hour of the day. And for the young man of the family—genuine Jockey Junior underwear—just like Dad's.



Jockey underwear has no buttons to come off—needs no ironing. Choose from four basic Jockey styles—each sold separately and obtainable at leading Department and Men's Wear Stores.

Jockey contoured Athletic
Jockey contoured T-shirt
Jockey Junior Athletic
Jockey Junior Shorts
... for all boys

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY—IT'S MADE BY



REGISTERED TRADE MARKS. Manufactured in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., under licence from Coopers Inc., U.S.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 1, 1954

anything to do with a threat to the child—was Maire, who had been shaken to her centre by what she called "the oon," to become a target, too?

It was an intolerable thought. Elizabeth thrust it back with an effort and concentrated on the reactions instead.

Oliver said flatly, "I think you're being hard on the girl. She's of age—suppose she's been going round with some guy who's been shipped out to Korea or just out, period, and she's embarrassed to tell you she spent every available minute with him?"

Constance said thoughtfully, "I had a few words with her, Elizabeth, and I've a notion it's family trouble. Oh, not the uncle or aunt, but perhaps some disreputable relative she won't admit to but was called upon to help. People do have relatives they hide, and if there'd been some sort of scandal, or trouble with the police."

Lucy Brent said airily the next day, "Not a word about the last moments at the sickbed? Heavens, I mis-judged the girl."

It was the airiness, and something under it, that took Elizabeth out that afternoon to see Lucy.

The Brents lived in a house that Elizabeth had always coveted, a shapely old house set under maples, with a deliberately prim picket-fenced lawn. The harbor lay below it; behind rose a tumble of grey mossy rocks that ended the park above.

At some point in its lifetime the house had been painted a serene smoke-blue that looked like a reflection from the water; Lucy and Steven had added the snowy shutters and the white brick chimney.

Elizabeth, arriving, glanced around her at the charming yellow and white and russet living-room Lucy had contrived out of auctions and cunning. "Where's the puppy?"

"Oh, the shepherd?" said Lucy, casual. "As a matter of fact I—we gave him to the people down the lane. He was a dear little thing, but you know me about the house."

Elizabeth did know, which startled her all the more: Lucy was one of those rare and ex-

Continuing

pert beings about whom order always seemed to appear without effort. She had a sudden flashing vision of Lucy driving off into the snow the afternoon Steven had dropped in without warning; of Lucy iced and angry, walking into the house, looking at the puppy, picking up the telephone.

Lucy was looking at her, and saying, "It must be wonderful to have Noreen back and be able to get out again. She still hasn't said—?"

Elizabeth shook her head and told her. She made it short and matter-of-fact: her own visit to the house on Sycamore Street, Noreen's stricken silence. And she watched, and went completely unrewarded.

Lucy said reflectively, "She must have gone of her own free will—people don't abduct grown girls in full daylight. Did you get to see the aunt?"

Elizabeth said she hadn't and Lucy shrugged. "I suppose she'll tell you some day—when she gets around to it."

There was, again, that odd intimation of something known and withheld. Elizabeth didn't pursue it, she had tried that and failed. She sat through another cigarette, and thought that she reminded herself a little of a research chemist who had set cultures to grow and went the rounds now and then to see what was happening.

A number of people got killed that way, finding out too late which tube contained the deadly thing.

Elizabeth had said she must go, and was fishing for a glove that had slipped down between the cushion and the arm of the chair, before she discovered that Lucy wasn't quite the impeccable housekeeper she had thought. Something else came up with the white pigskin. A twist of metallic purple that had, surely, covered a bon-bon.

She went upstairs early that night, leaving Oliver and Constance in possession of the living-room, because there seemed no further point in pretence. They knew she was in another world, their eyes discussed her. There were invisible head-shak-

The Iron Cobweb

from page 53

ings, soundless comments. Elizabeth wondered curiously and a little coldly if this was how you felt when you were getting—peculiar.

Who could hate her enough for this, when she stood in nobody's way? When her life boiled down to the facts that she was a perhaps-happier-than-average wife, the mother of two small children, a writer of very small renown?

No fortunes at stake, no momentous secrets, no one she had wronged or been wronged by. Nothing to single out her existence from any other woman's, except to herself because she loved it.

Unless—and this was openly terrifying—there were no reason at all. Any more than an avalanche had reason or a lightning bolt. Someone near her slipping out of control, destroying blindly, purposefully, for destruction's sake.

Elizabeth brushed her hair

ferociously, trying to deaden the sound of Noreen Delaney's voice saying tonelessly, "There's nothing you can do."

Because if someone were deriving pleasure from tearing flowers and ruining Jeep's birthday, forging her cheques and removing her sleeping pills, turning Christmas morning into a quiet horror, that form of domestic upset would very soon start to grow tame. There would have to be a stronger, sharper excitement.

Oliver came into the bedroom, startling her; she had planned on being in bed, feigning sleep, because that was easiest. He went past her into the bathroom; the shower rushed briefly.

Elizabeth smoked a cigarette and waited, and at the appointed moment stepped casually past him. "Water still hot? If it is, I think I'll have a bath."

It took her a long time, afterwards, to forget the moment when she came back into the bedroom, and Oliver looked

at her and put down a cigarette, unlighted, and crossed the room to her without saying anything at all. She turned her back swiftly, pretending absorption in a bottle of cologne, but his hands came down on her shoulders, light, wordless, demanding.

"Oh, don't, don't—" Panic wrenched her away, turned her suddenly rigid, risking a glance, not daring to glance again at Oliver's dark and angry face.

The electric clock hummed audibly for a moment. Elizabeth stared at the floor and controlled her involuntary trembling; when she looked up at Oliver, still formidably close, his face was expressionless.

He said coolly, "Sorry if I frightened you—my error," and walked violently past her to the closet. When he emerged he had a robe slung over his shoulder. He said politely, "I'll be downstairs reading. You won't, I'm sure, wait up," and closed the door behind him.

Elizabeth went to bed and eventually to sleep, her face wet and aching in the solitary dark.

"Pigs can't swim," said Maire suddenly from the back seat.

"Pigs go oink-oink-OINK!"

"And little boys sit quietly on the seat," said Noreen, interrupting Jeep's mounting shout.

Elizabeth put the car around a corner, glanced briefly into the rear-view mirror, and smiled. It had been an inspiration to sweep all of them out of the house for a drive; it was like a blowing-away of cobwebs.

The children, who had been threatening all morning to push each other down the stairs, were amicable again, reporting the view from their separate windows. Noreen sat between them, her cheeks pink, her eyes bright with pleasure.

Every now and then, at something the children said, she would give a soft little spurt of laughter, as though it had been sealed inside her for too long and was beginning to bubble rebelliously out.

Elizabeth thought she understood; she felt her own mood lift as she drove. She took a contrary pleasure in this aimless expedition, as though she

had slipped away from some dark and clinging presence, almost as though she had outwitted it. No one had known they were going to do this, and it followed quite simply that nothing could spoil it.

Over the last wooded hill and down to the harbor, where the water rustled greenly about the dock, Elizabeth stopped the car and took out her cigarettes. It was too cold for the children to get out and sit on the wooden benches.

Noreen said, "I'll just take them up the end and back, shall I, Mrs. March?" And Elizabeth nodded and watched them go.

So small, really, when you looked at them as a stranger might. Elizabeth thought back to her conversation with Noreen Delaney that morning. The girl had been clearly mystified by her mention of the "oon"—and as clearly worried, putting into words what Elizabeth had felt all along.

"I hate to see Maire afraid of anything, she's got so much—I guess it's trust. She gets very gossipy in her bath—perhaps if I asked her in a roundabout way tonight?"

Elizabeth put it out of her mind firmly; that and her own growing, helpless dread belonged to the house and the existence she had managed to shake off for an hour. Noreen and the children approached the car, and she smiled at the three of them coming back identically rosy, and turned the car reluctantly for home.

It was on the way back that chance entered the quiet, deadly battle for the first time. Elizabeth was threading through the streets of the town when a small rattling sound she had been vaguely aware of for some time turned suddenly into a clatter. It came from the rear of the car. It was something caught and dragging, or—

A policeman solved it for her, motioning her to the kerb.

Elizabeth rolled her window down and looked up at the stiff, weather-reddened face. He was new, she hadn't seen him before. He said with a kind of leisurely disapproval, "How long since you've looked at your rear licence plate?"

"About an hour," Elizabeth

To page 56

Beauty in brief:

SLEEPING PRETTY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Beauty people will tell you that your skin absorbs as much cream as it needs in about 15 minutes, so there is no need for anyone to go to bed with an oily face at night.

A GOOD time to apply your nourishing cream or night cream, whichever you put your faith in, is before taking your shower or bath at night, or while you're washing out your stockings.

It's unlikely to be bothersome at this time, and excess may be removed in the prescribed 15 minutes with tissue.

Young people, of course, make a point of going easy on the heavy face creams. Youthful complexions don't need them, may even react unfavorably if overloaded with oily preparations.

However, a touch which makes everyone feel fresh and clean going to bed is a body rub with hand lotion, or, where the skin takes to it kindly, diluted cologne.

As surely as Winter changes to Spring . . .

Women are changing to
MODERN
SANITARY PROTECTION

... they're changing to

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The soft silken feel...the perfect drape of Chrysella

slips, night things and other lingerie, make

you look your best — always.



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COURTAULDS NEW ACETATE YARN

COURTAULDS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Continuing . . .

Elizabeth used over different-colored lollipops, "Which hand, Mama?"

Elizabeth appeared to meditate and soberly chose the hand behind his back. It would be a penny, or a rubber band, or a block. . . but, this time, it wasn't. It was a strip of shiny, crinkly paper, perhaps an inch and a half wide and four inches long, with the edges of a chartreuse and silver design.

She said, only half looking at it, "Thank you, Jeep, that's what I call handsome. I'd better put it away before I lose it."

Jeep climbed into her chair. His momentous and all-knowing air was gone; he said plaintively, "What is it, Mama?"

"What is it? Oh, a piece of paper, left over from Christmas, maybe. . ."

She really looked at it then, and realised in a puzzled way that it was not gift wrapping, that she had seen it somewhere before very recently, and that it had a definite echo in her memory. She knew it as certainly as she had known—why did she think of this?—that the twist of purple foil in Lucy's chair was a bon-bon wrapper. She took it gently out of Jeep's toying fingers and examined it more closely.

It was one end of an envelope; she could see the fold and the beginning structure of corners. There was only enough black lettering on the chartreuse part to tantalise: ". . . uc" in flowing script; under that, in small block capitals, "ney."

Elizabeth turned the strip of paper over in her fingers, unable to explain to herself her sudden sharp interest. She had seen this, or something very like it, before, and that was all. Or was it all? Why was she lifting it out of Jeep's reach, why did she feel this remembering tingle?

She said cautiously, "Pretty, isn't it, Jeep? Where did you find it?" And Jeep, all pride again, said kindly, "I show you," and caught her hand.

He led her first to the dining-room and, palpably at a loss, pointed under the radiator.

"No, not there," Elizabeth said patiently, and Jeep, anxious not to lose the spotlight so gratifyingly focused on him, repudiated the radiator and said with growing confidence, "I show you, Mama."

Elizabeth followed him up the stairs, and looked in a

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Iron Cobweb

from page 55

number of unlikely places before she realised that he was merely prolonging the game. Perversely, the silvery scrap gained importance.

She was standing in the upper hall, still fingering it, saying, "Jeep, dear, try to remember where you found it," when Constance mounted the stairs, her coat over her arm. She said mildly, "I had no idea it was so cold outside. . . Are you looking for something, Elizabeth?"

For once, her cousin's unceasing vigilance would probably have helped. Elizabeth knew that even as she closed her fingers over the fragment of paper and said lightly, "No, but we're pretending to, aren't we, Jeep?"

Jeep gave her a betrayed stare. He said injuredly, "Where pretty paper, Mama?" And Elizabeth said firmly, "Maire's calling you, Jeep, better run."

In her room she smoothed out the chartreuse and silver strip again and examined it, trying to recapture the casual identification her mind had made once before.

Or no, twice, because someone—near her? with her? outside the house, at any rate—had commented on it, and she had looked again and been, it was coming closer now, amused.

If she had seen it outside the house, chances were she had been Christmas shopping. . . but where, and with whom?

DURING the days after that, Elizabeth found to her astonishment that she could actually work, that it was as though her studio lay outside the perimeter of danger.

She bought a hotplate and some instant coffee and a supply of cigarettes, and spent her mornings there, banging at her typewriter with a concentration she'd never felt before, sprawling full-length on the couch to read and try to assess what she'd written, lighting a cigarette with one already burning in the tray beside her, going back to the typewriter to take up again or to scrap what she'd done and rewrite.

She was almost happy in the studio. She could forget temporarily the shock of her new relationship to Oliver, Maire's terrors, the mystery of Noreen's absence, the possible meaning of the bon-bon wrapper in Lucy Brent's chair.

If her own life were crumbling around her, she built new ones for other people out of inked ribbon and yellow paper. She was half aware of the uselessness of that even as she took comfort from it, but at least she was doing something with the waiting period.

Because it was just that, a waiting. While someone went on hating her for the everyday things she possessed, and inched

closer. There would be a pounce, when the hatred overran itself.

But meanwhile, if in the studio she lived in borrowed freedom, the cobweb waited quietly for her in the house—clinging, reminding, brushed away only to entangle her again. A glance from Oliver could set it quivering, or a word from Constance. A look from Noreen, as though she reflected Maire's panic: a visit from thin, nervous, sharp-eyed Lucy.

It was not a new year at all, it was a deterioration of the old. Nothing happened to punctuate the slow and terrifyingly domestic decay until Saturday of the second week-end in January.

It was a day of curbed violence right from the start; wild, drumming winds, thrashing branches, an echoing rain that changed to a sleet like silver pepper at the windows. Oliver awoke holding Elizabeth personally responsible for the weather, and Elizabeth, sharply nervous over the hollow, mocking, here-and-there sound of the storm, flashed at him.

After breakfast Noreen, measuring the temper of the house, spirited the children away upstairs. Constance announced unexpectedly that she had agreed to take a table at the library tea: "Such a shame, isn't it, that we should have weather like this for it?"

So that at a little before eleven o'clock that morning Elizabeth and Oliver had the downstairs part of the house to themselves.

It was as awkward as though they were strangers waiting for a mutual hostess, not liking the look of the party.

Oliver was silent and restless, patrolling rather than walking, stopping abruptly to stare through the drenched panes. Would he like more coffee? No, thank you, he would not. A beer, then? She might have offered him hemlock.

Elizabeth said edgily at last, "If you're so bent on walking, couldn't you make more progress outside?"

"Thanks, but I feel rotten." "If you're sick you ought to go to a doctor."

Oliver wheeled; he said explosively, "I ought to go to a doctor?" And there was a flaming silence.

He went on walking, with a pattern of pauses that registered only dimly on Elizabeth's mind, because she was saying in an off-hand voice she would never have thought she could achieve. "You know, we can't go on like this, Oliver. Don't look so astonished—it's time we brought it into the open, don't you think?"

This was what was known as burning your bridges. It wasn't planned, but there came a time when you could take no more.

Elizabeth said, forcing herself to be quiet and even, "You think I'm a hysterical idiot, all swallowed up in morbid self-pity over the baby, taking too many sedatives, imagining things. And I think"—both her voice for starting to shake—"that you're the stair that wasn't there, so that you let me trip and make a fool of myself. I know better now, and I won't make the same mistake any more. No more confiding tears, and," said Elizabeth, steady again, "no more trust. You're interested elsewhere, you—"

The telephone rang, shockingly loud. Oliver was across the room before the second peal had stopped. He lifted the receiver and listened for a moment. He said disinterestedly, "Afraid you have the

SUCCESSFUL FARMING



"What kind of a pet do you have in mind?"

To page 66



*The finest
FRUIT CAKE
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KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

Published below are two letters from teenagers asking for penfriends. In the same mail was a letter from Youth of All Nations, New York, appealing for Australian penfriends for American and non-American members of the organisation.

THE Youth of All Nations letter specifically answers one of the readers. It will also interest others who want penfriends abroad.

Youth of All Nations is an organisation which encourages young people from countries throughout the world to correspond with one another.

Already it has a waiting list of young Americans and non-Americans asking, "When are you ever going to find me a penfriend in Australia?"

The spokesman for the organisation says they would like to hear from all people up to the age of 26 or so who want to know what their contemporaries around the world are thinking about and planning and hoping, how they spend their days, what they do for recreation, how they visualise the future of the world, and what they are doing to help make it happier.

If you want a penfriend abroad, write to Youth of All Nations Inc., 16 St. Luke's Place, New York 14, N.Y., U.S.A.

Here are the two readers' letters:

"Could you get me penfriends from England or the U.S.A.? I am 17 and would like to correspond with a girl of my own age or a young man about 18 or 19. My favorite pastimes are cycling, swimming, and reading. I will answer all letters received."

Mary Norris, 24 Harrow Road, Auburn, N.S.W.

"I am a Chinese boy of 17 years of age. I came from Hongkong in the past few months and am now studying in a grammar school in fourth year. I wish to find some pen pals. I hope you kindly enough to print my name, address, and hobbies, which are stamp collecting, letter writing, reading, dancing, and sports."

Tinsau Wanglee Chan, C/o Edmond Siu, 70 River Road, Greenwich, N.S.W.

"I am 18 and have been going with a boy for eight

months, but now I have met the most wonderful New Australian. He is from France. I don't want to disappoint my nice Australian boy, but I do love the other one. Please advise me."

Dawn H., Mildura, Victoria.

I TAKE it you mean should you break with the Australian boy. In which case the answer is: Not if you can help it.

It's always a mistake to break with the old love unless you're quite certain of the new one. I have said this before and some people—not all of them older ones, either—profess to be horrified.

They seem to think that by this I mean you should embark on a career of deceit and treachery, as, for instance, making professions of undying love to Tommy one evening and to Stanley the next.

This is not so. What I am

choosing. It's either him or me. You can't have both."

And you must take care lest you're left sitting on the floor between two chairs.

TO round off this week's problems, here's a cry from the heart of a young man who says that people don't know what problems are until they go to Canberra.

The problems he means are the relatively simple but important ones of finding girlfriends and enjoying a normal social life.

He writes:

"What of those of us who aren't in a position to buy a car, who don't dance, and whose employment takes us from one place to another, even, just to make life more difficult, to Canberra?"

"Canberra, where single women are in a definite minority—and don't they know it! Where one is herded into Government hostels peopled with scores of self-centred little public servants whose pigeon-holed lives don't allow for strangers who wish for friendship."

"Where do people go when there's nary a milk bar open at night and the place sleeps like a village?"

"There are gay parties, but even if one drinks how does one get invited to them?"

"Sure, join a club if you're lonely. One does, but because of the trips."

I make there is a different lot of faces each time, so that one takes months to even get to know any one particular girl.

"Romance (with a capital R) and that 'good-night kiss' one reads about continue to remain just a pleasant dream, rapidly turning sour."

The Cynic, Canberra, A.C.T.

I agree with you there's not much you can do, short of changing your job or getting so much ahead in your firm that you can send the young men you particularly dislike on the Canberra jobs.

Even an Act of Parliament couldn't enliven Canberra's social scene for the young.



"Mine's terribly intelligent—mind if I dance with yours?"

urging is that in this hard world a degree of self-protection in the matter of boyfriends is necessary. Otherwise you can be left without any.

Try not to be in such a rush to give your heart away. It's likely that you once thought you were in love with the Australian boy just as you now believe you love the French one.

Maybe you do, after all. But while you're finding out for sure, why not go out with both of them? After all, you're not engaged.

So keep the situation in hand.

Guile is needed to forestall the dramatics of one of them saying to you, "You must

IN-PERSON visits from musical celebrities usually mean that several of their new recordings appear in the shops, or, if there are no new ones, someone resurrects the oldies. Soprano Suzanne Danco, recently in Australia, has left behind her one record that should have a very strong appeal: a beautiful performance of Micaela's aria from "Carmen." It is sung in French, occupying both sides of 2794. Incidentally, I hear that Victoria de los Angeles has been singing the role of Micaela to Rise Stevens' Carmen at the Metropolitan.

EDDIE FISHER'S new song, "When I Was Young," is a slow, sentimental

DISC DIGEST

number that should please his fans. It's just a bit too dreamy for my liking. Reverse to EA4185, "Just To Be With You," is much zingier. Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and a chorus provide neat back grounds.

"DADDY OF THE PIANO" is the nickname they gave James P. Johnson, the man who taught "Fats" Waller all those wonderful keyboard capers. And if that isn't sufficient claim to fame, he also composed such great tunes as "If I Could Be With You," "Carolina Shout," "Porter's Love Song To A Chamber-

maid," and "Old Fashioned Love." He plays these and four more of his compositions on microgroove LA8548. If genuine jazz piano minus commercialised trimmings is your dish, then "Daddy Of The Piano" is definitely your record.

REMEMBER "Amor," a hit of several years ago? The Four Aces give it a brand-new workout on DO70089 with Jack Pleis and his orchestra. It's an ideal vehicle for this solid vocal group. For a backing they choose "So Long." Plenty of rhythm and slick vocalising here, and they make a good double.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

What's a girl to DO?

She tries everything that comes in pots, tubes, and what-have-you's. She swaps her soaps, changes her creams, labours with lotions. Yet when she wakes a morning her complexion still has the dull, maddy look. And the reason? She doesn't know that greasy skin foods are fantastically out of date.

She certainly doesn't know that Mercorized Wax nourishes and cleanses the skin—that it goes deep, deep down, gently dissolving the imperceptible particles of dried skin that clog the pores and de-glamourise the complexion.

Overnight, Mercorized Wax would make her skin fresh, clear and glowing with health. Overnight, this non-greasy, instant-vanishing cream would work for her, achieving the miracle of a flawlessly lovely complexion. Mercorized Wax, used by the world's most alluring women, costs only 4/6. Every chemist has it.

GOING GREY? Tammalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin to-night! Most chemists sell Tammalite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., c/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. MW.15.54

Said Robert kneeling at her feet, "Your TRUSHAY'd hands are soft and sweet."

Miss TEENAGE OF VICTORIA



PAM HENRY, voted Victoria's loveliest teenager of 1954, gives you this useful piece of advice:

"You can't have personality and good looks without good health. That's why I enjoy Vegemite on toast every morning. Those vitamins in Vegemite are just what we teenagers need." Vegemite is rich in three vitamins your body can't store up . . . B₁ for healthy nerves; B₂ for firm body tissue and Niacin for clear skin, good digestion. Enjoy Vegemite every day. Why not follow Pam's advice and start the day right with Vegemite! Vegemite—made by Kraft.

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Joan doesn't mind those pots and pans . . . For fragrant TRUSHAY protects her hands.



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Stretch to fit any
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Plain or fancy stitch.
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jill. Fancy tops. All
cotton, finest quality.
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27WW1



27WW2

27WW3

27WW4



27WW5



27WW7

27WW2 American copy
in plain and stripe per-
cale. Blue, Lemon, Green.
30in., 39in. and 42in.
All priced at only 59/6

27WW3 Self check nylon
frock, nylon lace trim.
Three full widths in skirt.
Blue, Pink, Lemon. 39in.,
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27WW4 Teen frock in
English chambray, white
broderie collar and cuff.
Full skirt. In Red, Blue
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The wider the skirt ... the bigger the fashion

with hardwearing washable frocks from
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27WW5 Tootal voile, guipure
trim. White with Blue, Green or
Lemon. Full skirt. 24in., 96/6;
27in., 98/6; 30in., 99/6; 33in.,
101/6; 36in., 102/6

28WW6 White lawn slip, broderie
trim on neck, armhole and frill.
39, 41, 43, opera top. Lengths
30, 32, 24, 26/6; 27, 28/-; 30, 33,
36, 30/6; 39, 41, 43, priced 33/-

27WW7 Check percale frock.
White broderie trim. Blue,
Pink or Green. 24in., 27in.,
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27WW8 Judy Ann frock in
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26WW9 Girls' Straw Hat.
Cream. Trimmed Italian hand-
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27WW10 Big & Little Sister.
Finely woven pique. Lemon,
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26, 28, 30, 45/-; 34, 36, 38,
priced at 50/-



26WW9

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From All Booksellers

Australian pottery



HAND-PAINTED lamp-base which the distributors will exhibit at trade fairs in Canada and Europe as an example of Australian pottery.



DELICATE TONINGS in this lovely wall-plate (left) aim at a subtle rather than a vivid color appeal in this beautifully balanced still-life study.



SKILLED Greek craftsman Orpheus Arfaras (above) shows how the aboriginal motifs used in his designs are drawn with a needle and knife.

The third annual exhibition of the Ceramic Art and Fine Ware Association of N.S.W., held recently in Sydney, showed the development of local arts and crafts and the rapid technical advance of an industry comparatively young in Australia.

ON exhibition were thousands of new pieces of pottery designed for utility and for decoration, as well as a wide range of ceramic fittings for the modern home.

Traditional, contemporary, and novelty designs were used in all types of pottery as examples of the colorful and artistic products that are now made locally.

The rapid growth of the pottery industry in Australia is one of the effects of the last war, when industry switched over to essential production, causing a scarcity of domestic goods.

For several years after the war, British potters were still busy manufacturing essential goods, so that there were no imports of china and crockery to Australia.

In this big local demand, Australian artisans and artists recognised an opportunity for their talents. These men and women were pioneers who were constantly experimenting and often met with almost insurmountable difficulties.

They made their pottery in spare rooms, garages, and backyard workshops.

However, they established a success for their handcraft and within a few years were vying with each other in the perfect-

tion and variety of their products.

Several new industries were established to supply their needs, such as kilns, machinery, and chemicals.

Prominent among the designs chosen by the potters are the aboriginal motifs. These always attract the attention of Australian and overseas connoisseurs.

The unique colors of Australia's inland are faithfully reproduced. Some of the potters get their colors from native rocks and soil and blend them expertly themselves.

Potters who came to Australia as migrants have introduced many new ideas.

Today the pottery industry is proud of the fact that almost all the materials it uses are of Australian origin.



CONE-SHAPED shade of design follows the symmetrical line of the terracotta lamp-base engraved in white.



CARNIVAL-TYPE party tumblers in pink, yellow, and white with black check sit in a black wrought-iron carrier. This set is light in weight, decorative, and can be used to give lively color to an informal table setting.



NEW DESIGNS in contemporary style are shown in this fruit stand and nest of ashtrays, both set in wrought-iron holders. The fruit bowls have matt-white finish, and the ashtrays are terracotta with glazed surfaces in varied colors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1954

DON'T BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN

Each year thousands lose their homes through carelessness

There was a loud splutter from the frying-pan, and the housewife turned to see flames flaring up to the ceiling.

Terrified, she rushed to the stove, jerked the hissing pan from the jet, and darted across the kitchen towards the sink, carrying the leaping flames in the pan.

THE burning fat spilled from the pan, ignited the new linoleum, and sent fingers of flame racing across the wooden cupboards and up the plastic curtains.

In a moment the kitchen was ablaze.

If the housewife had turned off the gas and placed a saucepan lid over the flaming pan there would have been no accident.

Most of the fires that destroy homes break out inside the house and are caused by carelessness in the everyday routine of housewives.

Let us consider the records of last year's house fires. The cases show that the fire hazards which caused the most destruction can easily be eliminated.

Many accidents occurred through careless use of methylated-spirit stoves. Housewives allowed the little fuel trays to burn out and refuelled the stove immediately by pouring more spirit into the tray while it was still quite hot, causing the spirit to burst into flames.

Paraffin or kerosene should

never be used to light or revive the fire in a fuel stove.

One out of every five house fires during 1953 was caused when electrical appliances such as toasters, irons, jugs, and radiators were left connected to power points when they were not in use. The switch was either left on or accidentally knocked on, the appliance became overheated and caused fire.

Be sure to make it a habit to disconnect electrical appli-

By **GRAHAM BLACKWELL**

ances from power points when they are not in use.

Many house fires, especially in the country, were caused when the tanks of kerosene refrigerators were exploded.

These explosions were caused by the accumulation of carbon in the cavities of the refrigerators which, at a certain temperature, exploded back into the tanks.

In almost every instance, the flues of these kerosene refrigerators had not been cleaned for many weeks. The manu-

facturer's instructions are that these flues should be cleaned once a week.

Electric refrigerators should be switched off during brown-out periods, when the electric current is reduced.

Records show that more than 200 house fires occurred when electric irons became overheated and set fire to the combustible stands on which they were left.

This danger can be eliminated by the use of a metal stand with some insulating material, such as asbestos, between the base of the stand and the ironing-board.

In the winter, burning coals and sparks from open fires caused many fires when they ignited carpets and hearth-rugs. An open fire should never be left unattended, especially when there is no fire-guard. A screen of wire-netting is an effective fire-guard.

The lounge-room has many fire hazards. In this room long lengths of flex often extend across or under carpets to connect fans, radiators, and radios to power points.

Make sure this flex is not worn.



Fire brigades are often called out around two or three o'clock in the morning to extinguish fires in lounge-rooms caused by cigarette sparks.

These sparks earlier in the night fall down into the cavities that open between the cushions and the backs of lounges when the lounges are being sat on, and which close like clams when people get up.

The sparks, undetected and sealed off when people get up to brush them away, smoulder quietly while the family is asleep, until sufficient heat is

produced to cause the lounge to burst into flames.

A recent report by the National Fire Protection Association of America described the smoker in bed as America's No. 1 domestic fire problem.

The kapok in the mattress is the slow killer in the bedroom. Once the kapok is touched by the cigarette ash of the drowsy smoker it is not easily extinguished.

The short-circuiting of elec-

trical wiring in houses was one of the most common causes of fire last year.

A radio that crackles when a light is switched on in the bedroom may indicate faulty wiring.

Never use anything but the correct fuse wire to mend a fuse.

Several house fires last year were caused because bobby-pins had been used to mend fuses.

It should be remembered that the fuse wire is the "safety valve" of your electrical wiring. It reacts instantly by melting and cutting off the house power if there is a defect in an appliance you are using or if you are overloading your electrical circuit.

However, a thick piece of metal, such as a bobby-pin, will not melt. Instead, the wiring in some part of the house hidden from view is likely to melt, ignite its wax braiding, and so cause a fire.

More than three-quarters of the number of houses destroyed in bushfires each year are burned down by fire that starts inside the home when sparks and embers, often carried long distances by the wind, drift in through open windows and ventilators.

Houses in bushfire areas should have their eaves boxed up, windows fitted with wire screens, and vents covered with fine wire gauze.

If you are going away and your house will be unoccupied, although it may be only for a few days, safeguard it with these precautions:

- Close all doors inside the house. Should fire break out, this will prevent it spreading.
- Turn off the electric power at the main switch.
- Make certain no electrical appliance is left connected to a power point.

If you don't already know the telephone number of your nearest fire station, learn it and write it down in a conspicuous place.

This telephone number is never really important until it's YOUR home that is burning down.

Are nurses becoming robots?

Much criticism is aimed at the nursing profession today. The hospital matron who writes this article suggests that nurses should take time now to examine their attitude to their work in the light of these criticisms.

AS a nurse, I believe that the question arises: Are we Christian nurses or merely mechanised robots?

The nursing profession has made tremendous advances, but have nurses made comparable strides in unity?

In recent years we seem to have lost, and are losing, so many of the basic principles that are vital in their training.

You who are nurses may ask why I make this statement, when a nurse's status in the community has risen with the recognition of shorter hours, better pay, and better conditions. Perhaps if I were to point out a few of the discrepancies I find in doing a round of a hospital, you will understand what I mean.

A bedroom may be theoretically perfect to the naked eye, but often to a patient it is quite the opposite.

Imagine the sun streaming into your eyes because the blind has not been adjusted: an unquenchable thirst and the locker on which stands the glass of water just too far away: the bell, which to all patients makes the difference

By a
HOSPITAL MATRON

nity, including doctors.

We cannot afford to delay and let the destinies of our profession be governed by outsiders who do not know the requirements of nursing, because they are not trained in it.

I have noted with interest the comments of an Adelaide specialist who says nurses are given too much domestic work and not enough nursing duties.

These comments have won approval and created much interest. Why? Because a doctor has spoken.



TO WIN confidence and trust, such as this small patient shows, is the duty of every nurse. But are modern nurses too busy to give the services which earn this trust?

We cannot afford to delay and let the destinies of our profession be governed by outsiders who do not know the requirements of nursing, because they are not trained in it.

I often wonder how many of us have been guilty of leaving people feeling cold and in need of an extra blanket or a hot-water bottle? How many of us have left patients to sleep uncomfortably on crumbs?

These small attentions, which make such a difference to the patient's comfort, are the things we are sacrificing for the sake of progress and mechanisation.

At present we are being criticised from inside and outside our profession, but let us learn by this criticism and become a united body, governed by ourselves and not by other sections of the commu-

nity, including doctors. We cannot afford to delay and let the destinies of our profession be governed by outsiders who do not know the requirements of nursing, because they are not trained in it.

I have noted with interest the comments of an Adelaide specialist who says nurses are given too much domestic work and not enough nursing duties.

These comments have won approval and created much interest. Why? Because a doctor has spoken.

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Destroy worms by taking Comstock's Worm Tablets

Henry might have had different plans. If Anne Boleyn had had TRUSHAY'd hands.

DRESS SENSE

by
Betty Keep



D.S.102.—A pretty floral one-piece obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Introducing a pretty new form of summer fashion simplicity, a one-piece dress which hangs straight from a yoke, its shape made by belting it firmly at the natural waistline.

I SELECTED the dress illustrated above for the first of the spring-summer "Dress Sense" pattern service.

The dress was chosen in answer to the many requests in my fashion mail for a pretty summer floral not too difficult for the average home dress-maker to draft and sew.

The dress is endowed with practicability as well as prettiness. Furthermore, the paper pattern obtainable for the design includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart. Lines under the photograph give further details of material required and how to order.

And here are further answers to readers' problems.

"WOULD you please suggest something unusual for a bridesmaid to wear on her head? It is to go with a ballerina frock made in pale blue organdie. The wedding is taking place in spring."

A headband of pale blue straw finished at one side with a small posy of white blossoms would be springlike and new. Headbands are a fashion rage in the United States, and in New York are being made in everything from nylon straw to velvet and brocade. The headband is worn back from the forehead and can be wide or narrow to suit the wearer's face. The band is held on un-

der the back hair with narrow hat elastic.

"I WOULD like your ideas on a summer frock and some type of matching or contrasting jacket, the jacket to be in sheer wool, also a color scheme. The outfit is to wear in the week-end and I want it to be very smart. I, myself, model clothes and am dark and very slim."

Why not a wattle-yellow shantung worn with a white cashmere cardigan, the latter turned into a formal jacket by collar, cuffs, and buttons made from the dress fabric? Have the dress sleeveless with a low oval neckline and pleats stitched from a smooth bodice yoke to the hemline. Have the dress belted in white leather, accessories all white.

"WHAT would be a pretty and new trim for a navy spring frock?"

There is nothing newer for spring than a white lingerie touch—it's a soft frothy new look and vastly feminine and flattering to the wearer. Why not have the dress made with a curved neckline, wide at the shoulders, and plunging a little in front, and outline it with handkerchief-linen ruching? By the way, a white sheer man-size handkerchief is a very new summer accessory. Why not carry one to match the trim at the neckline?

"I HAVE a light grey suit from last season. I want to wear it again this spring. Would you suggest a spring hat suitable and new for the suit?"

A spring-like piece of millinery for your grey suit would be a wide-brimmed straw hat made in caramel-colored straw. Have the hat banded in strawberry-colored grosgrain ribbon with streamers reaching to below shoulder-blade length at the back.

"I FOLLOW your column in The Australian Women's Weekly each week with interest and am now hoping you will assist me by suggesting a wool coat to wear with summer clothing. I want it unusual because it is for a troupe."

A white fleece coat made on straight loose lines, finished with a sailor collar and large cuffs would be becoming and unusual. Have the collar and cuff edges finished with two narrow bands of deep navy.

"I HAVE 5½yds. of white sharkskin and wondered if it would be suitable for a frock."

Yes, it would. White, in all materials including sharkskin, is a strong fashion this summer. The dress would be best designed on tailored lines; the bodice-top sleeveless, with a wide V neckline—the skirt cut in a circle.

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Home-made Goodness: The reason for Puffin's guaranteed success is in the special American-type cake flour and the pure sweet shortening. There are *no* dried ingredients to go stale. You can taste that wonderful home-made goodness because you add fresh eggs and milk yourself right in your own kitchen.

Easy does it: You never made so good a cake

so easily. There's no measuring, mixing or creaming when you use Puffin Cake Mix. And fewer dishes to wash! See the directions below.

Only 4 minutes from packet to oven:

1. Add eggs and lukewarm milk to contents of packet. 2. Beat for three minutes with rotary beater until mixture is smooth. 3. Pour mixture into greased layer cake pans and bake.

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If you think that your Puffin cake does not fulfil the claims made for it in this advertisement, write your name and address on the back of the empty packet, and return it to the grocer from whom you bought Puffin. He will refund the full purchase price.



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downstairs part of the house to themselves.

It was as awkward as though they were strangers waiting for a mutual hostess, not liking the look of the party.

Oliver was silent and restless, patrolling rather than walking, stopping abruptly to stare through the drenched panes. Would he like more coffee? No, thank you, he would not. A beer, then? She might have offered him hemlock.

Elizabeth said edgily at last, "If you're so bent on walking, couldn't you make more progress outside?"

"Thanks, but I feel rotten." "If you're sick you ought to go to a doctor."

Oliver wheeled; he said explosively, "I ought to go to a doctor?" And there was a flaming silence.

He went on walking, with a pattern of pauses that registered only dimly on Elizabeth's mind, because she was saying in an off-hand voice she would never have thought she could achieve, "You know, we can't go on like this, Oliver. Don't look so astonished—it's time we brought it into the open, don't you think?"

This was what was known as burning your bridges. It wasn't planned, but there came a time when you could take no more.

Continuing

Elizabeth said, forcing herself to be quiet and even, "You think I'm a hysterical idiot, all swallowed up in morbid self-pity over the baby, taking too many sedatives, imagining things. And I think"—both her voice for starting to shake—"that you're the stair that wasn't there, so that you let me trip and make a fool of myself. I know better now, and I won't make the same mistake any more. No more confiding tears, and," said Elizabeth, steady again, "no more trust. You're interested elsewhere, you—"

The telephone rang, shockingly loud. Oliver was across the room before the second peal had stopped. He lifted the receiver and listened for a moment. He said disinterestedly, "Afraid you have the wrong number," and dropped it with a click.

And the pattern of his walk stood out suddenly clear for Elizabeth.

The turn—past the phone. The halt—beside the phone. The waiting for a call, with the inevitable, unwelcome fact of her being there because the storm had kept her from her usual Saturday morning shopping. Because she felt that the

The Iron Cobweb

from page 56

knowledge must show and because she couldn't bear to look at Oliver just then, Elizabeth turned her back abruptly and straightened folds of a striped linen curtain.

Behind her, so close that she stiffened, Oliver's voice said tautly, "Elizabeth, you've got to believe me—"

"Do I? Why, I wonder, when you don't believe me?" She slipped past him, head bent, seeing in a blur.

"Elizabeth—where are you going?"

"Anywhere. For a walk." That, at least, came out steadily enough. But she had to face him again to get her raincoat from the closet—and Oliver was suddenly looking at her as though she were a lamp, or a table: all his consciousness was somewhere else. His gaze, narrow and intent, was seeing someone else—at another telephone, furious at being cut off?

Elizabeth got her raincoat and put it on.

Oliver said in a short, absent voice, "Don't get soaked," and started up the stairs.

Of course—the extension in their bedroom, put in a week ago. Elizabeth had suddenly

wanted it, pleading the possibility of fire, needing to know that there was more than one means of communication in the house. She pulled on her boots now, and listened.

Oliver had gone into their bedroom, but he hadn't closed the door. There was a peculiar halted quiet, as though he were standing there, listening, charting the silence. But the bedroom windows looked over the front lawn.

Rapidly, feeling the pound of her heart, Elizabeth went to the back door, opened it on a violence of wind and sleety rain, slammed it echoing, and waited an instant. Her boots were rubber, and nonetheless, she was able to go back to the telephone without a sound, to lift the receiver gently and hear the faint, airy wait along the line.

And then Oliver's voice, not absent now, but urgent. A Boston number, and the drawl as it rang. Elizabeth did not apologise to herself; her visit to the Hotel Savoy had killed that kind of sensitivity. She listened, hardly breathing, hearing the sound of Oliver's breath, until there was a rising click and a voice said sleepily, "Hello."

Male or female? Elizabeth couldn't be sure; it sounded muffled and husky. Whichever it was, Oliver identified it at once. He said, startlingly close to her ear, "What's the idea? I told you not to call me here."

The answering voice was lazy. "I told you to come across."

"For an envelope. Forgetting that?" Elizabeth hardly recognised Oliver's tight and ugly tone. She stared ahead of her, memorising a strip of banister, a pulse of rainy light at the hall window.

"Forgetting nothing. You had your instructions. If it's too

much trouble, I can always get in touch with Mrs.—"

He swore violently. It was the first time Elizabeth had ever heard it said like an obscenity. This was Oliver, the Oliver she didn't know, that three months' courtship, five years of marriage hadn't even permitted her to see. Different—appallingly so. Dangerous, because of his very control. Was it because he had never been so seriously crossed before?

Elizabeth listened to the silence following Oliver's curse; it was enigmatic.

Oliver said roughly, "Okay, let's get it over with. Where—when?" and she put down the receiver as quietly as she could, unable to listen to more, swept by a cold, sick reaction.

She closed the front door carefully behind her. The rain, at any rate, was clean.

She had not been alone in her watching of Oliver at the Savoy. Someone else knew, someone with a voice that held a faint, disguised familiarity and Oliver was paying blackmail. Angry, dangerously—but paying it.

Wind and cold and sleet-needed rain were therapy only so long. Elizabeth walked blindly and furiously away from the house, and became gradually aware that she was nearing the town and that she was chilled through. That, and a faint warning mistiness in her head, made her walk past the toy shop, the jeweller's, and the police station to the neon nakedness of the drug store.

She found an empty phone booth, she heard herself saying floatily, "This is Mrs. Oliver March. I'm at Corbett's—can I get a cab right away?"

In the drug store proper, a black-coated woman, seal-shaped, said earnestly to a clerk, "But I'm quite sure I bought this same size bottle a month or two ago for two forty-nine, and the other man,

the red-haired fellow, charged me two seventy-five."

Her small head wove, peering, doubtless, for the perfidious red-haired fellow. Elizabeth watched in a mist; the clerk murmured and slid away behind a high counter, the seal-shaped woman snapped her purse open and shut in a nervous tattoo and sidled along to another display. It was a bank of hair-dyes; capped by the enormous cardboard head of a blonde.

The bank was chartreuse and silver. Elizabeth walked closer, knowing that this was important, trying to think through the sudden blazing furriness in her brain. She was sick, suddenly and bewilderingly sick; that was why she had wakened so raw and shaken.

But this was important, this chartreuse and silver. She mustn't lose sight of it, because it meant something, it was like a face calling out for identification. It was Jeep, with a hand clenched solemnly behind him.

Elizabeth went directly up to the display. In spite of her wet hands, her faintly dizzy head, the shells of heat that went peeling and pulsating away from her body, she could still be quite sure of what she was seeing, fully aware of its meaning.

The fragment of chartreuse and silver Jeep had found became magically whole, on the top of the bank at the right. It said, "Halo-Hue," and, under that, "Pink Honey."

And Steven Brent said, in the memory of a chance encounter, "You ought to sue, it's your color."

She had been amused then, but she wasn't now. She thought in a sudden merciless wave of clarity: The cheques. The driving licence. The hair dye.

Someone else able, at will, to become Elizabeth March.

To be concluded

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD



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latious schoolboy who thinks real men only drive sports cars.

"You're such a child, Jim," she said.

"And you, with your girlish craving for admiration, your cheap, petty little flirtations—you're so adult, I suppose?"

She turned in the seat and her green eyes blazed at him.

"Cheap? Petty? How dare you talk to me like that? Isn't it normal to be grateful if somebody talks to you about yourself instead of about cars?"

"Ah," he said, and increased his speed a fraction, and she watched the needle trembling. "So that's the secret of his charm. He panders to your ego."

"Slow down," she said sharply. "I want a cigarette."

He slowed down and lit a cigarette for her and one for him.

"Queer," he said, "people pay to see me drive. They come miles. But my wife goes green when she's with me in a car."

"They come miles," she said tartly, "to see you and a lot of fools like you risk their necks."

"That's a matter of opinion."

He started up again. They turned into a village with a cobbled main street and houses washed in pastel colors, with roses and wisteria climbing round the shutters; a quiet village east deep in a groove of peace, its silence broken only by the voices of its inhabitants, the rattle of a cart across the cobbles, the pealing of the bells from the small grey church perched crookedly above the olive trees.

But their engine shattered the sleepy stillness and the old people looked up, dazed. Brown, half-naked children waved and shouted as they went by.

Jim said, "People like you are still trying to live in the age of hansom cabs. You don't believe in progress. Every time

we beat a record on the track we're discovering something, something vitally important in car production, something that is going to help trade and make driving safer for the millions."

She had heard the argument so many times before. She shut her ears and her heart to his point of view. She could never see that the perfecting of an engine mattered more than his life, their life together, their home, the children they one day hoped to have. It was a selfish attitude, he told her. Suppose she had married an explorer or a test pilot? She had no answer.

But she was sure it wasn't merely the scientific testing of an engine that made Jim an entrant for every important motor race in Europe. It was the mania for speed.

It was the whole atmosphere of the race track, which you either loved or hated.

Ann hated it. When Jim wasn't racing she'd stand there bored to tears, watching the toy cars go round and round, all looking to her exactly alike except for the color of their paint and the numbers blazoned on their sides.

When Jim was in a race she would be taut, silent, searching the course to find his car, following every corner, straining her ears to catch the commentator's words. And she would be filled with a terror that made her sick.

Ann, who had, before her marriage, looked on cars as a normal source of transport, now loathed them with such an intensity that she would rather travel on a tram.

So, to hide her fear, she flirted. There was usually someone ready for a flirtation and this time it was Bill Trevor.

She joked and wrinkled up her nose and into her eyes came that certain sparkle, all feminine, that no man can quite ignore.

Of course she flirted with Bill Trevor. With him she could forget that at any moment she might hear that Jim was hurt or dead. She joked and laughed

Continuing . . . The Reckoning

[from page 3]

as the little cars sped by and people talked about her. They didn't understand. Why should they? Even Jim, who said he loved her, couldn't understand.

He said, "If you feel like this about racing, why do you come? You wanted to come out here with me. You were quite excited about a holiday abroad."

Yes, she thought, why did I come? Self-torture.

"Ann!" Now his voice was gentle but his eyes were puzzled. "Ann, you knew racing was my life when you married me. Or were you stupid enough to imagine I might change, that with careful, artful handling you could alter me?"

"I imagined you'd be sane enough to live a normal life and find a job like other people—once you'd married, once you'd taken on responsibilities."

JIM said slowly, "You'd really like to see me chained to an office desk and hating every minute of it."

"Yes," she said, "rather than see you break your neck and glory in the publicity while you do it."

"Don't be melodramatic," he said flatly.

She drew quickly at her cigarette. The sun felt hot along her arms. She noticed how tanned Jim's arms were and the strength of the hand that lay on the steering wheel, and looking at him she felt weak with loving him, yet she wanted, at this moment, nothing but to be free of him, because life with him was unbearable.

"There are heaps of jobs. Your father owns one of the biggest car manufacturing firms in England. You could get any job you wanted."

"But I don't want a comfortable job just because my father's in a position to give me one. I've never sold cars or advertised them. I'm only good at driving them."

"If your father hadn't owned Grandons and given you a racing car and backed you, you'd never have been a racing driver in the first place. You'd have had to take an ordinary job like other people."

"Would I? I—"

"I'm not discussing it any more, Jim. It's no good. All I know is that if you go on racing I'll be leaving you."

He shrugged. His foot went down hard on the accelerator. They rushed down the hill, tyres screeching, and she sat tensed with fury.

"Don't, Jim. Don't. You know I hate speeding."

He ignored her. Suddenly she heard his voice, loud and angry above the engine.

"All right—leave me. Go back to England now—before the race. Then perhaps I can drive tomorrow with an easy mind. Jim Grandon, freed at last from a nagging wife who wants to tie him to an office desk, tries for the track record."

Tell that to your boyfriend. Perhaps he can use it in the gossip column of his paper!"

In front of their hotel he pulled up, braking hard.

She went up to their room to change for dinner. Jim didn't come. He'd be in the bar, of course, talking over the day's practice with Johnny Pratt and his other cronies.

She bathed and dressed slowly, biting down her anger, conscious of a deep, aching loneliness. She hadn't meant this week abroad to turn out the way it had. She had hoped it might have been a way to bridge the gulf between them, not widen it.

She left the clothes she had taken off scattered untidily about the room, because she hadn't the energy to put them away. She went on to the balcony and looked at the sea shimmering between the palms and reflecting every color of the evening sky. It's all so beautiful, she thought bitterly. So very beautiful.

She turned back into the bedroom and lifted the telephone beside the bed. She asked for Bill Trevor's hotel.

"Bill," she said swiftly when she heard his voice, "is that dinner invitation still open?"

"Of course. I was just finishing off my copy—telling the world that judging by today's practice your husband is almost sure to win tomorrow—unless the Grandon lets him down," he answered.

Unless the Grandon lets him down. The room was still warm from the day's sunlight, but she shivered. She shut her eyes, holding the telephone receiver tightly.

Behind her lids she saw the Grandon Special with Jim at the wheel, Jim in his crash helmet, waving cheerily to Johnny Pratt—before the race began. And then she saw the Grandon going round and round the track—faster, ever faster—a tiny, feverish beetle, red as blood.

"Are you still there, Ann?" "I'm here."

"I'll meet you in twenty minutes. What about having dinner at the Casino?"

"I'd love that, Bill," she said quickly.

Tonight, the night before the big race, she must get away from Jim and all his friends who talked of racing cars and nothing but racing cars. She must do something exciting, different. She must put Jim and the Grandon out of her mind or go crazy.

Jim wouldn't really mind her going out with another man. He had no right to mind. Why, then, should she feel this uneasiness, this sense of being disloyal?

The dinner was excellent and Bill bought champagne. He was charming and amusing and full of stories of the people he had met, the places he had seen. He didn't talk of cars at all.

Anyway, he had no special interest in them. He only happened to be covering the race this week. Let people talk, she thought, as a couple she knew passed their table. This is a perfectly harmless way to spend an evening. After tomorrow we'll probably never meet again.

When they danced he held her closely and she did not draw away. He told her she was beautiful and she thought: Not so beautiful to Jim as that hateful crimson car. As if Bill knew what she was thinking, he said:

"Come on—another drink. You're not to brood tonight. I'm going to teach you how to gamble."

There was something about the gambling tables that made you forget everything but the immediate present. You kept your eyes glued on that revolving disc and you became almost childishly excited when you won something.

"Beginner's luck," Bill said. It was fun to win, fun to drink champagne and be taken out by an attractive, undemanding journalist who found you beautiful.

It was wonderful to laugh again, unrestrainedly, because the horror of tomorrow was blurred by the excitement of tonight.

Ann looked at the faces all round her—pale, most of them, in the airless heat; some were excited and some were greedy and some were bored. She watched the pile of counters growing higher.

Bill said, "Don't be rash, darling, or you'll never shop again. This gets a hold on you."

"It won't get a hold on me." When she left the tables she could feel the notes crackling through the thin material of her evening bag.

"You've done awfully well, Ann. You must have won your passage home!"

She stood stock still and the smile left her face. The excitement faded, melted like thin ice, laying bare tomorrow and its terror.

"I didn't mean what I said about wanting to go home before the race tomorrow."

"I know you didn't. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have reminded you."

It was very late. When she went back to the hotel she would wake Jim, who needed all the rest he could get before

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To page 69

With a show of hands, they passed the motion . . . "TRUSNAY's the finest hand beauty lotion."



When in doubt whether to "dress up" . . .

- ☐ Don't be a plain Jane?
- ☐ Don't go?
- ☐ Don't?

Naturally you'd like to look your loveliest, to wear the dress that makes you feel really "special"—but when in doubt about dressing up—don't. Better to err on the casual side; at least you're less conspicuous in a simple frock than in a sweep-the-floor formal. The Kotex safety centre isn't conspicuous either but you know it's there—a dependable moisture-proof panel right in the middle of the napkin. And because it is in the middle whichever side you wear Kotex you get full protection and full comfort all day long. Kotex can't twist out of shape. It's specially constructed with feather-soft edges, it can't pack hard or go stringy. It really keeps its shape. Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.



How to rate on a first date . . .

- ☐ Sling a sharp line?
- ☐ Be a listening post?
- ☐ Learn his interests?

Being a dumb bunny, or too, too clever can scare your new squire away. Learn his interests. Talk them over and he'll soon be mighty interested in you. It's all a matter of forgetting yourself—an art you can even master on problem days. Just count on Kotex. Those flat-pressed ends keep your secret—can't show bulges or ridges. But never forget—you'll get most comfort and protection from Kotex when you buy it in the box. It stays fluffiest and most absorbent that way.

KOT-36



When's the best time to buy a new Kotex belt

- ☐ Today?
- ☐ Tomorrow?
- ☐ Sometime?

Lady—now's the time to buy a new belt. Chances are you'll forget tomorrow, put it off again. For real comfort, buy two so you can change them often for the frequent tubbings elastic products love.

De Luxe, 3/6;
Wonderform, 3/2
Featherweight, 1/9



How should you sign your name . . .

- ☐ Miss Jenny Brown?
- ☐ Jenny Brown?

Here's one to remember for good and all. A girl should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—except in a hotel register. Why the exception? So your name will tally with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoiding mix-ups makes sense—that's why you should say "Kotex" whenever you buy sanitary napkins. That way you know you're getting the napkin that's thicker, wider, softer and built to stay that way. No chafes with Kotex.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.



2/9 everywhere

tomorrow. Suddenly she felt desperately tired and unhappy, and Bill, through no fault of his, was like a stranger.

She looked at the windows, eerie suddenly with the dull, reddish dawn glow, and said: "Please take me back."

Over the sea the sky was rent with lightning. They could hear thunder rumbling far along the coast. The echoes thrown against the cliffs. The sudden fresh clean rain broke into the almost tropic night and cooled it.

"These storms don't last," she said, knowing she was thinking of tomorrow, wondering if the track would be greasy, dangerous.

When they reached her hotel he took her in his arms and kissed her. She was still, indifferent, and then something in her, the part of her that drove her into these flirtations, making her forget everything but the ephemeral present, took hold of her. She let him kiss her, almost forcing herself to respond.

Then she broke away, stood facing him, shivering in the rain wind.

"Dear Ann—I could get so very fond of you," he said.

"It won't do you any good."

"I know. You're the most single-hearted flit I've ever known. Lucky, lucky Jim."

"He isn't lucky. I'm the sort of girl who marries a man and then tries to alter him to my pattern." Mechanically, she added: "Thank you for a lovely evening."

"I'll stand beside you during the race tomorrow and tell you funny stories and try to make you forget to look."

She turned to him in sudden gratitude.

"Please do that," she said. "Goodnight!"

Johnny Pratt was in the lounge when she went in. The clock pointed to after three o'clock. She went over to him and said quickly, "Still up, Johnny? You ought to be getting your sleep before the great day."

Johnny Pratt opened his mouth to speak and shut it again, reminding her for an instant of a goldfish in a bowl.

Continuing The Reckoning

from page 68

His red hair shot upwards from his forehead, tousled, wiry. Beneath the freckles his skin had an odd, pale look.

"Johnny," she said, and a stab of uneasiness shot through her. "What's wrong?"

"It's all right," he said. "Don't worry. I was coming out to look for you . . . He's all right . . ." He broke off and again his mouth snapped tightly.

"Who's all right? What do you mean?"

"Jim crashed on the hairpin bend—about nine o'clock."

"He crashed?"

Many times she had visualised Jim crashing on the track in the hated little Grandon, but not, somehow, in their own two-seater on the road. Not Jim, who drew a crowd of hundreds to watch him drive.

"He's all right—really he is," Johnny said, speaking in nervous jerks. "You see, he'd ordered champagne because he'd had this telephone call about the job and he wanted to crack the bottle of champagne and make the announcement to the Press—but you weren't there."

"What job? What announcement?" she asked.

Johnny blinked at her. His hands, still stained with oil, moved in a little helpless gesture.

"The export job, of course, that his father wanted him to take."

"He was determined not to take it just because he was old Grandon's son, so he went before the Board in the usual way, but they all decided he was the man. Mr. Grandon rang tonight, so Jim was going to stand drinks all round and tell everybody that after tomorrow—whether he won or not—he wasn't racing any more."

Ann sat down at a little glass-topped table. There were tired roses on the table in a thin-necked vase, and an ash-tray full of stubs, and somebody else's cocktail glass. The lounge had a weary, dusty look as though they had taken it unawares.

She lit a cigarette. Her

hands were trembling and she felt weak and sick. Johnny Pratt's freckled face was puzzled and concerned.

"He's all right—not badly hurt. He went out to look for you, you see. He went up to the Casino about half-past eight and we thought he was bringing you back. We thought you were with him in the car . . . A very good thing you weren't. The windscreen's smashed to bits your side . . . I thought I'd better wait up



"I guess we'll have to take it to a panel beater after all."

and tell you what happened

Jim must have seen her at the Casino, laughing and drinking champagne and gambling with Bill Trevor.

He must have seen her and gone away and crashed at the hairpin bend on his way back. She felt miserable and horribly ashamed.

"Some fool knocked right into him on the bend—some idiot who didn't know right from left. Wasn't Jim's fault," said Johnny.

"But he's all right?"

"Broken wrist—that's all. The right one." Johnny's eyes went dark with disappointment.

"Bob Simpson's driving the Grandon tomorrow. Jim won't hear of her being withdrawn."

Ann rose slowly. "Thank you for waiting up to tell me, Johnny. Do go to bed now. You've still got to work tomorrow. We want to see the Grandon win, don't we? Whoever drives it."

Johnny nodded. "You see, Johnny, I had no idea Jim meant to give up racing," she explained.

"I thought perhaps you didn't know," Johnny smiled, a friendly smile carrying no reproach. "He wanted to make sure he got the job before he raised your hopes. I knew he'd get it, but he always said jobs didn't grow on trees for chaps who couldn't do anything except drive cars."

"Where is he now?" Ann inquired nervously. "Gone to bed. He's quite comfortable."

She went slowly towards the lift and pulled back the gates and stood there, leaning against the wall, her fingers running over the line of buttons.

He wanted to make sure he got the job before he raised your hopes . . . Johnny's voice rang in her head—loyal Johnny with the dark, disappointed eyes. He wanted to crack a bottle of champagne and make the announcement to the Press, but you weren't there . . .

She pressed the button for their floor and as the lift lurched upwards past the silent, sleeping floors she closed her eyes and heard Jim's voice that afternoon, loud and angry—Jim Grandon, freed at last from a nagging wife who wants to tie him to an office desk . . .

A wife who wasn't interested in her husband's career and flirted like a giddy schoolgirl with every other man . . .

He had meant to give up racing because of her, but, because of her, he would miss the culmination of his career as a racing driver. He had a broken wrist and someone else would drive the Grandon Special in the race that he had set his whole heart on winning.

Something inside her began to ache. She was feeling his dis-

appointment as if it were her own. She had got her way, but she felt no elation, only an aching disappointment that was his disappointment and made her want to cry.

She got out of the lift and went towards their room. He was sitting up in bed with his right wrist in a splint. He looked up and smiled at her and, like Johnny's smile, his bore no reproach.

In the hotel bedroom, all gilt and pink and untidy with clothes she had thrown off when she got ready to go out to dinner, they looked at each other.

She went to him and sat on the bed and held his uninjured hand against her heart.

"Jim," she said. "I'm so sorry. So terribly, terribly sorry."

"Don't be. I'm only glad you weren't in the car with me. It was nearly a very nasty smash."

"Johnny told me about the job," she said.

"Oh that." He looked awkward, almost shy. "I wanted to wait until a really interesting job came along . . . You know how I hate routine stuff . . . And now I've got it perhaps we'll settle down."

Then he leaned towards her and his face looked young, vulnerable, hurtfully sincere.

"I really do want to make you happy, Ann, only lately I've had a feeling you'd rather, well, be rid of me," he said.

"Never that," she said. "Never, never that. I was told today I was jealous of a car."

"You needn't be again," Jim told her gently.

"I was so frightened, Jim. I just had to be awfully gay to make myself forget. Fear makes people do odd things."

"I know," he said. "I'm sorry about this afternoon, but I was keyed up about the race and worried, waiting to hear about this job. And it's a wrench, Ann, giving it all up. I can't pretend it isn't."

She touched the bandaged wrist very gently and then she bent over him.

The fine, shining hair, disarranged by the night breeze, fell in a silky curtain across his eyes and she heard him sigh.

She found she was crying—not with relief or even with remorse—but because in Jim's eyes was the same look that Johnny's had held, the look of a small boy who has looked forward to something for a very long time, only to have it snatched away.

Bill Trevor watched the race alone. In his mind he went over the news story he would have to write.

"The Grandon Special came in second—a good effort considering Jim Grandon wasn't driving. Again the Grandon proved herself speedy and dependable, but obviously she missed the parent hand . . ."

"Jim Grandon, his broken wrist in a sling, watched the race with his wife, Ann . . ."

The Grandons stood very close together, shoulders and fingers touching.

Suddenly Ann took Jim's good arm and held it tight.

"Don't be disappointed, darling. You'll win next year." He gave a surprised, a searching look.

"I'm chucking it for good and all. I mean it, Ann."

She only smiled. She felt old and wise and very happy. Jim might give up racing and take this job and perhaps he would make a real success of the job, but one day the urge to race would come again. And this time she would not stop him. Somehow she had to find the strength to hide her fears and help him, not hinder him, in this noisy world of speed that he loved.

For when you know a man means more to you than anything in the world, when you are determined to make your marriage last, you have to do all you can to share his life, no matter what the cost.

(Copyright)

Buy the ring . . . proclaim the banns! (He couldn't resist her TRUSHAY'd hands.)



Mother says . . .

"We must give Father the best . . ."

Father says . . .

"Then make sure they're Polo . . ."

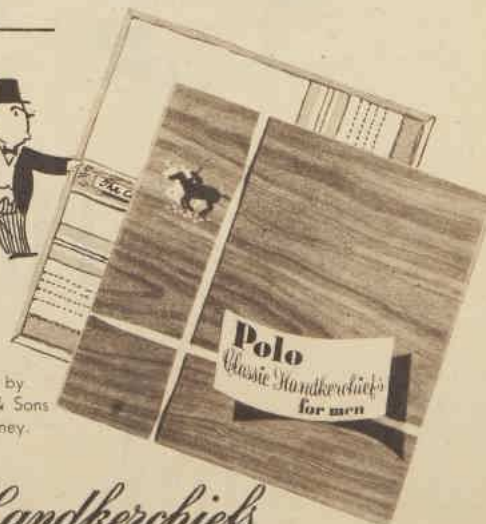
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stirred then; so perhaps she did not sleep. Gabriel sang an old dancing song to her while the engine roared on, now ringing near the trees, now flatly alone in the middle of the river.

He turned west away from the sun, out of the brown Mackenzie into a green river, and up that river for more hours till they reached the first portage. He made Martha carry a five-gallon drum of gasoline ahead of him each time. It was a woman's load.

He knew she would not run away unless she could steal the canoe; but he slung both his rifles to keep her from temptation. She gave no trouble. Across and back, across and back. It was a long job; Gabriel was strong—a young man in his full strength.

He wondered if Father Tinot would give him absolution in two or three years when they came back to be married and it was all forgotten. And he wondered about dogs. That was a big worry before winter.

They climbed the second river. The sun was nearly round again by the time Gabriel stopped. They ate cold food, and he did not dare to make a fire against the flies.

"Go to sleep, Martha," he said. "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. I won't touch you." He would never touch her until she wanted him.

She curled up in the blanket and went to sleep. He sat with his back against a tree, dozing on and off. In another hour he would have to wake her. But she was restless. The end of the blanket had come loose, baring her face to the mosquitoes.

He went over and covered her up. She screamed. It was a bad sound in the quiet.

"Don't be afraid, Martha," he pleaded. "I was covering you against the flies. I wouldn't hurt you."

Here's the sweetest beauty notion . . .
Make TRUSHAY your after-bath lotion.

Continuing . . . Harsh Country

from page 10

She slept again. As soon as he had woken her, he said: "Take that ring off your finger, Martha. I don't like it."

"No," she said. He looked at his open hand. "Take it off, Martha," he said again. She took it off and put it somewhere in her bosom.

They travelled all that day and six more days and a half the seventh. Gabriel took good care of Martha.

Eight hours after Gabriel left with Martha, the Forest Warden and Martha's father, Joe, brought the alarm to Corporal Brand.

"She wouldn't run off with him, would she?" "Have a heart," said the Warden. Joe shook his head.

"Where'll he go?" The Corporal was wide awake now, and much annoyed with himself. He felt guilty for not locking that madman up, which made him rough in his manner. "Back to his trapping area?"

"No," said Joe, the breed. He sucked his teeth. "Gotta hunch he'd make for the back country where his mother's people come from. They lived up there when he was a kid."

Joe was silent. He had made his contribution. He did not seem disturbed at the disappearance of his daughter.

"Why not his own place in the Franklin?" asked the Warden.

"Because he'd be trapped there between the river and the Barrens," said Corporal Brand as if he had thought of it himself. He had little opinion of the prospective bridegroom.

"Where's this country you're talking of, Joe?"

"Up the Green. Portage to the Rickash. Portage to the Rose. Portage to the Bull. That's the start of it. Seven, eight days mebbe. But once he's on Bull Lake . . ." Joe shrugged his shoulders.

"He told me he'd left his dogs at the Lightning. Would he fetch them first?"

"No," said Joe. "Too much load in canoe."

"O.K.," said Brand. "We'll

try as far as the Green anyway. You'll have to guide me, Joe. We'll start in an hour."

"We'd save time on the Mackenzie if we took my scow with the big engine, the twenty-two, and carried the canoe along with us." This was the Warden. What he said made sense.

"All right then," said Corporal Brand. "Meet you down the bank in an hour." He would rather have gone alone with Joe. But this chap had to come. Brand went in to tell his wife.

"Well, what is it now?" she demanded from bed.

He told her, and she was upset. "That Gabriel," she said. "He's dangerous. Do be careful, Jim."

"Sure," he said. "Sure I'll be careful. It's all my fault for not locking him up." But in the back of his mind he was not so sure about the locking up. That might have made it something worse than plain abduction of a girl, who would marry a soft white youth who would never belong in the North if he stayed a lifetime, and he wouldn't stay.

LATE that evening the party reached the Green River portage. Joe went to look for tracks. He nodded when he came back. "It's them. Half a day old, mebbe."

They left the scow and crossed the portage. They were light. They travelled fast. They had to. Brand knew that for a few days Gabriel's movements would be channelled. But after he reached Bull Lake he could vanish into fifty thousand square miles this side and that side of the Yukon border.

The last portage was hardest—from the Rose over into the Bull, south to north, wooded uphill, bare downhill into the gorge. Gabriel was very tired on the afternoon of the eighth day. But being tired did not matter when he was so happy; and in a few hours now he would have run the Bull into Bull Lake, and he would have

twenty valleys to pick and choose from to take Martha away, far away into the country of his mother's people.

He was carrying the canoe on this very last trip, and Martha, as usual, had a light load. There had been no sound of rifles or outboard motors or men's voices, no smoke to be seen.

"Stop a minute, Martha," he said at the summit.

She stopped. She did everything he told her to do. She gave him no trouble.

His breath came back soon. "I never had company in the bush since I grew up," he said. "Only with you, Martha."

She smiled. It was the first time. And Gabriel thought: Is she liking it with me already? "Do you like it with me, Martha?" he asked. But she did not answer.

They started down. There might be a mile to go on the bare hillside. They had gone hardly any distance when the shouts came from above. Men shouting.

It was funny. Here they had been running away for days now, and Gabriel had never expected that. Somehow he didn't think much about being chased. He thought all the time about taking Martha to the new land, the old country.

He swung and tilted the canoe so he could look. Three men. "Stop!" He knew the Corporal's voice. So it was the Corporal shouting. The moment Gabriel heard his voice he knew he had to run.

"Go on, Martha," he said. She hesitated. He poked her hard in the back with the canoe. She ran on in front of him on the steep path down a gully between rocks. It was difficult, and the stones were sharp.

The warning bullets cracked overhead. They'll shoot Martha, Gabriel thought. They'll shoot her. Poor Gabriel understood about the woods and the beasts, but he did not understand about people.

"Stop, Martha!" he shouted. "Lie down, Martha!" She stopped and crouched. He had put

down the canoe. Martha's lovely face was frightened. "Get in there!" he said, pushing her roughly into a cleft. "Keep down!" She kept down. She was quite safe.

Gabriel put the barrel of his rifle round a rock. The range would be three hundred yards. The three men still stood on the skyline. Gabriel aimed at the other big man who was not the Corporal.

"I'll teach you," he said. "I'll teach you to fire at us when I never fired at you." He squeezed his trigger. The shot echoed all up and round and in and out of the hills; but it was a near miss, splattering rock dust just beside the man.

Forest Warden, Gabriel thought, when the three men had disappeared like magic. He saw the Warden and Martha dance together and dance away and spin three times with eyes together and dance away round the circle and meet again and dance together. He hated the Warden. He did not hate the Corporal much.

He did not hate Joe, Martha's father, at all. But they had tried to hurt Martha and they could watch out for themselves. They would all be shot dead, and then he would go on with Martha to the country of his mother's people.

"Gabriel! If you shoot at them, they'll kill you. Why'n't you give up now and they won't do you no harm?"

Gabriel laughed loud. He was still happy and hating as well. "Don't you tell me what I'm to do, Martha."

After that there was a long silence except for Martha's light breathing and Gabriel's breathing, and the tumble of the Bull far down below.

"Gabriel!" The Corporal's voice was much nearer. He must have crawled on his belly. "Yes, Corporal?" Gabriel replied.

"I'll give you a chance. Put your hands above your head and come out."

"And leave Martha to that man? No, Corporal!" He was just going to fire at the place where he thought the Corporal was lying when Martha climbed out of her cleft of rock and stood up.

"Get down, Martha!" cried Gabriel. "Down!" They would shoot her. She paid no attention to him.

"Corporal!" she called. "Corporal Brand!"

"Yes?" "Corporal, I'm goin' with Gabriel."

There was dead silence for a minute. Then a terrible flow of profanity from the Corporal. "Well, I'll be blankety-blank had for a mug by a black woman after seven days on the trail." Then, in a less violent voice, "Sure, Martha? You know what he's like?"

"I know what he's like! Good-hearted is what he's like."

"Well, you'll have to ask your father," he shouted lamely.

"Come down, Corporal," Gabriel called. "Not the Warden, though, not unless he wants a bullet." Gabriel felt all confused except about that. Martha stood quiet and demure.

Joe and the Corporal came down. Joe grunted it was all right whatever his daughter decided.

So Gabriel and Martha went down in the evening to the Bull River, and they ran the Bull into Bull Lake, which was the beginning of that country.

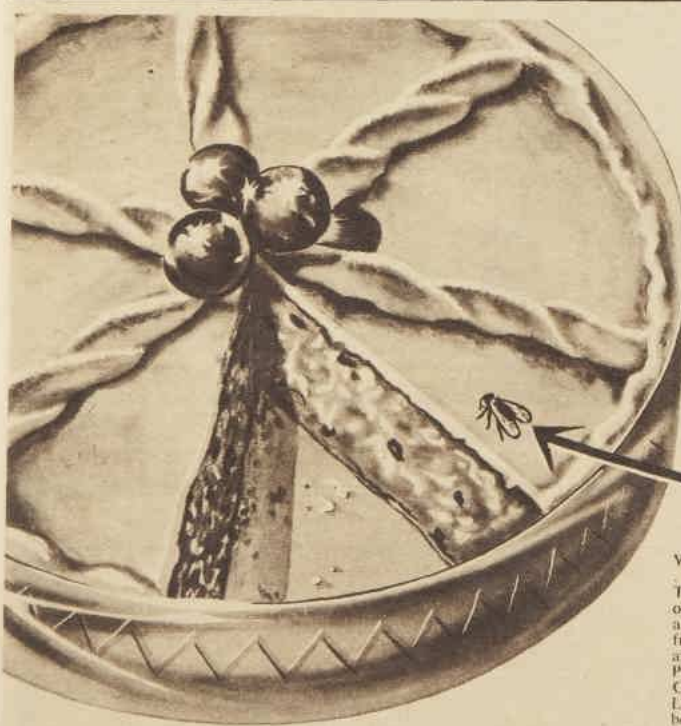
"Gabriel, my son. Have you prayed to Our Heavenly Father for peace of mind?" asked Father Tinot when they came the next year for marriage and the christening of their first-born.

"Every day, Father," Gabriel said hopefully, and not unmindful of how difficult Martha could be.

But in the end his prayers were answered. Gabriel found peace with Martha and their children in that harsh country which was the country of his mother's people.

(Copyright)

Scrubbing and washing made her hands a sight. Now, thanks to TRUSHAY, they're soft and white.



Cooked in 30 minutes . . .

Polluted in one second!

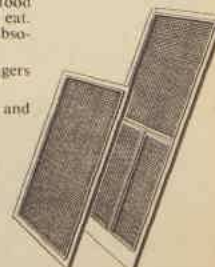
What a beautiful pie. Perfectly cooked—but possibly infected with disease. The very instant a fly touches your food or cooking utensils, thousands of germs are deposited. These germs, collected from manure heaps and garbage tins, are brushed off its hairy legs at a touch. POLIOMYELITIS, DYSENTERY, GASTRO-ENTERITIS, TUBERCULOSIS—all these serious diseases can be carried and spread by common house-

flies. Even more revolting is the fly's habit of liquefying its food—your food—with its own vomit before it can eat. Disgusting—but, unfortunately, absolutely true.

Don't expose your family to the dangers of insect-borne sickness.

Fit "Cyclone" screenwire on doors and windows NOW.

Available at all hardware stores.



GIVE YOUR HOME THE PROTECTION OF **Cyclone SCREENWIRE**

Manufactured by CYCLONE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LTD.

HERE YOU ARE...
FULL DETAILS OF THE

EXCITING CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

1ST PRIZE

2 WEEKS
TO
California!

PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES

CONDITIONS

1. Consider these Recipes on the basis of taste, economy, and ease in preparation, and place them in what you consider to be their order of merit. Then add your favourite recipe of any kind.
2. Fill in the coupon or write out your entry and mail it to G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
3. Every entry will be examined and, in the event of a number of competitors displaying equal skill in determining the order of merit of the recipes, the judges will select prize winners from the competitors' favourite recipes on the basis of taste, economy and ease in preparation.
4. First prize is a tourist trip by air for one person for two weeks in California, to be taken up by 30th June, 1955, subject to obtaining passports and visas, otherwise a trip elsewhere of equal value will be awarded.
5. If a label, lid of a can or cutting of the words "Cream of Tartar" from any cooking product containing Cream of Tartar is attached, the first prize will be doubled and will become a trip for two people.
6. The Proprietor or Manager of the Grocery Store nominated by the winning entry will be awarded an Australian holiday trip for one or two people to the value of £100.
7. Consolation prizes of 10 Electric Waffle Irons, 10 Electric Irons or Toasters, 100 beautifully bound and coloured basic Cookery Books.
8. Anyone is eligible to enter except employees of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and its Advertising Agency, and their families.
9. The decision of the Judges will be final; no correspondence will be entered into regarding such decisions. Entries become the property of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and may be used at its discretion. Entries close at G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, at 5 p.m. on Monday, 1st November, 1954.
10. Prize-winners will be advised by mail and will be announced in an advertisement in "The Australian Women's Weekly" on 15th December, 1954.
11. The Coupon is not required from residents of any States where its use contravenes the law of that State.

FILL IN NOW AND POST TO
G.P.O. BOX 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Just imagine! A tourist trip by air to glamorous California — a fortnight's glorious holiday to the land of San Francisco, Hollywood, Palm Springs — and you — and perhaps your husband, your mother, sister, or best friend — may be the fortunate ones.

READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY!
IT'S EASY! NO COMPLICATIONS!
ENTER NOW — THIS VERY MINUTE

Remember!

If a label, lid of a can or cutting with words "Cream of Tartar" from any product containing Cream of Tartar is enclosed, the first prize is doubled to a trip for two persons.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

My choice of Recipes—

1st No.	2nd No.	3rd No.	4th No.	5th No.	6th No.	7th No.
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My favourite recipe for _____ is attached.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

The Proprietor or Manager of
my Grocery Store is Mr. _____
of _____

Your entry may also win a
two weeks' holiday in Australia
for your Grocer and his wife.

CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

1. PATTY CAKES:

INGREDIENTS: 6 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour, pinch salt.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased patty tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen cakes.

2. LIGHT FRUIT CAKE:

INGREDIENTS: 1/2 lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1/2 lb. plain flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 1/2 lb. castor sugar, 1 oz. coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 ozs. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

METHOD: Cream butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add sifted flour and salt; continue beating until soft, white and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved, add yolks. Mix into creamed butter and flour. Fold in almonds, fruit and sherry, then baking powder, sifted with cornflour. Turn into 8-inch round or square tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1 1/2 hours.

3. ORANGE CAKE:

INGREDIENTS: 8 ozs. butter, 1/2 lb. sugar, grated rind of one orange, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 3 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour.

METHOD: Cream butter, sugar and orange rind thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add orange juice, mix well. Fold in flour, which has been sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

4. COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES:

INGREDIENTS: 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 1/4 cups plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 cup coconut.

METHOD: Beat butter until softened; gradually add sugar, vanilla and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper (not greaseproof) and place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into water-thin slices with a sharp knife. Place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tins when cold.

5. CHOCOLATE CAKE:

INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. butter, 3/4 cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, 1/2 teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 level tablespoons drinking chocolate, good 1/4 cup milk.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar; add boiling water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice one layer with chocolate icing and join layers with cream.

6. GINGERBREAD CAKE:

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1/2 cup milk, 1 beaten egg.

METHOD: Sift flour and spices into a bowl; add the sugar and mix. Melt the shortening, add the milk to it, warming it slightly before stirring in the treacle, beaten egg, soda and baking powder. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and thoroughly. Pour into buttered and paper-lined slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. When cool, cut in squares and sift with sugar.

7. SPONGE SANDWICH:

INGREDIENTS: Three large eggs, good 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk.

METHOD: Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and frothy; gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into two greased 7-in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill and ice when cold.

In the first square put the number of the recipe you consider the best, based on taste, ease and economy in preparation, then your second choice and so on.

Let Dinner Cook Itself

● When the day's plans leave little time for meal preparation, plan a dinner that cooks with a minimum amount of attention.

THE easiest way to produce a meal that looks and tastes as though it has been closely watched from start to finish is to plan a full oven menu.

The two menus suggested on this page cook themselves, or nearly. A little advance preparation and planning is necessary, of course, so that everything goes smoothly.

Both menus are simple and have general appeal.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

MENU 1

(Illustrated)

Stuffed rolled shoulder of lamb
Baked potatoes, baked pumpkin
Cabbage and bacon savory
Pear and ginger pudding
Fruit Coffee

STUFFED ROLLED SHOULDER OF LAMB

One shoulder or forequarter of lamb, boned and rolled, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg and herbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg yolk, milk to moisten.

Remove string from joint, unroll carefully on flat board. Rub butter into breadcrumbs. Add parsley, onion, lemon rind, nutmeg, herbs, salt and pepper. Moisten with egg yolk beaten with a little milk. Spread over meat, re-roll, tie up again with clean fine string. Place in baking-dish with melted fat to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Bake uncovered in moderate oven approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting occasionally if meat is lean. Prepare potatoes and pumpkin, dry, dust with salt and pepper, and place in fat around meat for last 45 to 50 minutes of cooking time.

PEAR AND GINGER PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 3oz. golden syrup, 6 cooked pear halves, 1 tablespoon sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon for topping.

Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar. Add soda dissolved in milk, alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in warmed golden syrup. Fill into greased 9 in. tart-plate. Top with pears (rounded side up), sprinkle cake mixture with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cream.



CABBAGE AND BACON SAVORY

One medium-sized cabbage, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ small onion, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, 2oz. grated processed cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped bacon, little extra grated cheese and bacon.

Wash and shred cabbage, place in saucepan with salt and sufficient water to barely cover base of saucepan. Cover closely and cook over low heat 5 minutes, shaking pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, mustard, and salt, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add evaporated milk and water, stir until boiling. Cook bacon gently in its own fat, fold into sauce with grated onion, cheese, and cabbage. Fill into greased ovenware dish, top with extra bacon and cheese. Re-heat in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until bacon is cooked and crisp.

MENU 2

Oven-cooked vegetable broth
Rabbit Creole
Jacket potatoes, peas en casserole
Baked rhubarb crisp

OVEN-COOKED VEGETABLE BROTH

Half-pound shin of beef or gravy mincer, place in saucepan with water, salt, and meat or vegetable extract. Allow to stand $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Bring to the boil, add parsley, thyme, pepper, and diced vegetables. Transfer to casserole, cover and bake in very moderate oven approximately 2 hours. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Chop meat finely or put through mincer, place in saucepan with water, salt, and meat or vegetable extract. Allow to stand $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Bring to the boil, add parsley, thyme, pepper, and diced vegetables. Transfer to casserole, cover and bake in very moderate oven approximately 2 hours. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

DINNER is on its way — stuffed rolled shoulder of lamb, cabbage and bacon savory, pear and ginger pudding, and baked vegetables are ready to be kept hot while gravy and coffee are prepared. See Menu 1 on this page.

RABBIT CREOLE

One rabbit, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 green apple, 1 stick chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 clove, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice, salt, pepper.

Wash rabbit well, remove tail joint, soak $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in salted water. Cut into joints, pat dry with a clean cloth. Brown in hot fat, remove, add flour and brown. Stir in stock or water and vinegar, continue stirring until boiling, add clove, allspice, salt and pepper. Pour over rabbit in casserole. Cover with sliced onion, skinned sliced tomato, and thinly

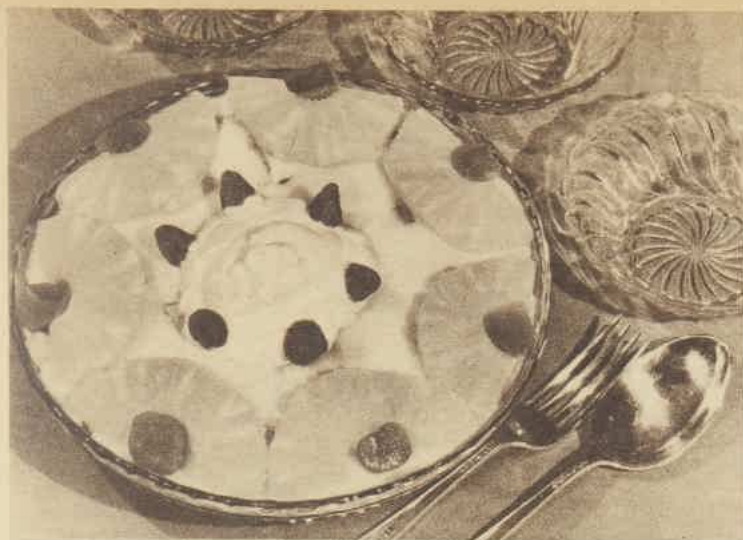
sliced apple (peeled and cored). Sprinkle celery over top, cover closely and bake in very moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours.

BAKED RHUBARB CRISP

One pound rhubarb, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, thin piece of lemon rind, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Wash rhubarb, cut in 1 in. lengths, place in piedish with sugar, water, and lemon rind. Rub butter into flour mixed with baking powder and spice, add brown sugar and grated lemon rind. When mixture is crumbly and well mixed, sprinkle over rhubarb. Bake in moderate oven $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour. Serve hot with custard or cream.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts



PINEAPPLE, ginger, and strawberries decorate this tempting chilled sweet which wins £5 this week. See recipe this page.

£250 CONTEST

The second progress prize of £5/5/- in the honey recipe contest is won by Mrs. W. Fredericks, Mary Street, Malanda, Queensland, with a recipe entered in section 5.

THE honey gives an unusual flavor to a curry sauce which is served with beef olives.

BEEF OLIVES WITH SWEET CURRY SAUCE

One pound topside steak cut in thin oblong pieces, 1 lb. sausage meat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 small onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 cups stock, 2 cups cooked rice.

Sauce: One tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder, salt, 1 tablespoon honey, milk.

Trim meat, pound

thoroughly until very thin. Place a small amount of sausage meat on each piece, roll up, secure with a cocktail stick. Combine flour, salt, and pepper, sprinkle over rolls. Brown lightly in hot fat with sliced onion. Drain off excess fat, pour stock over, cover, simmer gently 1 hour. Remove beef olives, make sauce. Add milk to stock to make up to 2 cups. Add flour, salt, and curry powder blended with extra milk. Lastly add honey. Stir over low heat until smooth and thick. Pour over beef olives, serve with a border of rice.

Children's clothes

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CLOTHES for toddlers should be light and allow free movement, and to encourage independence they should be so designed that children can soon manage to dress and undress themselves.

Children should not be dressed for long periods in clothes that entirely cover the limbs, because this excludes too much of the skin from health-giving rays of the sun.

In summer, sunsuits are ideal for older babies and toddlers. A simple and practical pattern for a sunsuit is included with the 12-piece layette patterns which are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Price of the patterns is 3/6, postage free. Names and addresses of senders should be clearly printed.

Sweet wins prize

A simple and delicious family sweet flavored with preserved ginger and pineapple wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE sweet is easy to prepare and requires very little cooking. Any fruit in season may be used for the sweet or for decorating.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to two savory dishes—and simple spicy apple-sauce cookies.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PINEAPPLE GINGER TRIFLE

One layer sponge cake, 1 small tin pineapple, 1 pint custard, sliced preserved ginger, whipped sweetened cream and strawberries to decorate.

Cut sponge into cubes, arrange in shallow glass dish. Place slices of ginger and 1 cup chopped pineapple between squares of cake. Moisten with 1 cup pineapple juice, pour custard over top. Cut pineapple rings in halves, arrange around edge of dish with slices of preserved ginger. Decorate centre with a swirl of cream and strawberries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Webb, 332 Highbett Rd., Highbett, Melbourne.

CRISP SAVORY FINGERS

Four slices buttered sandwich bread, 2ozs. grated cheese, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 rasher bacon.

Mix together all ingredients except bread and bacon. Spread on buttered bread, cut into fingers. Place a strip of bacon on each bread finger, bake on greased tray in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes or until crisp and lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss C. Legge, Peter St., West Coast, Gormanston, Tas.

CHEESE AND BACON PIE

One pound minced steak, 1 egg, 1 small onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 or 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 4ozs. grated tasty cheese, 3 rashers bacon.

Mix steak with beaten egg, finely chopped onion, and flavorings. Fill into greased casserole, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cut bacon into 1 in. strips (rind removed), arrange on top of meat, sprinkle with grated cheese. Return to oven, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Rae, 39 Abbotsford Parade, Abbotsford, N.S.W.

APPLE-SAUCE COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup thick apple sauce, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup chopped peel, 1/2 cup chopped raisins.

Cream shortening with sugar, add egg. Stir in apple sauce, peel, and raisins. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-trays. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Schmid, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.

DECORATIVE EMBROIDERY



200B

SIX flowers and cross-stitch designs and the words "His" and "Hers" are featured on embroidery transfer No. 200B. The sheet is 19 in. x 11 in., price 1/-, plus postage 3d. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. See address, page 76



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Fruit Pies 'Creamed'
with double-rich
Carnation... luscious!



JUST PUNCH AND POUR!

With your tin opener, punch two holes on either side of the top of the Carnation tin and pour. It's easy! Saves waste!

What a wonderful difference the creamy-rich flavour of Carnation makes when you pour it on fruit pies. And, try 'creaming' fruits with Carnation! Tinned, stewed or fresh fruits are doubly delicious, doubly nutritious when served with liberal Carnation helpings. Carnation is fresh, pure whole milk condensed to double-richness. As well as flavour, Carnation adds health-giving nourishment too.

Carnation Milk

"from contented cows"

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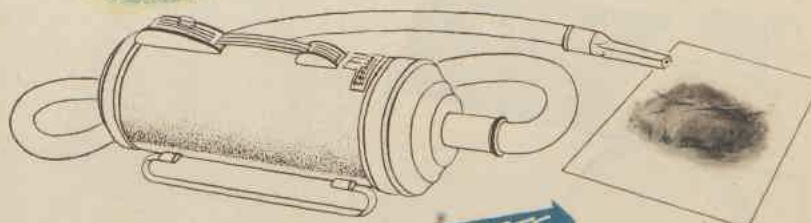
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The new 3-brush model will polish to perfection—or scrub without splashing. Cleans every floor in the home (from timber to terrazzo) in a matter of minutes. And for the other half of your housework, use a Tecnico Vacuum Cleaner. For super suction without carpet wear. Effortless cleaning from floor to ceiling!



RECENT TESTS

... produced 15 oz. of dirt and dust from a "clean" home, every corner—and the car as well. A Tecnico is not just a carpet cleaner—it's a COMPLETE home cleaner.

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TC 12 FP
Page 75

It's New 9 ways...

1. **QUICKER:** Zips through the job with 8 sets of ball bearings for faster brush speed!



2. **COOLER:** New fan gives maximum air flow, keeps cool in long periods of use.



3. **HANDIER:** So easy to start! Handle latches upright automatically when not in use.



4. **LONGER LIFE:** New air circulation system greatly increases life of driving belt.



5. **SPLASHPROOFED:** Motor safe from scrubbing splashes thanks to new protective helmet.



6. **PROTECTED:** Twin side cheeks completely protect switch from damage if handle is dropped.



7. **DUSTPROOFED:** Outer helmet and inner ring seal provide positive dust sealing.



8. **SAFER:** Flex can't pull out or fray thanks to new power-tractor sleeve.



9. **GAY COLOURS:** Choose from Tecnico's gay new Tropical Green or Sky-line Blue... shades which help make your housework a light-hearted affair.



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Horrid idea, isn't it, to think that your breath may smell without your even knowing it. Strong foods, alcohol, smoking—there are many things that can lead to unpleasant breath. But whatever the reason, Amplex keeps breath sweet and leaves body free of odour. That's because Amplex works from inside, safely and surely stopping odours at their source. Just pop one or two in your mouth and immediately you're confident, confident you don't annoy those near you.

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30 hour alarm, available in ivory/gilt, green or blue finish with chrome bezel; 4" diameter dial has two tone finish; luminous or non-luminous markings, plus Smiths exclusive "Automatic Reset". Plus 12 months guarantee! Price: luminous 33/6; non-luminous 31/3. —Capital Cities.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN

F3346.—Beginner's pattern for a small girl's easy-to-make petticoat slip. Sizes, lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 34in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 14yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

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F3344.—One-piece maternity dress specially designed with controlled fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

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F3347.—Nightgown styled with a moulded lace bodice and gracefully flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. lace. Price, 4/6.

F3348.—Simple one-piece daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3347

F3345



F3349.—A pretty, feminine style for floral silk or cotton. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 730—GINGHAM ONE-PIECE DRESS

A simple and easy-to-make dress obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is check gingham, obtainable in pink and white, sage blue and white, green and white, red and white, and black and white. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/9, 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

No. 731—BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, on sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green, and on Swiss organdie on white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. x 11in., and two smaller mats 5in. x 8in. Price, linen, 8/11 complete. Postage 3d. extra. Organdie, 6/9 complete. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 732—SMALL GIRL'S SUMMER BONNETS

The bonnets are obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. Design A is available in cotton, headcloth, and the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price, 8/3. Postage, 6d. extra. Design B is available in pin-spotted summer-bonnet, and the color choice includes pink and white, red and white, blue and white. Price, 4/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 733—TENNIS DRESS

Above knee-length tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is color pique. The color choice includes lemon, pale pink, pale blue, and also white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



730



F3349



733



731

732

B

The floral fan

By BERIN SPIRO, New Zealand flower expert

Flower designs that resemble the outline of an opened fan are perhaps the oldest of all floral arrangements, yet today they are still one of the most popular. The modern name for this design is a radiating line arrangement—a self-explanatory term.

THIS arrangement is shown in the illustration at left. Flowers used were waterlilies, delphiniums, gypsophila, and cornflowers set in an oblong, earthenware dish.

The main features of the arrangement are the comparatively regular spacing of the flowers and the careful placing of the focal point.

To begin the arrangement, first outline the background by putting in at comparatively

regular intervals the upright flowers and the flowers at the left and right sides, making sure that they are approximately the same distance from each other.

In fact you are forming a triangle as you place the first three flowers. On each side of the delphinium in the centre, and at a gradually declining angle, place two more delphiniums of corresponding height.

To regulate the form of the arrangement, place the waterlilies with a slight deviation

from the true centre. The pattern of the fan is now substantially formed and the remaining points are those of finish.

Take triple and double sprays of cornflowers of the appropriate length and place them along the lines of the delphiniums to form a spray of deeper blue surrounding the waterlilies in the centre. Slightly taller sprays of fine gypsophila can now be used to soften the arrangement.

Maiden-hair fern set forward at the base can be added to give a final touch.



WATERLILIES, delphiniums, gypsophila, fern, and cornflowers are effective in this fan arrangement. There are many other flowers that can be used in similar style.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

A MIXTURE of equal parts of lemon juice and methylated spirit is excellent for removing ink from almost any type of material.

TO clean an eiderdown quilt before storing it away, rub all over with black magenta, roll up and wrap in an old sheet. It will only need to be well shaken before it is used again.

WHEN cleaning open-work sandals slip your hand into a paper bag before putting it inside the shoe. Surplus polish then goes on the bag, not on to your hands.

IRON seersucker frocks over towelling to preserve the attractive crinkle of the weave.

SMALL pieces of eggshell are useful for cleaning discolored decanters. Place in the bottle with a little water and shake well.

IF a bucket springs a leak, insert a small plug of children's modelling clay in the hole. This will harden and stop the leak.

PLACE sticky tape over the holes of salt and pepper shakers before placing them in a picnic hamper to prevent spillages.



DETAILS of the method used to convert this chair into an upholstered bedroom chair.

WINNER IN OUR CONTEST

ACCESSORY pieces add a lot to total furnishing costs. Homemakers faced with this expense will be interested in the low-cost bedroom chair that wins the £3/3/- cash prize in our weekly contest on how to make something new from something old.

Mrs. H. Mitchell, 2 Central Avenue, Eastwood, N.S.W., sent in this winning entry.

"After looking through stores for a reasonably priced bedroom chair," Mrs. Murray writes, "I decided that the style in vogue could be made from an old dining-room chair."

"The chair I used was 40 years old, but the conversion was quite easy. As shown in

the sketches the top points of the chair were sawn off, the legs were lowered, the back legs being cut 4in. shorter than the front to give the seat a slight lean back.

"The back-rest was then covered with strong cardboard (plywood could be used), and a frame of light wood was tacked round the seat edge. Two old cushions, one for the seat and one for the back, were used as padding, and the chair was covered with material from some discarded curtains."

Address your entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



COMFORTABLE, flounced bedroom chair that was made from the old-style chair shown at left. The idea won £3/3/-.

Mum couldn't believe it!



See how WASHRITE can do all your washday work . . . so quickly . . . so easily

N.S.W.: Kelvinator, 138 Euston Rd., Alexandria, Sydney
VIC.: Kelvinator, P.O. Box 4576, Melbourne
S.A.: Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide
Q.L.D.: Kelvinator, Box 41, Broadway P.O., Brisbane
W.A.: Western Appliances, Box 52, G.P.O., Perth
Tas.: Max Geaves Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 281 C, Hobart
Kelvinator Australia Limited

Please send me your free illustrated literature on the "Washrite".

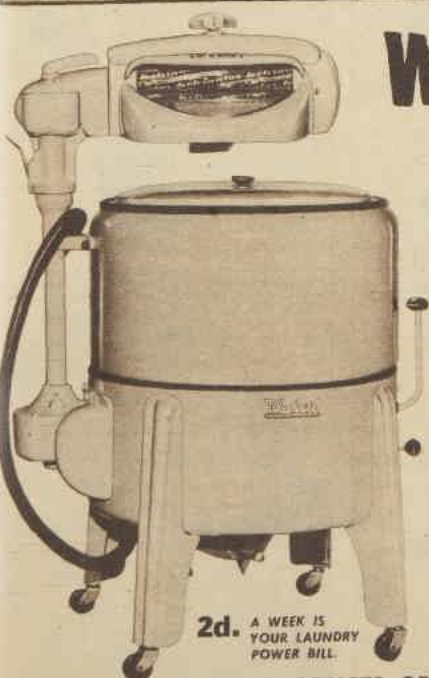
MY NAME

MY ADDRESS

WW.1.9

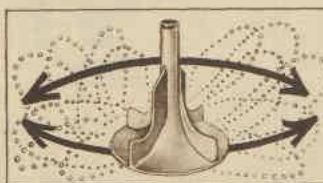
Why "WASHRITE" washes cleanest

THE SECRET IS THE **WIDE-ARC** INSET AGITATOR.



2d. A WEEK IS YOUR LAUNDRY POWER BILL.

PRODUCTS OF KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED



Washrite's "wide-arc" agitator moves further . . . faster . . . and through more water. Gets your wash done in three minutes!

Ordinary agitators—positioned above the bottom of the tub—form dead water areas where clothes can jam. Washrite's "wide-arc" agitator is set into the tub—clothes can't jam . . . every inch of water space is used to give a cleaner wash that's easier on your clothes.

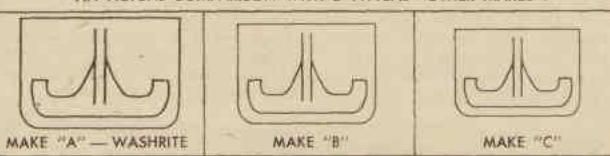
★ Washrite saves all laundry labour . . . damp dries . . . empties simply and automatically.

★ Automatic Wringer. Full-sized . . . electric powered.

★ Agitator Control. Stops/starts at fingertip touch.

★ PRICE: £92/10/- with pump, £87/10/- without pump (subject to slight alteration in South Australia and country districts). Lowest deposits—easiest terms.

AN ACTUAL COMPARISON WITH 2 TYPICAL "OTHER MAKES".



MAKE "A"—WASHRITE

MAKE "B"

MAKE "C"

Arc of Agitator—210°. Actions per minute—52. Water capacity 13½ galls.

Arc of Agitator—195°. Actions per minute—41. Water capacity 12½ galls.

Arc of Agitator—170°. Actions per minute—48. Water capacity 10½ galls.



... and here is the economical **TRAYWAY**

Space your problem?

See **TRAYWAY**

Australia's lowest priced all-electric full-size washing machine.

PRICE: £67 (subject to slight alteration in South Australia and country districts). Lowest deposits—easiest terms.

TW42

Now! **ONE** Brushing with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
REMOVES ENZYMES

that cause Bad Breath
 and Tooth Decay!

Only the Colgate way does all three!
**CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
 CLEANS YOUR TEETH AND
 STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**



**NOW COLGATE'S ACTS INSTANTLY ON
 DECAY PRODUCING ENZYMES!**

Brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream instantly removes enzyme-producing Bacteria, and it is enzymes that produce tooth decay acids! But—if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the Colgate way. Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing the teeth right after eating stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!



**ONE BRUSHING WITH
 COLGATE'S STOPS BAD
 BREATH INSTANTLY!**

Your very first brushing with Colgate's each morning removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath! Yes, scientific tests prove that Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate's you clean your breath while you clean your teeth!



**BRUSHING TEETH AFTER
 EATING STOPS TOOTH
 DECAY BEST!**

Scientific tests over a 2-year period showed a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people. Yes, the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method to help stop tooth decay!



Buy the big Family
 Economy Size and save 1/5d.

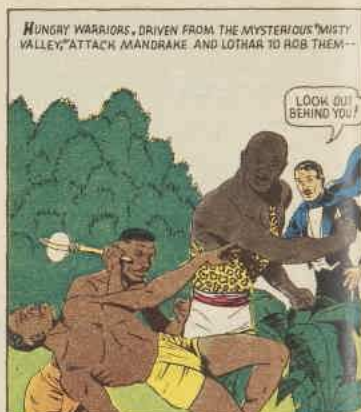
Gives You a Cleaner, Fresher Mouth All Day!

America's largest—Australia's largest—The World's largest selling Dental Cream

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
 with
 LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
 servant, and
 PRINCESS NARDA fly to
 Africa to investigate a mys-
 terious report of giants in a
 mist-filled jungle valley.
 They find the natives living

near the valley are terrified
 and believe it to be cursed
 by evil gods. Narda finds a
 native child playing with
 what looks like an enormous
 ring. Mandrake, Lothar,
 and Narda set off into the
 valley carrying the ring with
 them. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



Keep Fresher

After your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet Tale lavishly. It leaves you fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother

Its soft production in suits against chafing, too, so please soothe your skin with extra Cashmere Bouquet!

Stay Daintier

And remember, Cashmere Bouquet Tale surrounds you with a romantic fragrance, the very spirit of personal daintiness.



Cashmere Bouquet Tale

No rough-red hands for Abigail—She uses TRUSHAY, without fail!



BABY LOVES

the delightful, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. The gentle cleansing and pure, soothing touch of this mildly medicated Soap is ideal for your baby's precious skin. Use emollient Cuticura Ointment after the bath and at every change to soothe baby's soreness and deal sweetly with nappy rash. Buy your Cuticura today.

Cuticura SOAP

TRUSHAY is magic, TRUSHAY is pink—What I'd do without it, I just couldn't think.

SKIN ITCH Stops in 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Itchiness, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Trouble make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

Loving glances are rarely directed At sweet young things with hands neglected. (Moral—use TRUSHAY!)

TEENA by Lilla Terry



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MAUREEN."—A pretty lace-trimmed lingerie set obtainable in a lovely slipper satin. The color choice includes magnolia-pink, sky-blue, cream, and white.

Ready to Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Petticoat slip, sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 38/9. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Scanties, sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 24/9. Postage and registration, 1/- extra. Complete set, £6/11/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Nightgown, sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 52/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Petticoat slip, sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Scanties, sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 16/9. Postage and registration, 1/- extra. Complete set, £4/11/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send in address given on page 76. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 64 Harrow St., Ultimo, Sydney.



MILK, MILK FRESH CREAMY MILK!

... that's why it tastes so more-ish — Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate



It's delicious — it's nourishing; that's because there is a glass and a half of FRESH full-cream milk in every half pound of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. It goes further too: the new, oblong-shaped 4-lb. block gives you 5 more chunky squares to share around. And, if you like your Dairy Milk Chocolate with nuts, ask for these favourites: Nut Milk, Brazil Nut, Toasted Almond, Candy Nut, Almond & Raisin. You'll always be right if you'll always say: "I Want Cadbury's!"

Made by Cadbury's at Claremont, Tasmania, in the famous factory by mountain and sea



NEW! Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves, slip on and off like lightning.



THE SECRET'S IN THE SILVER LINING

This new Silver Lining, found only in Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves, enables you to slip them on and off easily and without using powders. Buy a pair of Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves... slip them on... do all your housework... then slip them off and see how your hands are as soft and lovely as ever. Ask for Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves... they're the simplest hand beauty treatment of all.

2/11 A PAIR

Only 2/11 a pair at all chemists, chain, departmental, hardware & rubber stores. SIZES 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2, 9.

Ansell

— THE HOUSEHOLD WORD IN RUBBER

"The softest, smoothest" Baby Powder I've ever used

say Mothers everywhere

But, "softness" and "smoothness" are not the only important things to look for in a Baby Powder. NYAL Baby Powder also brings soothing, cooling comfort to baby's super-sensitive skin. Containing Boracic Acid and Alphozone (powerful but gentle antiseptics), NYAL Baby Powder is a refreshing deodorant and relieves skin irritations, too. This beautifully fine powder keeps baby's tender skin soft and free from chafing because it is, to an extent, moisture-resistant.

NYAL Baby Powder is made with the same exacting care as Nyal Medicines, so that baby will always be soothed, comfy and happy. That's why so many mothers use NYAL Baby Powder in preference to any other brand! Two sizes — 2' - , 4'1.

Novel Pack too!

Here's a great present for baby at any time—Nyal Baby Powder. The new plastic pack is so handy and so easy to use. When squeezed, it produces a fine mist of soft, smooth Nyal Baby Powder. A handy, handy, handy pack for baby's bath, too. Pink for girls, blue for boys.



9/6

NYAL BABY POWDER



Stops baby's cough

The proven effective formula of NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir gives quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds. The medication penetrates congested bronchial tubes, cuts away phlegm, soothes inflamed membranes to bring positive relief from irritating coughing. Pleasant tasting. Can safely be given to infants from 6 months old. 3 oz. 3/6; 6 oz. 5/6

Nyal Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir



Soothing relief from skin irritations

The new modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream quickly gives comforting relief from diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Contains Calamine to help soothe pain and discomfort. Benzocaine to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching. Lanolin to make the skin soft and supple. Large tube—2/3

Nyal Calamine-Lanolin Cream



Best for baby's bath

Specially made for baby's tender skin, NYAL Baby Soap is pure, mild and delicately perfumed. Contains soothing lanolin. Produces a creamy, generous lather. And here's a tip for mother—you'll find NYAL Baby Soap an ideal complexion soap. Try it! 1/1½

Nyal Baby Soap



Sweetened & Regular
TWO SIZES
2/6, 4/3



Prevents "Wind" Pains

In thousands of homes where there are young children, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is a great family stand-by. Mothers have come to rely on its gentle, mild, antacid action to relieve "wind" pains and minor "tummy" aches in infants and children. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too!

NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even, pleasant-taste. Children like the pleasant flavour and smoothness of "Sweetened" Nyal Milk of Magnesia. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for even the youngest baby. The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the purest quality obtainable. Ask your chemist for NYAL Milk of Magnesia.

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS



WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS!

When you brush your teeth with new American Formula NYAL Toothpaste you'll not only enjoy the clean, refreshing flavour. You will actually make your teeth whiter in 10 days. This is because NYAL Toothpaste contains a highly activated cleaning agent designed to safely remove film and food deposits. NYAL Toothpaste cleans teeth better and leaves the mouth feeling fresh and thoroughly clean. Buy a tube from your chemist to-day! You will find it's the finest toothpaste you have ever used.

Nyal
TOOTHPASTE